Magazine Section

The Sunday Oregonian

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Shanghai Days in the City of Roses

Article No. 1—Larry Sullivan, the Astoria Boy Who Moved to Portland; and Who, as Master of a Sailor Boarding House, Became a Big Shot of the '90s

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK.
Author of "When the Jinx Cruised With the Dumaru."

CHAPTER I.

ONE October night in 1890 a five-masted bark of British register rocked gently in the swell of the Willamette river. She was tied to the dock which is now terminal No. 1. The skipper of the bark was short one A. B., or able-bodied seaman. His ship was loaded with lumber and he was ready to go—must go, in fact, if he was to make Sydney on schedule.

The skipper sent word ashore to a man known as Bunco Kelly. "Get me one A. B. before 11 o'clock," was the message.

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Bunco went into action at once. Although somewhat swacked, he made the rounds of Portland's waterfront. He visited all the saloons and the sailors' boarding houses and other establishments, yet he could not find anyone resembling an A. B. whom he could get to sign on the bark.

Bunco stopped in at Wildman's cigar store at First street and Glisan for a package of Sweet Caporal cigarettes. When he came out he contemplated the wooden Indian which stood in front of the store. It was quite dark. Bunco picked up the cedar and noble red man and packed him to the dock. Then he carried "him" up to the gangplank of the five-master, put him to bed in the fo'castle and covered him with blankets. Bunco went to the skipper. "I got your A. B.," he said. "He's there in the fo'castle. He's pretty drunk, but he'll be all right by the time you get to Astoria. He's a big ——— and he has had plenty of experience. I had a hell of a time gettin' him, and I think you ought to come across with $50." The skipper paid Bunco, and Wildman's wooden Indian went down to the sea in ships, as the saying is.

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The wooden Indian is probably the most famous story told about shanghaing in old Portland. All the old-time characters vouch for it and personally I believe every word of it. So many strange things went on in Portland in the '80s and '90s that Mr. Ripley would have material for another hundred years if he knew of them.

Gathering material for an article on Portland's old shanghai days has been an interesting experience. One gets 50 different versions of this or that happening by talking to 50 persons. Of all the historians I have talked with it seemed to me that Edward C. (Spider) Johnson, one of the most famous characters along the old waterfront still living, remembers the most. Spider is 70. He has a keen and clear mind, and I'd hate to call him a certain name unless I smiled at the same time. He lives at the Lloyd hotel, Grand avenue and East Burnside street, and is employed at the Moore smoke shop, 11 Grand avenue Southeast. From now on it is Spider Johnson speaking.

Spider Johnson Speaking.

The most notorious man connected with shanghaing in Portland was Larry Sullivan. I first knew him when he was a punk kid in Astoria in 1885. I'll tell you something about him in a minute.

I was born in Baker county, Oregon, in 1863, and came to Portland in 1873, where I went to school for a time at Eleventh and East Oak streets, where Washington high school now stands. Pretty soon I went to work for Billy Mall, who had a candy and cigar store at the I. street depot and another at the Stark street ferry landing. In 1884 I went to The Dalles, where I worked as waiter and bartender in the old Umatilla hotel. In '97 I went to Alaska, intending to become a gold miner. This was before the news of the big strikes was known. I got sick of Skagway and came back to Portland on the famous ship, the George W. Elder. This boat later brought out one of the first big shipments of gold dust. You'll see a dandy picture of her in Louis Wachsmuth's oyster bar on Ankeny street between Second and Third.



AN ORIGINAL MAE WEST.
No imitation here. This lady is Mrs. Larry Sullivan (Lucille Ayers), one of the most beautiful women in Portland during her time. Now deceased.



MR. LARRY SULLIVAN.
First-rate fist fighter, efficient precinct politician and operator of Portland's most celebrated sailor boarding house. A handsome man.

In 1899 I went north again, this time as steward on the E. H. Harriman Alaska scientific expedition. Harriman, you know, was the great railroad wizard.

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It was certainly some trip. These scientists collected bugs, flies and so forth. Do you know, they even had big nets with which they dragged the ocean bottom and then pawed over everything of the stuff they hauled up? Yes, sir, they did. And you may believe it or not, but I'm telling you they took measurements of mountains. And they had some guys who did nothing but look at rocks—not looking for gold, just common rocks.

After the Harriman trip I went to sea for quite a time. I also tended bar in the old Pastime, where the Multnomah hotel now is. That was when the original Jack Dempsey, the nonpareil, was manager. It was quite a place in those days. It wasn't high-class and it wasn't a low joint. Most everyone in Portland, rich and poor, came in there for a drink at one time or another. I guess it was the center of Portland's sporting activities at that time.

Although it was not my main occupation, I served for several years on the staff of the Sunday Mercury. Yes, I know you have written for the American Mercury, but that magazine can't hold a candle to the old Sunday Mercury here in Portland—you ask anyone who can remember back 20 years even.

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When I first tied up with the Mercury it was edited by Billy Dart, and our offices were in the Ainsworth building, still standing at Third and Oak. We had to move. The next editor got two years in the pen. . . . Oh, I forget what it was for. I carried on, as a staff reporter, even after that. We got into a lot of jams on the Mercury. I sorter liked them, the jams, I mean.

Have you ever heard of this Walter Winchell? Well, I was doing his stuff then, and if I had been in the right place I might have been in the money. Anyway, I had a lot of fun. Yes, sir, I was the Walter Winchell of Portland for a good many years. You just ask any of the old-timers.

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Now about Larry Sullivan. He was the most famous of all the characters connected with shanghaing. And, say, do you know where the term "shanghaing" comes from? No, it doesn't come from the name of the Chinese port. It comes from the British shilling. In the old days in England a guy might come along and offer you a shilling to buy a drink or a flop. You took the shilling, if you were broke, and then you were told that you had enlisted in the queen's navy or army, either one. The guy, of course, was a recruiting agent in civilian clothes. But if you took the queen's shilling you were immediately taken on board a ship or put into a barracks for the army. That's where "shanghaing" comes from.

As I was saying about Larry Sullivan. His real name was Lawrence Mikola Sullivan and he was born in St. Louis around 1863. He died at St. Vincent's hospital on June 9, 1918, and was buried in Mount Calvary cemetery. Larry became almost what they call a Great Man, but the best he really did do was to become a Big Shot; there's a lot of difference, you know.

There have been many tales told of Larry and not many of them agree. Some folks said he was a straight guy, but most of us who remember him and had business dealings with him were not inclined to trust him.

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When Larry was a kid in the '80s Astoria was full of a lot of would-be fighters. He fought all of them and licked them all. Then he came on to Portland. At first he did some rustling for ships that were short of men; that is, crimping, as they called it. He also did some fighting around town. At that time Tom Ward was one of the best scrappers in Portland, and he took on Larry. As I remember it, the fight took place on the Washington shore of the Columbia river about 25 miles out of town. I wonder what the present-day palookas would have thought of that fight. It went 75 rounds, bare-knuckles, London prize ring rules. Under the London rules a round lasted until one of the pugs hit the ground.

Well, Larry beat Tom. His next big fight was with Dave Campbell, who was later to become the gallant chief of the Portland fire department. Dave put Larry on his back, listening to the birdies. This fight took place before a large and rowdy audience in the old Mechanics' pavilion. The pavilion was where the auditorium now is. And a lot of money changed hands on that fight. A lot of us who thought we were in the know had our mazuma—as they called it—on Larry.

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In connection with some others, Larry started a sailor's boarding house at Second and Glisan streets. It was a success from the start, and many a bark and schooner went out of Portland manned by men from Larry's place. Yes, I helped "sign on" a few of them myself.

Some of the old-timers who read this will remember the famous county primaries when the Mitchell-Simon factions were at war. On election day Larry sat with a double-barreled shotgun across his arm at a window on the second floor of his boarding house. The voting booth was just below and Larry wanted to make sure that no one stole the ballot box. At this particular election Larry got a crew from a Dutch ship and had them all vote. I think they got $2 apiece; not one of them could read or speak English.

Where was I that day? Oh, I was in the old ninth precinct trying to steal a certain ballot box there. No, we didn't get it.

In 1892, I think it was, Larry married Mabel Hoare. They had five children. In 1912 Mabel divorced him in a Los Angeles court. Later he married Lucille Ayres, who died only a year ago last February in a sanitarium here in Portland. Her death, I heard, was due to a fall she had while living at the Ritz hotel. Lucille was one of the most beautiful women in Portland. She had operated some sort of an establishment in the north end.

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There has been a lot of hooey written about shanghaing. They tell how men were beaten over the head with a club and then carted onto a ship senseless. That's the bunk. Knockout drops were used on occasion and a certain local druggist—now dead—kept his store going from that trade, but for the most part it was hard liquor or cash that shanghaied a man. The crimps, with orders to get a crew, got the men they wanted drunk and then hired some hacks and stowed them aboard ship. Either the crimps themselves or some of their helpers would go to the customs house and sign the shipping articles; the sailors would be too drunk to sign anything.

Most of the guys who were shanghaied were not real seamen. The genuine A. B.s and skilled mariners never stopped at sailors' boarding houses unless they wanted to take ship again right away. They knew better. The guys who stayed at the sailors' joints either were men who had put in one voyage or so or they were young farmer boys, loggers or land workers. I know one ship that went out of Portland which had two real seamen and around 40 plowboys from the midwest. I know of another ship, which sailed from Weidler's sawmill, which had a bull-teamster signed on as bos'n.

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There wasn't much swell or gaudy about these sailors' boarding houses. The Sullivan place, at Second and Glisan, had been an old warehouse. It had everything in it except bats flying around.

Downstairs there was a big room with two long tables where mess was served, fo'castle style, so the boys would feel at home. There was a kitchen, too, and a washroom.

They never let any women into this joint, that is, except the kitchen help, and they didn't let 'em into Bunco Kelly's even. So far as I know, they never sold any liquor in the boarding houses; you had to go around the corner to get that. But some of the lads would bring it in and then there was some of the finest no-rule fights you ever saw. The only difference between a loggers' fight and a sailors' fight is that sailors don't wear calks in their boots.

The system at these sailors' "homes," as a lot of them were called, was that you could waltz in and if you could prove you had been to sea, why, you were good for eats and a bed for weeks on end. You could even get a dollar now and then, if you looked good, but you had better be ready when some ship needed a crew. What charges you had run up on shore—and I have heard they usually were more than was expected—were paid by the ship and charged against your wages. Sometimes a guy might have left Portland in July, arrive back here in October and find then that he owed the ship $20 or $30. . . . It was one of those things. You owed the money, didn't you? Your name was signed to the shipping articles, wasn't it? You went on the voyage, didn't you, and $20 less $20—how much is that?

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No, there wasn't much you would call jazz around the boarding houses. As I said, there was a lot of fighting when the boys got liquored up, and there was always a little music, usually an accordion player. They never had any pianos in the boarding house joints.

There were a lot of strange things happened in this shanghaiing business. For in-

Concluded on Page 7.



BEFORE ART WENT MODERNE.
The sailors liked their art in a manner that brooked no confusion. This gem, delicate in tone, hung on the walls of the Sullivan sailor boarding house. Others were less chaste.

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First Days Are Worst in Nudists' Camp

After That, Going Back to Nature Becomes Natural; Experience More Boring Than Shocking, Avers Experimenter

BY JOHN C. MOFFITT.

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PICTURE, if your blushes will permit you, the intense inward turmoil, mental anguish and general consternation of a group of solemn and substantial citizens who, having taken the wrong turn in the road in their journey to visit the president at his summer home, should abruptly enter a New York farmhouse and find themselves, not in the presence of the nation's councilors, but thrust precipitate and unprepared into a little theater where an absolutely naked cast of characters appeared upon the stage before a polite and equally naked audience!

That did not happen this summer, but it very easily might have, for behind Krum Elbow, not 20 miles away from the spot where correspondents have swarmed, keeping the eyes of the nation fixed upon the activities of the chief executive, is the country's leading nature colony where, through the verdant greensward of the Catskills, the American nudists promenade, guilelessly free from the vanity of dress.

* * *

The first thing the open-minded investigator will learn is that the leering impressions of nudism, gleaned from the vulgar comic magazines, reveal no facts save the type of minds possessed by the people who draw for them. The thousands of persons practicing nudism in Europe can scarcely all be vulgarians. Neither can the increasing hundreds who go without their clothing in the various camps throughout the eastern part of the United States.

Even more surprising than the observation that the nudists are moral in their behavior is the discovery that only a few of them are of the type known as "Greenwich Village nuts."

The high state of moral conduct one finds at the camps constitutes no denial of the fact that the idea of a naked society has its appeal to the moron, the wanton and the vicious. These people constantly are trying to obtain admission and there is not a camp that does not find it necessary to turn down a hundred applicants for every one it admits. The nudist camps seem moral not because all men and women tend to shed their vices with their clothes, but because, apparently, the camps are vigilant in investigating those who seek admittance.

Most of the nudist colonies maintain offices in New York and it is through them that applicants secure the credentials that will admit them to the farms that are the homes of the nudist colonies.

* * *

Upon presenting oneself at the office of a nudist organization, the applicant usually is interviewed by an attractive young woman. These interviewers are as intelligent as they are good looking. There seems to be sound psychology in the selection of girl interviewers, because in the course of a conversation with her, the applicant, if he is a man, is apt to reveal at the outset the attitude he has toward the proposed holiday.

The first visit always is on probation. At the colony near the Roosevelt home a person who has been admitted once and found satisfactory may for $1 obtain a card good for a year that admits him without further interviews at the office. No guest who is not elected to membership may ever revisit the colony. The director of the colony retains the right to cancel the membership of any person whose conduct is found objectionable and to order his removal from the camp. Most of the camps demand references as to the moral character of the applicant, as well as interviews, before granting admissions. A number of them warn the applicant that any dismissal resulting from misconduct will bring letters notifying the persons given as reference of the ejection and stating the reasons for it. This acts as an effectual restraint upon the lewd and the reckless.



No matter what theories one may have about nudity, only the brazen are prepared to plunge immediately into it.



Numbers of children whose doctors prescribe continued exposure to the sun's rays attend the camps.

At the camp we visited, my cousin and I donned trunks, while my wife put on a bathing suit. Nakedness is not compulsory at any of the colonies. The general rule is to require dressing for meals. You can spend your entire holiday in such a colony without once going naked and arouse no comment.

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Most of the people who frequent the colonies say they are glad to note new arrivals who make their first appearance in bathing suits or some sort of sports outfit. Experience has proved that no matter what theories one may have about nudity, only the brazen are prepared to plunge immediately into it. Timidity is natural at the outset. No one is urged to abandon his clothes. But after a day or two it seems natural to discard them.

One of the reassuring things about the experience is the type of person encountered. Husbands and wives make up a good part of the enthusiasts of the movement. Many of these people bring their children. Among the younger people it is not infrequent to find a brother and sister. There are no age limitations, although 90 per cent of those at the colonies are between 20 and 40 years old. The honorary president of one nudist club is a 70-year-old yachtsman whose physique would put that of many a younger landlubber to shame. At another the librarian of one of the three greatest eastern universities was a distinguished appearing member.

Most of the nudists are employed persons who spend their vacations and their week ends at the colonies. There are some unemployed men and women who pitch tents on the grounds and prepare their own food, and by so doing live on very small funds without being as conscious of their poverty as if they were walking city streets or loafing in city parks.

A bed in the men's or women's dormitory costs about $18 a week. Accommodations in smaller dormitories cost about $25 a week, a bed on the sleeping porches and the use of a small dressing room costs $30 a week, and a room for two brings an average of $7.50 a day. Prices for less Spartan accommodations vary according to the improvements of the camps.

Though nudism has every appearance of being moral it can be shocking when first experienced. Regardless of how you have braced yourself in an effort to be broad-minded, the person who has been given a conventional upbringing will find his feet growing frigid and a certain gnawing sensation at the pit of his stomach when first he finds himself at close quarters with a community of naked men and women.

Oddly enough, the sensation is still more devastating when you are encountering friends. It takes an intrepid soul to stand, in the guise of Adam, beside his wife, and while indicating two other classicists remark with unquavering urbanity:

"My dear, I want you to meet Mr. and Mrs. Baer."

Upon the appearance of a new woman in the community wearing a bathing suit, most of the men were careful to appear in the living room of the lodge wearing trunks or slacks. When a swim was proposed before dinner, one of the newspaper men hesitated and explained that most of them had but one pair of trunks and that they would have to wear them to the mess hall. My wife remarked that, though we were not going nude ourselves, we certainly had not come there to intrude and spoil their holidays. After that we all went swimming, and the fact that we were the only ones clothed did not interfere with fellowship or the enjoyment of the swim.

* * *

Why do these people go naked? Most of them simply say they do so because they like to, and feel happier and freer without clothes.

When you ask nudists why they practice nudism without segregation of the sexes they simply reply, "Why not?"

Most of them go on to explain that segregation would mean that husband and wife could not spend their holidays together. Furthermore, they state that most of them started going nude as family groups, usually sun bathing on roofs, or romping in the rain in fenced city back yards. From this they usually progress to restricted nudist holidays on the farms or the estates of friends. Parents claim the child not only benefits from a standpoint of health but is spared the sexual curiosity and speculation that is apt to produce unhealthy mental attitudes in adolescents.

Numbers of children whose doctors prescribe continued exposure to the sun's rays, attend the camps. These youngsters are allowed to mingle with grown people or are kept segregated according to the wishes of their parents and physicians.

At the moment the leader of nudism in New York is Miss Jan Gay. She is brisk in disavowing anything that could be construed as a religion or a cult. According to her own statement she is merely a girl who is trying to get ahead in the unclothing business. It is she who owns and operates the most popular nudist farm near Highland, N. Y.

* * *

The nudists are, of course, extremists. Having taken a stand in the face of convention they feel a need to stand their ground staunchly and to keep the flag flying. For all their love of sun and freedom of movement, there seems no very valid reason for a group of men who are office workers to insist on being totally naked. The Apaches got around a lot, yet they wore loin cloths, and the frankly pagan Samoans scarcely can be called prigs, though they wear the same brief garment.

Thus the nudists, while they go to the farthest imaginable extreme in order to be natural and destroy their complexes, possibly wind up by being bizarrely unnatural and creating new complexes. The most circumspect of men and women who visit summer resorts might develop a chaste flirtation before they go home. The nudists in their zealot's desire to prove that nudeness is not the agency of sex, frown upon such things and go on a rather unnatural principle that romance is not a part of youth. For this reason their camps are rather too solemn and their adherents rather too earnest.

The visitor leaves them, not shocked, but a trifle bored.



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Book Champions Beauty of Life

EDITED BY WEBSTER A. JONES

Oregonian Verse

A Column of First-Publication Poetry; Edited by Ethel Romig Fuller.

ALL poems received by the poetry editor, The Oregonian, will be given careful consideration. Because of the large number of contributions received, it is not possible to enter discussions or correspondence pertaining to the merits of verse. Persons desiring the return of unpublished poems should include a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Payment of $1 is made for each published poem.

* * *

A feeling for language, an ear for music, a heart for passion and a soul for beauty; that is the authentic equipment of a lover of poetry.

PHOSPHOR HALLAM.

* * *

A poet's reaction to one of Portland's most beloved landmarks, the steeple of the First Congregational church—both poem and tower architecturally perfect.

One Word More.

They reared a dream of stone against
the sky—
A chaste and lonely tower whose arches
trace
Their flowing syllables in silence high
Above the temple and the cloistered
place.
It stands between the trees and stars, a
script
Of loveliness to waken me from long
And dull passivity, and I am dipped
In sudden rapture—hushed as if by
song.

A symbol of what dogma, or what creed,
The pagan heart may never know nor
care,
Nor, having loved the hilltops, does it
need
A place apart for ritual or prayer . . .
But one word more of beauty it has
known—
Against the sky they reared a dream of
stone.

ADA HASTINGS HEDGES,
Portland.

* * *

Through an alembic of words, pictures are painted. This colorful poem was written especially for today's column.

Waterfront Sketch.

Crumbled jade
Shot with sudden pools of hyacinth;
cobalt;
Flowing around ancient black pilings;
Casting iridescent beauty
Against vermilion sides of tethered
ships;
Sliding softly through dark labyrinths
Beneath the wharf——
Old buildings
Huddle along the dock, splashed with
burnt sienna;
Chromium yellow; orange——
In a doorway
A derelict sprawls asleep—a shapeless
mass of rags,
Powdered with the bronze lacquer of
sunlight——
An indigo horizon holds a frieze of gold-
etched ships
Trailing smoke-arabesques of black!

ELEANOR ALLEN,
Portland.

* * *

Poets always have found theme material in friendship.

To a Friend Gone Away.

You gave me warmth and kindliness,
And when you go away
Slow fog comes rolling in from sea,
Chilling the day.

Cold mist that shuts the sunlight out
Across the sky is blown—
And I remember roads are long
When we must walk alone.

ELEANOR HAMMOND,
Portland.

* * *

A lyrical variant of an old subject.

Paradox.

Bitter words are on my tongue,
Bitter thoughts dwell in my mind,
But when you knock upon the door
I open, as I did before.
I listen to my beating heart
And to the rain upon the roof;
You, with coldness in your eyes,
Are silent and aloof.

The rain beats on the glass and makes
A clear pool on the window sill,
I know as many times before
You came against your will.
And yet . . . before the clock has
struck
You will turn to me;
Strange that you and I should doubt
Love's simplicity.

BORGHILD LEE,
Portland.

* * *

Out of the heart these authentically beautiful lines.

When Fresh Tides . . .

Grieving his own untoward humanity
In his restrained and unrequiting
tears,
Did Christ within his sad Gethsemane
Look to the silent beauty of the
spheres?
And did his vision momentarily held
Linger in souls that follow him afar
Reading his words, with difficulty
spelled,
Across a course that's guided by a
star?
And did the waves subside for him at
last,
The waves of grief, in memories more
just,
As mariners forget the tempest past
To breast fresh tides with courage
and with trust?
Oh, when my eyes with undiscerning
sleep
Are heavy—may his clear star my
courses keep . . .

MABLE HOLMES PARSONS,
Portland.

Young English Author Scores in New Volume

All Men Are Enemies, by Richard Aldington. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co.

IN TELLING the story of Antony Clarendon, "a man who survived the war," and of what he did with his life afterward Richard Aldington has done a literary about-face. He is no longer the disgruntled pessimist, the mysterious cynic in "All Men Are Enemies," although some of the pessimism and the cynicism of his earlier novels have penetrated it also. Rather, Mr. Aldington is a champion of the beauty of life. And he states his cause convincingly and boldly in this new book, which is richer in texture and more impressive than any which have preceded it.

Never does Mr. Aldington intrude his philosophy of life into the story to such an extent that the development of characters is slowed up or its smooth, fateful flow diverted. This is primarily a gorgeous love story, appealing because of its depth. Mr. Aldington, as a matter of fact, is very much in the background.

Antony Clarendon, whose name is Tony for most of the book, was a different boy who could not decide on his father's scientific or his mother's artistic habit of thought, toward which he unconsciously leans. The course of his life certainly would have been different if his mother had not died to start the process of growing away from his father also.

In the midst of his indecision he meets Katha. Although he does not realize it at that moment, he feels that nothing that he can become is quite so rewarding as Katha's love. Mr. Aldington has made the most of the days of romance, full of living and sensation.

Such days, of course, could never last. The war came. Katha is in Austria and Tony in the war. The war ends with Tony alive but a wreck in spirit. Katha cannot be found, and Tony marries the second-best girl and acquires a position of importance in the bargain. But he cannot stick to the job, and life with a second-best girl is not a success.

Tony chucks his wife and his position. Eventually he finds Katha.

That's the tale in brief. It does not suggest, however the fullness of the story, the elements of tragedy which change the course of their lives, the yearning and searching and misery of the people of the sick world, both in and after the great debacle.

"All Men Are Enemies" is the story of Tony's search for the life of here and now, the life of the senses, the life of the deep, instinctive forces.

"How easily and carelessly we abandon real life!" Mr. Aldington writes. "Our sense of smell is atrophied; our ears are corrupted by urban noises, overworked by radio and telephone; we eat our bread without tasting the sunlight, the rich earth, the sweet air which created it; our sight is degraded in a thousand ways, and we are afraid of touch, which we have been taught to consider dangerous, base and indecent.

"It may be that Tony's quest (for the life of the senses) was doomed to failure . . . but I think he was right to make the attempt."

For many years Mr. Aldington worked in poverty and without recognition, so he knows many of the aspects of life. Week after week he lived on bread and chocolate. He had that capacity for labor which is so often a part of the gift of genius.

The American edition, published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., contains two passages which were cut from the edition first published by Chatto & Windus in England. It has been banned in Ireland and Australia.



RICHARD ALDINGTON.

Whose new novel, "All Men Are Enemies," is a striking story of love and the beauty of life. This photograph was made by Howard Coster.

Behind the Scenes.

Watching the World Go By, by Willis J. Abbot. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

As an active newspaper man for 50 years, Willis J. Abbot, for the last 12 years an editor of the Christian Science Monitor, had an opportunity to see much of the world—to gaze behind the fronts and the scenes facing the public. He attended his first republican national convention in 1880 as a page boy and he began his newspaper career in 1884 in New Orleans with the Times-Picayune. Since then he has attended 20 political conventions and has worked on many newspapers, on most of them as an executive—the New York Tribune, the Chicago Times and the New York Journal, in addition to his present position. He knew the great statesmen and politicians and authors and celebrities of the great half century. In this book they pass in review, placed in their proper backgrounds and described with grace and wit. His memory is accurate and his style is vivid.

Mystery Comedy.

I'll Tell You Everything, by J. B. Priestley and Gerald Bullett. New York: The Macmillan company.

Although there isn't a single murder in "I'll Tell You Everything," it is a bang-up mystery story with a lot of unusual turns. It all began when a fellow-traveler, evidently an Italian, gives Simon Heath, lecturer in ancient and earlier European history at the University of Cambridge, a little steel casket for temporary care on his way to London. Another man calls and takes the casket away, telling a story about it. Then a girl appears at the rooms to demand the casket. With the help of Fred Huggins, an amateur detective, and his false whiskers and smoked goggles, they begin searching for the secret of the steel casket. It is a hilarious take-off on the recent types of mystery stories.

Praise Well Merited.

The Paradise Case, by Robert Hichens. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Although "The Paradise Case," Robert Hichens' new novel which many critics have described as his best, revolves around a murder trial, it is in no sense a mystery or detective novel. The interest centers not in the beautiful woman accused of poisoning her husband but in her effect on the lives of the people most closely involved in the trial, the brilliant attorney for the defense, who is infatuated with his client, his proud young wife and the amorous "hanging judge." With never a loophole for coincidence, Mr. Hichens builds up to the climax in these interrelated lives a catastrophe which one approaches with fascinated reluctance. "The Paradise Case" is a gorgeous book, filled with suspense and action as well as a fine delineation of unusual characters. Praise of the novel by English and American critics is well merited.

Crime Breaks Serenity.

Murder in Bermuda, by Willoughby Sharp. New York: Claude Kendall.

There were no motor cars in Bermuda. Visitors either had to travel by cycle or by train. And there have never been any crimes of violence. Into this sanctuary of peace and serenity, as described by Willoughby Sharp in "Murder in Bermuda," comes murder. The only clues are a dressmaker's label, a bunch of lilies and an empty scabbard. From that point begins the events of this skillfully plotted story by an author whose magazine stories have been very popular. Mr. Sharp in his school days was a prolific contributor to the pulp magazines. He is now a retired member of the New York stock exchange, living in Bermuda, where there had never been a murder. The leisure of life there gave him a chance to revert to his hobby.

Mother's Task.

The Unenchanted Circle, by Rupert Latimer. New York: Appleton-Century.

In this novel, whose title refers to the family circle, Rupert Latimer has written a brilliant comedy of modern life. Alone in unselfishness, Lilian Kerslake, the charming mother, devoted herself to the nerve-racking task of keeping her heterogeneous brood together. Paul quarrels with his stepfather, bangs out of the house only to go dinnerless and have a futile row with his girl; Sylvia becomes enamored of the pleasant but conceited Allen, and John and Roger behave as do all schoolboys home on a holiday. In the midst of this group of eccentric performers is the tireless ringmaster, Mrs. Kerslake, cracking the whip over Sylvia, whose theories of "living in beauty" threaten to break up the act, coaxing the none-too-fervent Allen into line and generally smoothing out the progress of the show.

Dude Ranch Gayety.

Blithe Baldwin, by Ethel Hueston. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill company.

Romance with a dash of comedy on a dude ranch in the Black hills. Here is another "western" providing pleasant reading. Blithe Baldwin, "Little Baldy" to her friends, girl of the west who doesn't like college, leaves her Wyoming home to seek knowledge of dude ranching as a possible solution of her father's economic troubles. She arrives at the "Bar Nothing" to find an amazing state of affairs.

"Little Baldy" is quite overshadowed by the dynamic Widow Valentine, who arrives as an accident and proceeds to save the ranch owner. Her son becomes one of the principals in the various love affairs.

Mrs. Hueston is well known as a writer of western fiction. Her latest book is light, buoyant and gay.

Impatient Days.

Buck Privates on Parnassus, by Ona M. Rounds. Boston: Meador Publishing company.

There have been many stories written about the world war, covering practically every phase of the great conflict, but here is a new one—a word picture of those impatient days between the signing of the armistice and the sailing of the boys for America and home.

The author went overseas after the war had ended as a librarian for the Y. M. C. A., and her story deals with her contacts with the American soldiers and the impressions the boys in khaki made upon her. There is nothing of the actual horrors of war in the book aside from a visit to the front at Verdun, where the writer had a glimpse of the destruction in lives and property.

Miss Rounds is a traveler and author and knows how to make her writings interesting.

Complicated Mystery.

Murder at Sunset Gables, by Dean Hafferman. New York: Duffield & Green.

Captain Duane, the uncle of Cicely Duane, has been found dead in his study, his skull shattered by some blunt instrument, in the beginning of this mystery story. Cicely's brother, Will Duane, has disappeared. He had motives to kill their uncle. That is the first of many complications which lead Cicely and her helpers away from the discovery of the true murderer and the story of the crime. The tale is told by Noel Winslow, Captain Duane's secretary, who is in love with Cicely. Not until the end does the reader find the keys to the plot, which makes it a highly satisfactory detective story.

Life of a House.

Belinda Grove, by Helen Ashton. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Although Helen Ashton is mainly concerned about the lives of the people who lived in the house, first known as "Belinda Grove," she has conveyed to the reader that perhaps the story of that old building is, after all, the real thread of the novel. Lord Alciston built Belinda Grove in an isolated spot in London for his mistress, Belinda Flower. He fled, abandoning both his mistress and his house, and it became the property of a respectable family. Tragedy again engulfed its residents. It became old and dilapidated in the midst of slums. After lingering for years it was torn down, thus ending the stories of it and its inhabitants, which Miss Ashton has written with fine feeling.

Real South Seas.

The Princess of Samoa, by Claude B. Carter. Boston: Bruce Humphreys.

The reactions of a Samoan princess, Taualofa, who had lived in America, to the customs, habits, intrigues and events of her native Samoan kingdom form the principal substance for this realistic novel of the South seas. It contains little or none of the customary South sea hokum. Princess Taualofa was the daughter of a Samoan chief and an American woman, who were married while he was in charge of the Samoan exhibit at the St. Louis world's fair. She was raised in America, and it was not until she was 24, following the death of her mother, that she went to join her father on his island.

Pagan Beauty.

Ye Drunken Damozel, by Simon Jesty. New York: Smith & Haas.

Simon Jesty has written a clever and bright story of modern England and South America in "Ye Drunken Damozel," whose title is not taken from the principal character but from the name of a tavern where her praises were shouted and bathed with wine. It's mainly about Marion, whose pagan beauty lured a succession of lovers into her train. She escapes them all, after only temporary lapses, in the course of the melodramatic twists and turns of this novel. It is rich in satire and characterization.

Natural Emotions.

Just Jane, by Kay Mann (pseudonym). Boston: The Christopher Publishing house.

Giving vent to the natural emotions experienced by human individuals as a means of shaping their lives forms the background for this story. The author delves into the occult and at times succeeds in making the story fairly interesting, although for the most part it is amateurish reading.

Social Obligations.

Course in Social and Civic Relations, by Madge Stephens. Boston: The Christopher Publishing house.

This book is a study of the individual and his relation to his fellow beings, as viewed by a Californian who has conducted an investigation into the benefits the individual derives from and the obligations he owes to all social and civic units. The theories advanced are of interest to educational leaders.

Charming Verse.

Still Waters, by Margaret Nickerson Martin. Boston: The Christopher Publishing house.

The works of this prolific poet covering a number of years have been compiled to make up this small volume of simple verse. Mrs. Martin's philosophy, that simplicity is the real keynote to success, is clearly revealed in her poems, which possess something of charm and loveliness.

Aldington's New Book Declared Novelist's Best

No Second Spring, by Janet Beith. New York: Frederick A. Stokes company.

TWO portraits of the McGregor ancestors always attracted attention. They were those of the Very Rev. Hamish Quentin McGregor, D. D., and Allison Chisholm, wife of the Very Rev. Hamish McGregor. The date was 1832, and they were signed by "A. S." And it is the story of this couple, the mysterious "A. S." and their life in the little community of Glenlee on the rugged shore of Scotland in the early 19th century which won for the author the $20,000 first prize in the international prize novel competition in which more than 600 manuscripts were submitted.

The author, who is only 28, has a rich literary heritage, as she is the niece of "Ian Hay" (Beith), the well-known English novelist whose earlier popularity was revived in this country by his vivid personality and lectures during the world war.

And she tells her story in a straightforward, simple style, in English that is often poetic, even while it deals with stark reality.

The story itself is another moral triangle in the style of "Candida," with Rev. Mr. Hamish as another deeply religious Morell; Allison as a somewhat less wise, but none the less understanding Candida, and Andrew Simon (the unknown "A. S." of the portraits) a much older and more worldly Marchbanks. And it is the same essential need of her by her husband that determines the action of Allison as it decided the actions of Candida.

In these characteristics the stories parallel each other. If Miss Beith lacks the wit and drama of Shaw, she nevertheless has a sincerity and style quite her own, as well as a sympathetic understanding of her characters which holds the attention and makes the reader tolerant. There are delightful bits of description, profound ideas on religion which answer Allison's skeptical doubts by expressions of faith and understanding. The book undoubtedly deserves its award, for its sincerity of purpose cannot be questioned, and it is undoubtedly the result of careful and painstaking research and writing.

—GWLADYS BOWEN.

Polite Drinking Hints.

Bacchus, Behave: The Lost Art of Polite Drinking, by Alma Whitaker. New York: Frederick A. Stokes company.

Call it what you will—"tight," "stewed," "lit," "soused" or "squiffy"—the too-much tolerated "drunk" of the Volstead era is going out of fashion, writes Alma Whitaker in "Bacchus, Behave: The Lost Art of Polite Drinking." And Miss Whitaker should know, for as feature writer, interviewer and columnist for many years she is probably the most famous newspaper woman on the Pacific coast. With the end of prohibition she believes there will be a great change in the attitude of women toward the vexed problem of social drinking. And the importance of women's social insistence on certain standards of decency and a new sophistication and intelligence in the serving of liquors forms the opening chapters of this witty and practical and timely book on correct form and usage in the selection, quality, mixture, temperature, containers, accompaniments and service of spirited beverages. It contains gentle and useful hints to hostess, host and guest.

Crime and Its Cure.

Behind Prison Walls, by Frances Florenz Planisheck. Boston: Meador Publishing company.

Crime and its prevention, punishment and cure from a woman's point of view gives interest to this book on prisons and their effect. The author condemns much of the present-day system, especially county jails, which she describes as generally filthy, harshly managed and crime-breeding.

Paroles and probation are discussed at length and the writer makes a plea for more equitable provisions for the released prisoner. One of the most interesting chapters deals with juvenile delinquency and its causes. Work for youth is the universal need, Mrs. Planisheck holds, believing that crime would be reduced 60 per cent if all young men and women could step from high school or college into positions.

A strong condemnation is made of the practice of sending first offenders to county jails. The author pays tribute to prison exceptions in the final chapter.

New Books Received

Books are listed as received. Some of them will be reviewed later. Many of the volumes are not yet procurable by the public, on account of delayed publication and distribution.

FICTION.

College on Horseback, by Esther Greenacre Hall. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas.

Whatever Love Is, by Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton-Century company.

Vanessa, by Hugh Walpole. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Murder at Bayside, by Raymond Robins. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell company.

The Long Quest, by Christine Whiting Parmenter. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell company.

Angel in the House, by Kathleen Norris. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Ordinary Families, by E. Arnot Robertson. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran & Co.

The Puzzle of the Pepper Tree, by Stuart Palmer. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Unthinkable, by Francis Sibson. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas.

The Forsyte Saga, by John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Footnote to Youth, by Jose Garcia Villa. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

The Joy of Living, vol. 1, by Dr. Franklin H. Martin. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran & Co.

The Joy of Living, vol. 2, by Dr. Franklin H. Martin. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran & Co.

The Achievement of Rome, by William Chase Greene. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

Memoirs of a Spy, by Nicholas Snowden. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Richard Harding Davis and His Day, by Fairfax Downey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

RELIGION, POETRY AND DRAMA.

Meridian Poems, 1923-1932, by Bernice Kenyon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

JUVENILE.

Better Citizenship, by Edith W. Lawson. Chicago: Beckley-Cardy company.

The Pop-Up Minnie Mouse, by staff of Walt Disney Studios. New York: Blue Ribbon Books, Inc.

The Wind in the Willows, by Kenneth Grahame. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Father Gander, by Ilo Orleans. New York: Claude Kendall.

OTHER NON-FICTION.

My Farm in Lion Country, by Joyce Boyd. New York: Frederick A. Stokes.

The Anatomy of Criticism, by Henry Hazlitt. New York: Simon & Schuster.

New Feet for Old, by John Martin Hiss. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Practical Engraving and Etching, by E. G. Lutz. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Portland Shanghai Days

Continued From First Page.

stance, there was a doctor—I can't think of his name—who was put aboard a ship here one night. He had been drunk in Jim Turk's place. The doctor was pretty well gone with consumption. He was at sea more than six months and the trip cured him. He came back to Portland a well man and lived here for several years before he moved elsewhere.

This Jim Turk, of whom I'll tell you more later, was one of the original shanghai boys here. Why, he shanghaied his own son. The boy had been playing around with bad liquor and bad women, so Jim got the boy drunk and loaded him aboard a schooner. Jim collected his blood money from the skipper, too.

Blood money, what we used to call the cash the skipper of a ship would pay for a man for his crew, varied. Of course, I really know nothing about the details, but the so-called blood money sometimes went as high as $150 a head; usually it was much lower, probably between $25 and $50. So you can see it was quite a business.

* * *

I suppose you wonder why they had to force men onto the boats, especially in hard times like 1893. Well, my old friend Jack Hays, who now lives at the Star hotel, on Burnside street, has got it down pat. You heard what he said when we were down on the waterfront the other day? It was this: The reason for shanghaiing, even when times was hard, was that windjammers from the old country would come to Portland harbor with nothing but ballast—sand and rocks—which they would dump down this side of Linnton; that ballast is what made that "made" land down there. Then they'd wait around in hopes of getting a cargo. Sometimes they'd be tied up waiting in the Columbia and Willamette for four or five months before they could get a cargo. Rather than pay and feed their crews the skippers had just as soon they went over the side and in to Portland. By deserting the crews lost all rights to their pay. When the ship was ready to sail the skipper would hire Bunco Kelly, or some other of the boys, to pick up a crew. This was much cheaper than paying and feeding a crew five months while waiting for a cargo. Jack should know. He first went to work on the Portland waterfront in 1893 and for many years was connected with various establishments in shipping and other lines. I've been told that he used to go from Portland to Astoria to make sure that none of the crew left the ship; but maybe that's just talk. Anyway, Jack's a fine fellow and he knows more about the waterfront than this newspaper guy who wrote that "I Cover the Waterfront."

* * *

Getting back to Larry. He became what today would be called a Big Shot in Portland. At times he was an overbearing cuss, but he knew how to shake hands and smile, and he was a swell ward politician. I think his ambition was to be a United States senator from Oregon, and then possibly the White House.

Larry was a handsome man. I should judge he weighed around 180 pounds. I forgot to tell you that when he married Mabel Hoare she was only 16 years old. Her family didn't approve of the marriage. Her brother, Tim, was a captain of police here.

Larry played politics high and wide. He made a lot of money and he spent it as he got it. He acted as a go-between between certain city officials and the operators of gambling and other joints.

I guess I mentioned Lucille; she was his second wife. She was a real Gibson Girl, and I don't think there was a prettier girl in Portland. You know who lent you those pictures. Well, she'll tell you that Lucille had a heart of gold. This woman, you know, took care of Lucille before she died. . . . Yes, maybe I'm rambling a bit.

* * *

Larry went away from here, in 1903 or 1904, I think, although I'm not sure on any of the dates I'm giving you. He went to Goldfield, Nev., where he incorporated the L. M. Sullivan Investment company. For a time this concern did a huge business, all by mail, but the government looked into it and the company failed. No, Larry was never indicted, so far as I know, on any criminal charge; but the Sullivan company folded up.

You asked about what part Larry Sullivan played in the Joe Gans-Battling Nelson fight. It is true that Larry was mixed up in that. I'll tell you about that and something more about Larry next week.

Next week: More about Larry Sullivan; also, Bunco Kelly.

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These REASONS



Mother Used It
Women don't churn their own butter just because their mothers did—yet often that's the reason they buy ordinary flour.



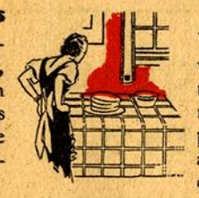
Send Anything
No women will let their milliners send them "just any hat". But they sometimes think "just any flour" is good enough.



Friend Told Me
No woman wants a house just like the one next door! Yet some use an old-fashioned flour because their neighbors do!



Used it for Years
If we did everything from habit, we'd still ride in buggies! Habit has caused many to be content with out-of-date flours.



It's Cheaper
You wouldn't bake with cheap "uncertain eggs". Yet many try to save pennies on flour—and lose ingredients costing dollars.

ARE GOOD ENOUGH FOR BUYING JUST PLAIN FLOUR · BUT *now*..

Replacing Plain Flour

...is SPERRY'S DRIFTED SNOW

the "home-perfected" product. It improves every recipe calling for plain, ordinary flour. With Drifted Snow, any woman can make such marvelous recipes as this Banana Cake—with absolutely no fear of failure!



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"All the difference in the world, when you bake with this 'home-perfected' flour!" says typical Portland housewife. . . . Mrs. Wareham is Sperry's Home Perfecter No. 92. She and other women like yourself—scores of them—test each batch of Drifted Snow in their own home-ovens. . . . with all kinds of recipes. They test to eliminate that flour variation which is the chief cause of baking failures.





Make the finest cakes, pies, muffins—any recipe, however plain or fancy—and avoid poor results and expense of wasted ingredients!

TOO MANY women blame themselves for baking failures. The fault may not be yours. Domestic Science experts tell us the fault lies in the unseen, mysterious element of the flour—which no test can find till the flour is baked in an oven! But no longer need you risk your expensive eggs and butter and cream, by combining them with just ordinary, unreliable flour! In any recipe that calls for "just flour" you can substitute Drifted Snow—the new baking aid that's "home-perfected" in actual ovens to remove guesswork from your cooking.

FREE RECIPES ALSO "HOME-PERFECTED". So now even the most inexperienced bride is assured of easy success with Sperry's Martha Meade recipes. See for yourself, when you bake this Banana Cake—a new type of cream cake, with the good banana flavor in every delicious morsel! The recipe for the Banana Cake—with *eleven* other "Home-Perfected" recipes—is in the folder enclosed in all sacks of Drifted Snow.

WHO ARE THESE "HOME-PERFECTERS"? Every one of them is like you or your next-door neighbor—a woman who runs a household of her own. She has an average kitchen—an average stove—and perhaps only average skill in baking—And she is paid for finding fault!

Samples of Drifted Snow are sent to the Home-Perfecters regularly. They bake it in pies, cakes, pastries, hot breads—and then make their reports. If Drifted Snow doesn't act right in the hands of these housewives, it doesn't leave the mill!

This O. K. of Mrs. Average Housewife assures you that every sack of Drifted Snow has had the old uncertainties of "plain ordinary flour" home-perfected out of it!

STOP CAUSE OF BIGGEST MONEY LOSS. Your flour costs only about ⅛ of the total you spend for baking ingredients. But it's estimated that flour variation causes more than half of all baking failures! The few extra pennies you spend for Drifted Snow are insurance against the disappointments, and loss of other ingredients, that result from inferior flour.

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Thousands of bakers use Sperry Flour. In their cleanly, modern bakeries, where every attention is given quality, wholesomeness, and health, they bake the most delicious breads, cakes and pastries, serving you daily with fresh, fragrant baked goods—and at very moderate prices. Buy from your baker or patronize your grocer's bakery counter. Watch his windows for delightful new ideas in baking—all based upon the most healthful and nourishing of all foods—baked wheat products.

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Kitchen Bulletin

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32-page book of balanced menus saves weeks of meal planning. Offered while they last only.

MARTHA MEADE, Sperry Flour Co., San Francisco.

Please send me postpaid your book "Synchronized Meals". I have torn off and attach a piece of the recipe folder I found inside my sack of Drifted Snow. (Note: If you prefer send only 10¢ to cover mailing instead of the portion of recipe folder mentioned above.)

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Magazine Section

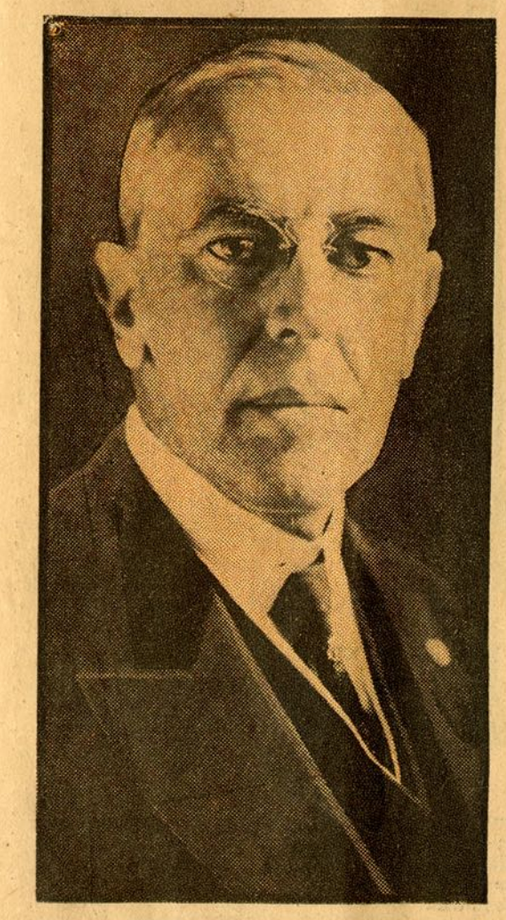
The Sunday Oregonian

Magazine Section

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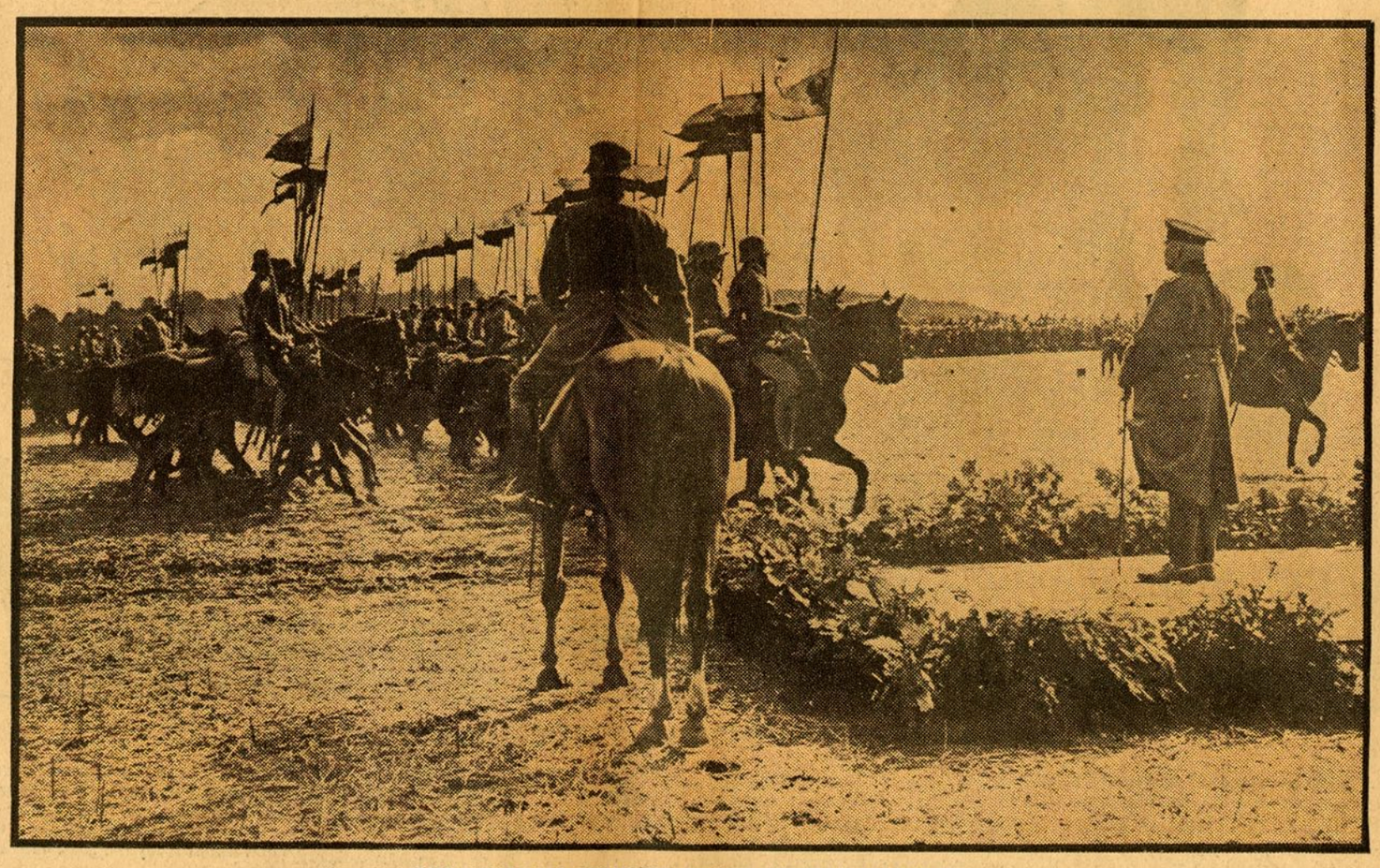
Why von Zimmerman Tempted Mexico

Ex-German Foreign Minister Explains the Reasons for His Note Which Hurried the U. S. Into War



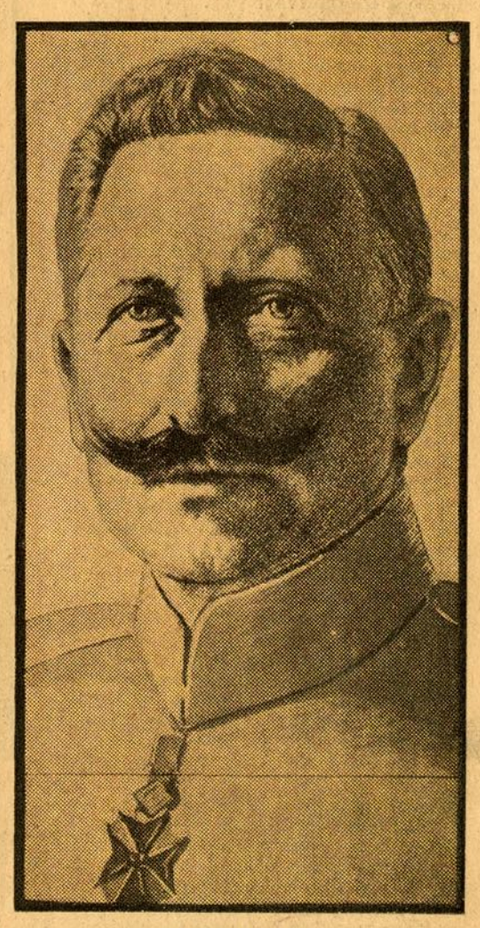
WOODROW WILSON

The president of the United States moved rapidly toward war following receipt of the Zimmerman note.



THE GENERALS BELIEVED IN THE GERMAN MACHINE

Von Hindenburg and Ludendorff told Zimmerman that Germany would break through the Allies' line before America could place appreciable troops in action.



THE KAISER

He permitted the foreign minister to dispatch the communication urging Mexico into war with the United States.

BY DAVID W. HAZEN.

NO OTHER note written since the days of the revolutionary war had such an effect on American history as the one penned by Dr. von Arthur Zimmerman, German secretary of foreign affairs, on January 19, 1917. It was the overt act that plunged the United States into the world war; it did more than any other thing to unite the American people in favor of battle; it assured the allies of final victory; it was the death warrant of the old German empire. And it gave Dr. Zimmerman a permanent place in history—American, German, British, Mexican and Japanese. Over night he became a world figure. He attempted to make Mexico and Japan partners of Germany.

When the now famous Zimmerman note was published in the morning papers of March 1, 1917, Americans were thrilled as never before since a gray day in January, 1861. Southern fire eaters were then taking possession of United States property in various cities. John A. Dix, secretary of the treasury, sent revenue cutters south to protect the property. Hearing that his orders were not being obeyed, Dix sent this message:

"If anyone attempts to haul down the American flag shoot him on the spot!"

Until that time the north had no rallying cry. President Buchanan was so reluctant to act that his fear seemed almost treachery. But the Dix order electrified the north, gave the people a slogan and did much toward encouraging the supporters of the national cause.

* * *

Up until the Zimmerman note was published there was a very strong peace-at-any-price party in this country. Very bitter opposition developed in congress toward any war measures. Wilson had been re-elected by a very narrow squeak, the thing that gave him victory was the campaign cry, "He kept us out of war!"

But when Dr. Zimmerman took his pen in hand that January day in 1917—it seems strange that both electric notes were written in January—he wrote the words that united the American people, that gave the pacifist president the power to call forth a mighty army and to build up a great navy that turned an assured victory for Germany into a decisive defeat. He presented to the allies exactly what they had been praying for throughout many weary months—an irrefutable reason for America's hastening to their aid.

For months England and France had been carrying on a campaign in this country urging the United States to enter the war. Millions of dollars were spent in spreading "hate propaganda." When the world war started the American people were fairly evenly divided in their likes and dislikes. If anything Germany had more friends than the allies But with the blockade of the fatherland the kaiser was unable to send missions composed of popular statesmen and authors to this country to present his cause.

* * *

The British navy carried on with a high hand. Yankee ships and Yankee sailors were made prisoners on the high seas and taken into English and Scottish ports for examination. The days of 1812 were recalled. Americans were very bitter over this high-handedness, and had the Germans been able to get popular missions over to this country to play up these ocean outrages things might have taken a different turn. Had a president the type of Theodore Roosevelt been in office the British navy would have kept hands off American ships or it would have had to prove its superior shooting qualities over the Yankee fleet. To this day one wonders how England got away with its outrages.

But the admirals and captains of St. George were careful not to fire on our ships, not to sink one nor kill any of our citizens. But the British opened our mail, stole American trade secrets and American business, made sailings of our ships so uncertain that our lines lost most of their trade, took all cargoes that were thought to be of any use to the British fighting forces. And all President Wilson did was write notes to the British government saying "please don't do that." And the very next day it would be repeated.

* * *

All the while the English were sending over their choicest propagandists. Statesmen like Lord Bryce, authors popular with American readers, actors with large followings, editors who knew their stuff, all came across the seas to tell how much the motherland loved us. They were able to gain the front page and the editorial page. They kept shouting about the attack on little Belgium. They invented terrible stories about German outrages there. They were soon joined by French propagandists, who dug up memories of Lafayette, whom the French had forgotten years before, and reminded us of past favors. It was the cleverest battle of wits ever known—and it won the war.

Crown Prince Wilhelm was the only German in high position who comprehended the danger of America entering the war against his homeland. The very day the war started he urged the government to take steps to insure America's neutrality, perhaps to make it friendly to Berlin. His plan was to float great loans in this country, so great that the nation would be vitally interested in Germany's winning. His idea was so good that England and France adopted it.

* * *

While the people of this country were divided in their sympathies, while the peace party here was gaining strength daily Berlin began to take measures that would give London and Paris the popular hand in the American game. The campaign to attack merchant ships with submarines without giving warning was decided upon by the German general staff. It was sure to make serious trouble with neutrals. Soon American lives were being lost on these ships. In a twinkling the tide turned rapidly against Germany throughout the United States. Theodore Roosevelt, then very popular, took pen in hand and wrote most damaging articles against the murder of American citizens on the high seas. But so nearly successful was this submarine campaign that Germany refused to stop it. Then came the sinking of the Lusitania. That marked the beginning of the end for the kaiser's government.

From that day, May 7, 1915, the United States began drifting toward the allies. The popular Count von Bernstorff, German ambassador at Washington, was unable to stem the tide. Soon there were explosions in our plants where munitions were being manufactured. These were traced to German agents. The British and French floated more loans here, sent over more propagandists. Soon other passenger ships were sunk without warning, more American travelers were killed. Before Christmas of 1916 this nation was almost ready to join the allies, then almost defeated on the western front.

* * *

Early in January, 1917, Henry Cabot Lodge, republican leader of the senate, bitterly attacked Von Bernstorff in a notable address. Four days later James Watson Gerard, American ambassador to Germany, attended a peace dinner in Berlin. Less than a week later the German government issued a note to neutrals stating it was for peace, but on January 31 notice of unrestricted U-boat warfare to start the next day was given to the world. On February 3 Von Bernstorrff was handed his passports and Gerard was recalled. War was beckoning to us just around a corner of the crimson western front.

Now, all of this was known to Dr. Arthur Zimmerman, minister of foreign affairs in the kaiser's cabinet. He saw that the war lords were forcing Uncle Sam's mighty hand. He knew that sooner or later we would enter the war. He set his brain to working on what he could do for the fatherland in such a crisis. If America entered the conflict soon and sent an army to France the victory then so near to Von Hindenburg's legions would be lost.

The result of the foreign minister's thinking was the now famous Zimmerman note, the overt act that sent 2,000,000 American soldiers to France. The note was written January 19, 1917. It was captured by the British secret service as soon as it was put on the air, but the London authorities held their secret until late in February before giving it to Walter Hines Page, our ambassador at the court of St. James. He sent it on to Washington as soon as possible. Colonel E. M. House, the president's closest adviser, was informed of it February 26.

* * *

The tenseness that existed in Washington in those days told that something terrible was known to the president and the secretary of state that would plunge us into war. Just what it was was not made public until the morning of March 1. Then America was astounded when it read in its morning papers the Zimmerman note, which urged Mexico to attack this country and at the same time to try and form an alliance with Japan. It was Germany's official invitation to the United States to join England and France in their attack on the kaiser's forces. It was Germany's official dare to us. It was war.

Here is the note sent by Foreign Minister Zimmerman to Dr. Gesandter von Eckardt, German minister to Mexico:

BERLIN, January 19, 1917.—On the 1st of February we intend to begin submarine warfare unrestricted. In spite of this, it is our intention to endeavor to keep neutral the United States of America. If this attempt is not successful we propose an alliance on the following basis with Mexico:

That we shall make war together and together make peace. We shall give general financial support, and it is understood that Mexico is to reconquer the lost territory in New Mexico, Texas and Arizona. The details are left to you for settlement.

You are instructed to inform the president of Mexico of the above in confidence as soon as it is certain that there will be an outbreak of war with the United States, and suggest that the president of Mexico on his own initiative should communicate with Japan, suggesting adherence at once to this plan; at the same time offer to mediate between Germany and Japan.

Please call to the attention of the president that the employment of ruthless submarine warfare now promises to compel England to make peace in a few months.

ZIMMERMAN.

* * *

So astounding was this note that at first the American public was so shocked that it could not believe it. There had been so much startling propaganda put over on them that it was thought here was another plot to push us nearer the brink. Senator Stone of Missouri, chairman of the senate's powerful committee on foreign affairs, led a fight in congress to demand the president to tell how he obtained the note; Stone insisted that if any warring nations had found it and presented it to us the people of this country should know it.

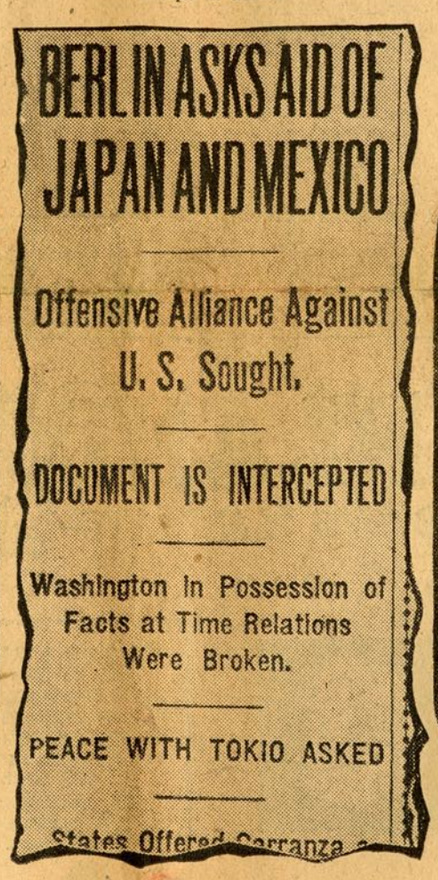
Senator Lodge, senior republican member of the foreign affairs committee and ex-President Roosevelt's closest political friend, moved that the president inform the senate whether the Zimmerman note was authentic and to furnish any other information about it not incompatible with the public interest. Secretary of State Lansing gave this assur-

Concluded on Page 3.



COUNT VON BERNSTORFF

German ambassador to the United States who was ordered to deliver Zimmerman's communication to Mexico.



BERLIN ASKS AID OF JAPAN AND MEXICO

Offensive Alliance Against U. S. Sought.

DOCUMENT IS INTERCEPTED

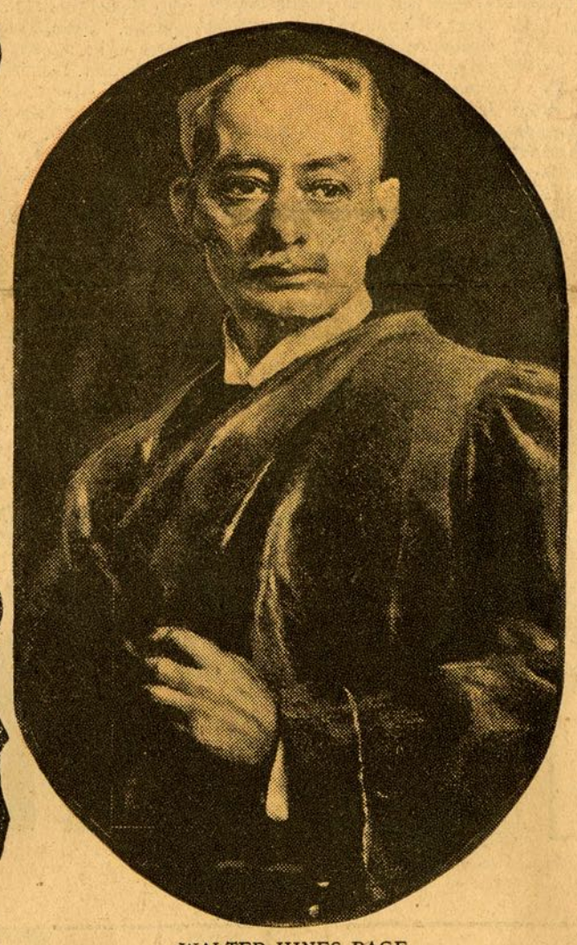
Washington In Possession of Facts at Time Relations Were Broken.

PEACE WITH TOKIO ASKED

States Offered Carranza

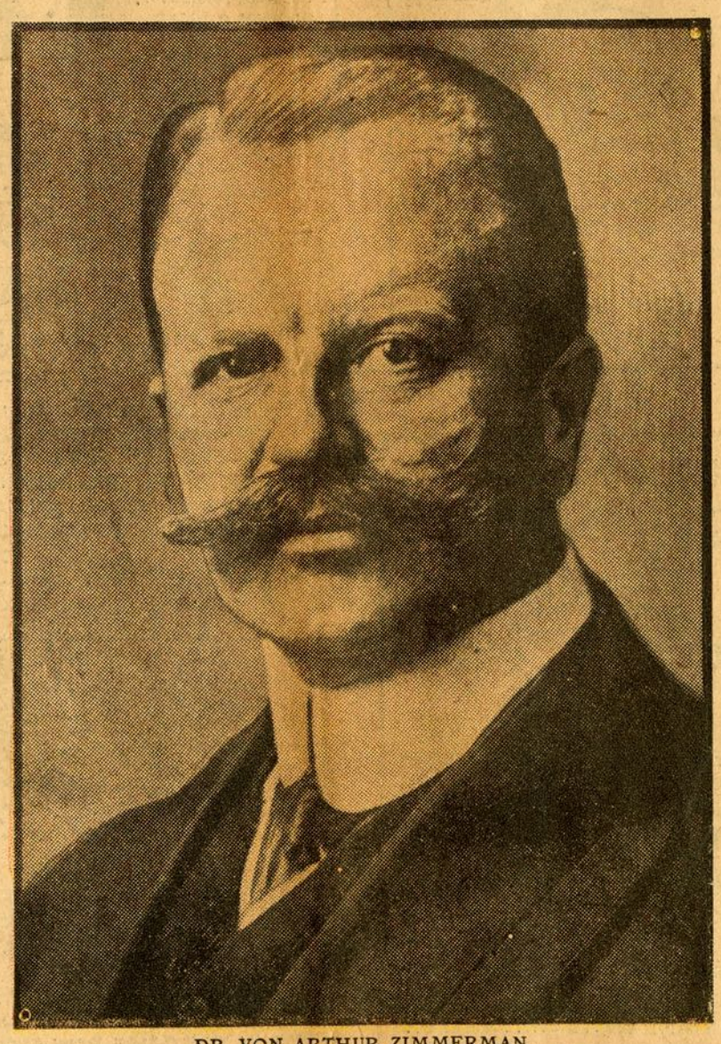
MARCH 1, 1917

The American public was staggered when it learned of Zimmerman's plot. This is The Oregonian headline.



WALTER HINES PAGE

American ambassador to the court of St. James to whom the British gave the intercepted Zimmerman note.



DR. VON ARTHUR ZIMMERMAN

It was his idea—the proposed Mexican-Japanese-German alliance against the United States.

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Kinds of Honor

Article No. 6 in the Series: What Every Freshman Should Know.

BY U. G. DUBACH.
Dean of Men, Oregon State College.

I RECALL with keen grief an experience with a prominent senior. Because of his persistent cheating in examinations I felt that it was necessary to fail him the term he should have been graduated. His many friends brought great pressure to get a pass for him. I insisted that one who persistently was unfair in class would be equally so if graduated and placed in a responsible position.



U. G. Dubach.

He did not get his degree, but some influential friends helped him to secure a business position. In six months he was discharged for dishonesty.

I do not mean to imply that every one who cheats in class is destined to become a major crook, but the fact remains that no one begins his dishonesty by robbing a bank. Both honor and dishonor are matters of slow growth. Most crookedness begins with such so-called minor incidents as cheating in exams, cutting bases in ball games and similar experiences.

Then, too, honor and sportsmanship are inseparably bound together, even though some lads who would scorn a fellow who is unfair in a game might not condemn cheating in a class. In both instances, however, one may "get away with it," but he can't get away from himself. I frequently say to young people, "Remember, you will have to sleep with yourself until you die, and wouldn't it be tough to be sleeping with a crook or rotter all your life?"

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How this matter of honor and dishonor grows is illustrated by another case that arose in a course in business law I once taught. Among the examination papers that came in from a test about mid-term were two that were alike as far as the correctness of the answers were concerned, but one had punch and directness, while the other was what I call a "fuzzy-minded" paper. I gave the one an A and the other a B.

I found myself returning to these papers, wondering why, with answers so near alike, the grades should be different. Finally I decided that one student knew what she was writing, and that the other had done a poor job of copying. A teacher can usually tell which student cheats, and by calling the two in I soon discovered which was which.

The one who wrote the good paper was a girl whom, I later found, had been taught from childhood that to cheat was to steal. The other was a girl from a home of plenty, who had every opportunity for material advancement. When cornered, she merely said, "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

I made her the proposition, as the students say, of blotting out all past grade records and letting her term grade depend entirely on results from then on, thinking this would be fair and allow her to regain her self-respect if she cared to. I was not greatly surprised, however, when she soon became "ill," went home for a few days and soon dropped the course. She never did finish college. Doubtless the habit of dishonor had too great a hold.

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One of the greatest difficulties in connection with dishonor is the way one's past bobs up when least expected and at the most disconcerting times. Some of us are constantly being asked for recommendations. Furthermore, big businesses now ask specific questions instead of letting us write in general terms. Bonding companies ask such questions as "What is the candidate's record for meeting his obligations?" "Does he use intoxicants or drugs?" "Does he gamble?" "What is the character of his associates?"

One week I had two inquiries from bonding companies about two men whose records were quite in contrast. The one had been in trouble constantly for non-payment of debts. He made a nuisance of himself and left a record of unpaid bills all over town. I was forced to say that he had been careless and unreliable while in college, but that I hoped he had changed.

It was easy to recommend the second man. He had been an excellent student, was editor of the college daily, paid all bills promptly and was a gentleman in every respect. I replied that he could be trusted to the limit. He now has a fine family, a good business and is trusted and honored in his community. He will be comfortable in his own company.

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Our football team was playing one of our traditional opponents in Portland. The score was 7 to 6 in our favor. The teams were battling to a standstill. As they lined up for the start of another play, one of our ends called time out because his opponent on the other team was hurt and staggering in his tracks, without the knowledge of his teammates. A substitute came in, the game went on and our team lost 13 to 7. Why should not our end have brushed the fellow aside and perhaps won the game? But he didn't.

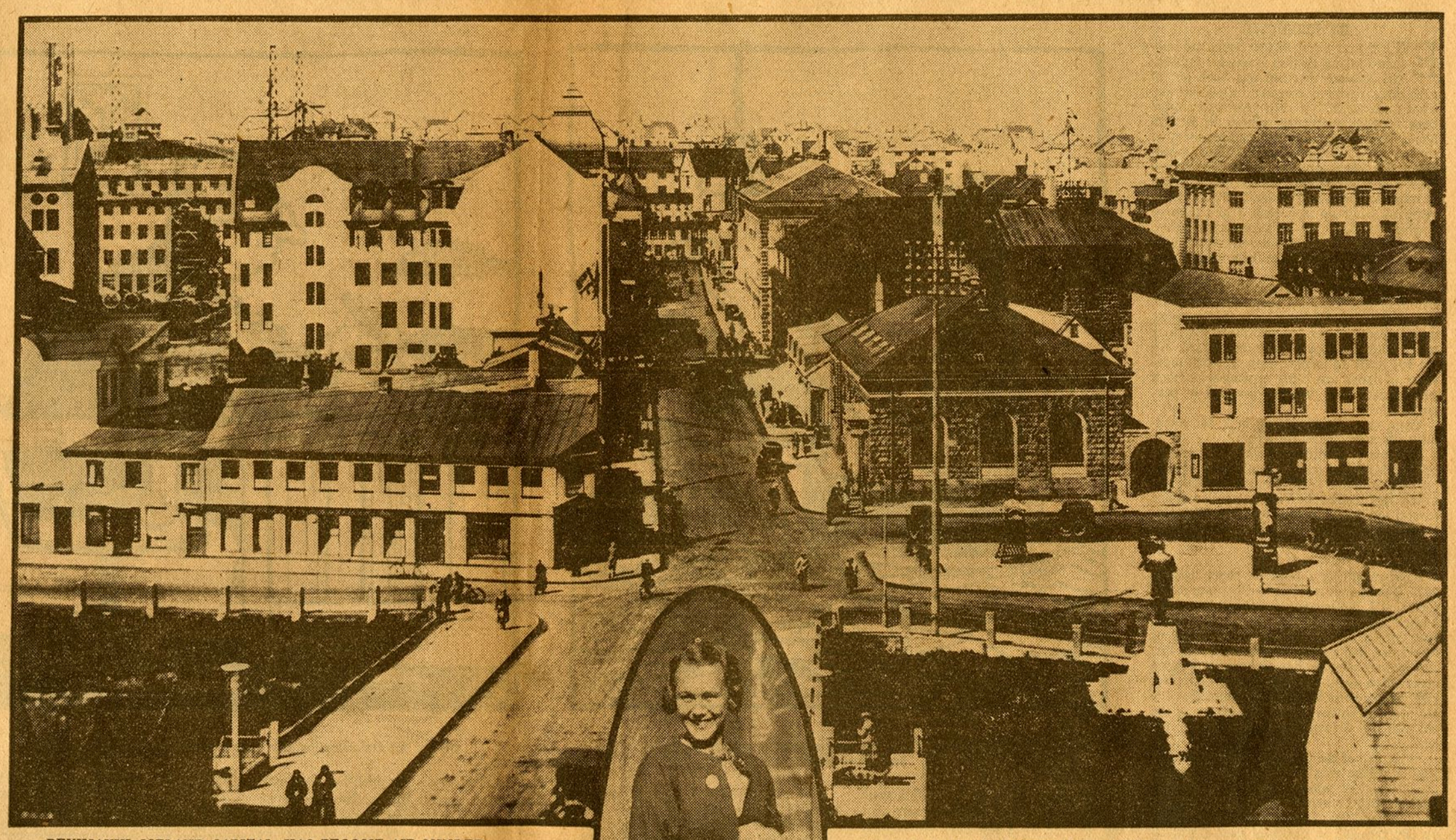
Only a year or so later this man who played end for us died rather suddenly from pneumonia. He made a desperate fight for life with the same sportsmanship with which he played football. When the papers carried stories of Johnny Logan's death they told at length of his sportsmanship and of the game where he called time out to protect his opponent.

It isn't always easy to practice good sportsmanship, but, like honor in other respects, it pays big dividends—always in personal satisfaction, and usually in other ways as well.

Next week: "Health in College."

Iceland—A Country of Surprises

"So Many People Have the Queerest Ideas About Us," Complains Pretty Young Iceland Woman



REYKJAVIK, ICELAND CAPITAL, HAS BECOME AIR-MINDED.
This city of 30,000 persons realizes that a closer contact with the rest of the world will demand better hotels. New hostelries are under construction.

BY NORMA RYLAND GRAVES.

"DID you really think that Iceland has ice all the time and that people live in bearskins? Why, how funny!" The pretty little guide (bachelors, please note: The girl guides are young and they are very pretty) who was showing us around Reykjavik, the capital and chief city of Iceland, laughed so infectiously that soon all of us were joining her over the absurdity of a preconceived notion that there could be no Iceland without perpetual ice—an idea especially ludicrous on a day so warm and sunshiny that coats were unbearable. It was easy enough to shed the coats, but it must be admitted that our cherished "Ice"-land ideas were relinquished more slowly, despite our laughing acknowledgment of their falsity.

"So many people have the queerest ideas about us," she hastened to explain, "that we want to show you we are not so—so awful."

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Our group was thoroughly convinced of that fact even before the tour began, and as we went from place to place observing life in this small northern island, we gradually replaced antiquated facts with vivid impressions of the real Iceland.

Many imagine Iceland to be a civilization suffering from climatic disadvantages, lacking culture and devoid of all modernity. Such, however, is not the case. In fact, were it not for observing the distinctive Icelandic dress and overhearing snatches of fragmentary conversation in Norse instead of good old slangy American, one might imagine himself strolling down the main street of any city of 30,000 or more, for that is the population Reykjavik claims. The other 85,000 or more inhabitants of Iceland are scattered over the island.

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Attention has recently been focused on Iceland through its possible development as the central point of the northern air route. Within the past few weeks successful flights have demonstrated the feasibility of the Iceland-Greenland route. The tourist bureau of Reykjavik states that the Trans-American Airplanes corporation has already secured a suitable landing place. When regular air service begins it will take only five to eight hours to fly to Iceland from Great Britain and the continent; under present conditions the passage by sea lasts from three to five days.

The question of air routes is not one of momentous concern to us—so many thousands of miles away. It is the country itself that interests us. Snow-capped mountains, hundreds of hot springs, volcanoes, gem-like lakes whose waters are the blue of Crater lake—all these are found in this land of "Frost and Fire." Then add to this a climate fairly moderate . . .

"Do you mean to tell me that Iceland does not freeze up solid in winter?" excitedly interrupted one of the women.

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"It doesn't get very cold," smiled our little guide. "You see, the south and west coasts are tempered by the Gulf stream. Here in Reykjavik the snow is rarely so deep that automobiles cannot be used. In the outlying districts, of course, the snow is heavy. The piles of rock, pyramid-fashion, which you probably noticed all along the country roads, are winter guidemarks."

Since Reykjavik has become air-minded and realizes that a closer contact with the outside world will demand better hotels, she is constructing new ones and improving accommodations in all ways.

Particularly outstanding are the summer hotels in the country districts—incidentally, they are the kind that the famous Mr. Ripley delights in picturing. Since they are located near some hot spring, the water is utilized not only for baths and swimming pools, but also for central heating, hence the strange appearance of hotels without chimneys. But at that, Mr. Ripley overlooked another interesting fact: The two-in-one trick of having a hotel in summer, but a school in winter. Your thrifty Icelander knows how to beat these depression days.



ICELAND GUIDE.
She laughed at the thought of eternal ice and snow.

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"Counting the pennies that way, I should say you people are more Scotch than Norse," teasingly remarked one of the men.

"We often go to your schools (English); I was in Edinburgh two years, but we are Norse," she flashed back at him proudly, and if her attitude is characteristic of all Icelanders, it is easy to understand how the island has gained its reputation of being the only place in the world where pure Norse (Icelandic) is spoken, that of the Scandinavian countries having lost many of the original inflections. So universally acknowledged is this fact that students and professors of leading European universities are often advised to spend six months at the university in Reykjavik preparatory to taking up the study of Anglo-Saxon, closely akin to Norse.

"You really do, then, have a university—here in Iceland?" A skeptical sniff accompanied the question.

"Yes, since 1911," the other smiled, apparently unruffled by the comment; "with degrees in theology, law, medicine and arts. At our municipal and state schools attendance is compulsory from the age of 10 to 14. We also have three gymnasiums, or high schools, and specialized schools."

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Iceland's very evident desire to encourage education has produced excellent results. The number of books, papers and periodicals published here is greater in proportion to the population than in any other country in Europe. No doubt the long winter days and nights are conducive to study. One of the admirable features of home life is the nightly assembling of the family to listen to one of their members read aloud from the old sagas, which relate the adventures of those seafarers who first discovered America in the year 1000. Thus even the children are so accustomed to hearing the best of their national literature that illiteracy is practically negligible.

By this time we had concluded our visit to the art gallery and the national museum and were down on the main street again. Try as we might, we simply couldn't locate any of those public servants who regulate the city and who are so fond of issuing little tickets—you know the kind. Finally we asked about it.

"Traffic officers?" She laughed. "Only when the boats come in and there are so many machines."

And eagle-eyed and determined as we were to produce a real specimen of the law, we couldn't locate one. (Probably at tea—it was late in the afternoon.) There isn't a jail, either, in this city of 30,000. A long time ago, no one seemed to be very definite about this, they did have one, but certainly not now.

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Since there are no railroads in the island, ponies are the chief means of transportation to the more remote places. Motors, few in number, are restricted to the towns, as are also the busses. The Iceland pony, somewhat larger than our Shetland, is noted for its strength, sureness and dependability—very necessary qualities, for in the interior of the island there are no bridges and the many swift streams with their constantly shifting quicksands have to be forded. Tiny hoofs emit staccato-like sounds as they trot steadily along, the second horse being led, so as to relieve the first. More than once did we smile upon meeting a pony bearing a rider whose colossal size was further heightened by the wearing of a tall, black hat.

But the women have a far more distinctive attire. Their habitual dress is a dark one, the velvet bodice of which is ornamented either in silver or gold and laced together, peasant-wise. Most intriguing, however, is the black velvet cap, decorated at one side by a long silken tassel drawn through a silver or gold tube; it gives the appearance of a miniature pincushion, for it is pinned on at intervals of an inch by small black pins.

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No bobbed hair with this type of hat, either. Two braids tightly plaited and then pinned exactly in the center of the head with a fancy ornament—the black cap placed squarely above—and you have a picture of the well-dressed Icelander. The national dress is worn more by the older women, however, than by the younger. Our little guide was modernity itself, from bobbed hair to white pumps.

"I say, Miss Elsbeth," began one of the men who had been endeavoring for some time to get her to pose for a picture, "won't you—"

"But I must tell you about our conservatories, where we grow flowers and fruits the year around." Her smile disarmed the decisiveness of her refusal. "And our community laundry."

The open-air laundry, located near one of the hot springs, is a boon to the poorer

Concluded on Page 7.

Von Zimmerman Reveals Why He Tempted Mexico With Famous Note

Continued From First Page.

ance. Europe was amazed. Berlin received its greatest shock up to that moment, for it could not understand how the note was captured. Events moved rapidly, and on April 6 we were wedded to the war—for better or for worse!

Having had a keen interest in the history of that note, the writer visited Dr. von Arthur Zimmerman a few days after reaching Berlin last June. The statesman is living in honored, happy retirement in a pretty two-story villa near the edge of the capital. In his front yard is a beautiful rose garden, in the rear a vegetable garden. The ex-foreign minister is very proud of his flowers and his potatoes.

We sat in his library one forenoon talking about the new Germany and the old, about conditions in the United States and in Europe, about books and generals and kings. I was dying to talk about the note that made my host a very famous world figure, but I didn't want to ask about it until I was sure Dr. Zimmerman would discuss the war. After some time was spent in general conversation the ex-minister began talking about the generalship of the great conflict.

He said Ludendorff was a very great general the first two years of the war, after that he—and here Dr. Zimmerman tapped his head to indicate that the soldier "blew up." The speaker continued:

"So many of our soldiers were killed and much wounded during the first two years of the war that we had to replace them with men taken from the industries and the munition plants. They were not so good soldiers, and they had been poisoned already by the communists and by the extreme socialists. We knew these new soldiers were not so loyal as were those fine fellows who first went to the war.

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"We cabinet members told this fact to Ludendorff but he would not listen to us. He said he would make good soldiers out of them. Towards the end of 1917, this was before you sent many soldiers to the war, I told Von Hindenburg and Ludendorff we must make peace now before American armies reached France. I said then we could make peace 'status quo,' that there would be no victors and no defeated nations. I told them Mr. Wilson was in favor of a fair peace, and that now was the time for the German army commanders to join with the cabinet to start the movement to end the war.

"Ludendorff would not listen. He said his armies could smash the allies, and he would do it before the American soldiers came in big numbers. And so because Ludendorff was just a soldier and nothing of a statesman or national leader, we lost the war because he would not listen!"

And then I asked the question I had been wanting to ask since March 1, 1917.

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"Dr. Zimmerman, will you tell me about the note to Mexico?"

"Certainly I will," he said promptly. "We were surrounded by enemies. We had to take desperate measures to try and gain allies, for our people were starving on account of the blockade. America had not come into the war, but I was sure it would come in soon, although we had not broken diplomatic relations with the United States. I know about Mexico, and I thought maybe we could make her our friend because the United States once gained much territory from Mexico. I promised in return for friendship to help regain her lost territories. We were desperate, and we needed allies. Italy had been our ally many years but was bribed away from us by England and France.

"I told my colleagues in the cabinet we should make Mexico our friend so it would make war with the United States and that would keep the American soldiers busy fighting Mexico so they could not come and fight us. I knew Mexico was not a strong military country, but I was sure it would take a very large army to conquer her and that America would have to keep very large patrol forces on the border. Then I thought if Mexico was at war with the United States, maybe America would hesitate about going into the war in Europe. I sent the message to Von Eckhardt, our minister in Mexico, by code over the wireless but the English copied the message, deciphered the code and gave it to your government, so our plans failed."

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I asked him how he happened to suggest that Mexico also get Japan for an ally in the attack on the United States. Japan at that time was an ally of England, but was not at the moment playing an active role in the war.

"I knew that Mexico had always been friendly with Japan," Dr. Zimmerman replied, "and I thought Mexico to gain back lost provinces would do all possible to get help. I knew also that Japan had taken all it could hope to get in the orient then for it had taken all the German colonies over there. So I thought maybe we might get Japan away from her allies just like England and France took away our ally, Italy. It was like what you sometimes say, 'All fair in war and love.'

"But when England, which had been in alliance with the Japanese for many years, intercepted my note, then pressure at once came to bear on Japan and we could not go on farther with our plans. And then soon America broke diplomatic relations with us. That is the history of the Mexican note."

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Then Dr. Zimmerman, who is lame and leans heavily on his cane, took me out to see his flowers, of which he is very proud. While looking at the roses, I mentioned the war-provoking books written by General von Bernhardi, a German soldier, before 1914.

"Bernhardi's books had very big sales in America and England, I know, but not so in Germany," my host declared. "Not 1 per cent of the German people had read the books by Bernhardi. Of course, we had extreme pan-Germans, both soldiers and professors, but the German government and the German people were not that way. They wished to be peaceful and to grow naturally with regular commerce.

"That we wanted the war, that we prepared for the war, is a terrible lie! Those men in France and in England who said we prepared for the war do not believe it themselves. But it is because of those lies that the German people are now treated as scoundrels."

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As we continued to stroll about the garden, this most delightful host talked about the new government in his beautiful homeland.

"It was very badly needed for the communists were getting strong in Germany, especially in Berlin," explained Dr. Zimmerman. "And then the young people, the boys and girls in the schools, were getting out of hand. They had no respect for any authority, they had even no respect for their parents. But the new movement has given these youngsters a nationalist spirit, they respect the authority of the new leaders and the new government, they have a renewed love for Germany. This has been a very good thing for the young people. And Hitler has them all in his party.

"He is a great political leader, and a very fine orator. And since he has become chancellor, we see he is a statesman as well as a politician. His speech in the reichstag showed he is a statesman and a great leader of the nation. The years when I was in the cabinet, whenever the chancellor spoke before the reichstag on foreign affairs, the speech was always carefully prepared in the foreign office and handed to the chancellor to deliver. This was also done for Hitler but when he received it, he put it aside and said he would make his own speech. The people of the foreign office were much worried, as I would have been, and they listened very carefully to the chancellor's address. It was a great speech, the address of a real statesman. We were all very glad for Germany."

We strolled about the garden chatting for some time. Then Dr. Zimmerman remarked, "Perhaps you would like to meet Dr. von Eckhardt?"

Next week Mr. Hazen will give Dr. von Eckhardt's version of the Zimmerman note as obtained in an interview with the elder German statesman.



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READY, for *your* Hallowe'en—a big book bulging with clever new ways to surprise your friends. Plans for your party—decorations, invitations, games and stunts. Send only 10c for more than 101 different ideas for a whole evening's hilarious fun. Then remember, you can get all the gay, inexpensive supplies you need—black and yellow crepe paper, streamers, ghosts, pumpkins, table decorations, favors, prizes at department, stationery and most drug stores where Dennison goods are sold... Send 10c now for the Hallowe'en Book, and make your Hallowe'en a smashing big success.

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What I Profited Out of Writing a Book

Topnotchers of Craft Reap Golden Reward, But Alas and Alack for Others; a Writer Tells His Story

BY ELI HOWE.

EVERY year about 85,000 books are published in the English language. Publishers estimate that but one book out of each three written is accepted for publication. That must mean that each year rather more than 250,000 books are written in English alone. Notwithstanding the performances of the late Edgar Wallace and E. Philips Oppenheim, few books are written in less than a year, and many require several years' labor. It must be, then, that at least 250,000 man-years of labor go into each year's crop of English books. And it isn't easy labor either, as anyone can testify who has ever put words on paper and tried to make them mean something to everybody.

Few of us know people who write books, but all of us know a lot about human nature, and a part of that knowledge is that man has no discernible talent for laboring at anything which holds no hope of material reward. We are not likely to believe, then, 250,000 man-years of labor are being expended on book writing each year just for practice in penmanship.

There must be something in it for somebody. How much and for whom?

Let's not stop with a thought of Zane Grey and his big yacht on the South seas; of Sinclair Lewis taking $40,000 in prize money out of the tight land of the Vikings, or even of our several sex-cessful women novelists who winter on the Riviera and summer on the Plage. They don't write all the books.

# # #

I began putting a book on paper back in 1925. The year is remembered because it was then that I had become convinced that Atlas himself couldn't lift our second mortgage; that our third-hand flivver, by no magic of mechanics, had another revolution left in her, and not long after the boss had made a pointed observation about how gray I was becoming, right on the heels of an office rumor that the business had to have some new ideas and the old man had despaired of finding any in old heads.

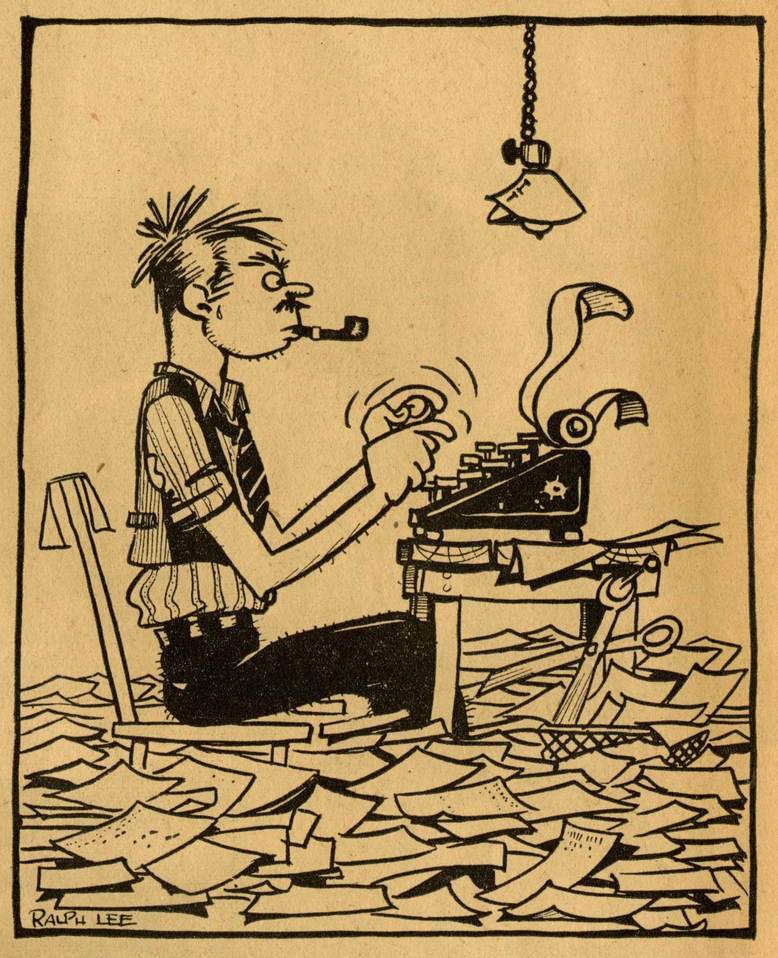
At the end of the first year I had written at least a million words, of which I had saved 20,000—and of which a half came unstuck later on. But I stayed with it, and by the end of the second year knew what I was trying to do. By the end of the third year I had an inkling of how to do it. And then, one night in 1929, I knew I had done it—knew because there was nothing more to write and nothing that seemed to need to be rewritten.

# # #

I sent it to one of the oldest and best publishers in the country. Sent it there—and set myself to catch it when it came bouncing back.

But it didn't come back. After all I had heard and imagined about publishers, I had never dreamed that they could be so kind to someone who was trying to sell them something. A contract came along for the first refusal of the next two novels I should write; the publicity department demanded biographical material and photographs. Even the proofreader who sent the galley sheets took time to comment warmly on the excellent, unusual story I had done. That practically settled it. If a proofreader couldn't help liking a story, who could?

Publication date rolled around. A clipping bureau informed me that a novel I had written was attracting considerable attention and suggested that I might like to read some of the things being said about it. Naturally I would. Nothing like seeing ourselves as others see us—and all that. In a few days the clippings began to come.



At the end of the first year I had written at least a million words, of which I had saved 20,000.

A New York reviewer of recognized authority said: "In this first novel we are privileged—and the word is no mere courteous formality—to become acquainted with a brilliant new American talent . . . " Another, in Boston: "One of the most imposing novels of the year. It establishes the unknown Mr. Blank among the select group of moderns who are writing lasting tragedy . . . " And from a not easily pleased critic in California: "Nothing short of a knockout. . . . A moving story of utmost sincerity . . . he bids fair to become one of the most significant novelists of our time."

They continued to come like that. Soon there were a hundred and only three had been unfavorable. A famous novelist wrote crisply in praise and profanely bade me go on and on and on. My dizziness increased. If I went for a walk I half expected to hear trumpets sound solemnly along the street ahead of me. I got uppity with my creditors, indulged my self-respect in my relations with the boss and argued with the sharer of my assets and liabilities over the merits of the Cote d'Azur and the Cornwall coast as places of residence.

In the excitement I almost forgot that novelists also are supposed to get paid, but presently the publisher remedied that by coming along with a statement of the book's advance sales. He was sorry they hadn't been better, but times were bad and, of course, I wasn't established yet. But I didn't mind. Just wait till everybody had read those reviews!

And I had something else to help the book along. A talented and charming lady got interested in it and set about discussing it in a series of talks before women's clubs. A bookseller assured me that she would put it over in our end of the state. She would start people to reading it. That was all I wanted.

Then there were the movie rights. Everybody knew that the movies were beating the brush for material. And they didn't have any small change in Hollywood. With the publisher's consent, I got an agent to handle the movie rights. He went over the clippings carefully, and, strangely enough, seemed slightly disturbed. This might be a good book, he admitted, and he didn't say it in the right way He accented "good" instead of "might." But he promised to read it and see. I must remember, though, that times were bad.

# # #

When a statement of sales in the first six months came along the publisher personally was almost tearful with regret. He hoped though, that I realized how hard it was to put over a first novel at any time and right now business was very bad. He hadn't lost confidence in the book, however. Whatever happened, I could say that I had achieved a real literary success. Maybe the next six months would be better, and certainly my next book would benefit by the favorable notice this one had received. Meanwhile please remember that the publisher would lose money on the book if it didn't sell 5000 copies and be sure that the house would give it every advantage.



On the printed rejection slip someone had written: "No B-O."

About then I met a man who had written two novels. I showed him our royalty statements and asked him if he had ever seen anything like that, pointing out that the advance sales, before the public had been favored with all those laudatory reviews, actually had been greater than in the six months following the book's appearance.

Sympathetically, he explained. My publisher was well known. His imprint would sell that many copies of the Congressional Record. And I mustn't feel hurt because nobody paid any attention to what reviewers said. Consider the 41st novel of a certain popular writer, which had come out at the same time mine had. Every critic in the country had panned it from hades to high water, and more than 50,000 copies had been sold already!

In conclusion he cautioned me not to expect too much from the next six months either. Publishers spawned twice a year, and six months' nursing was about all a book could expect. Mine had had its turn. From now on it would have to go on its own—dragging the dreadful inertia of an unknown author's name on its cover. It wouldn't be a bad idea, he thought, if I tried to sell the movie rights.

I got after the agent. Yes, he had been trying. I wondered if he hadn't ever heard about the movies paying a dollar a word for novels and then using only the titles. Yes, he had heard about that, but personally he thought that most of those cases were what the police call "inside jobs."

And apparently our book hadn't been getting any "inside."

The usual reception seemed to have been: "Who is this feller? Never heard of him. Who does he know?" And, by the way, didn't I know anybody out there? No. What about the ones I had seemed to know when I took the book to him? Well, he'd see, but times were sure bad, and why did we have to write that kind of a book? Now, something in Zane Grey's style . . .

# # #

The publisher's statement of the second six months came in quite formally and impersonally. No explanations or apologies, and I noticed that my name had been misspelled. The depression was on full blast by that time, and, considering what else had happened, I wasn't being surprised by anything. So I wasn't greatly upset.

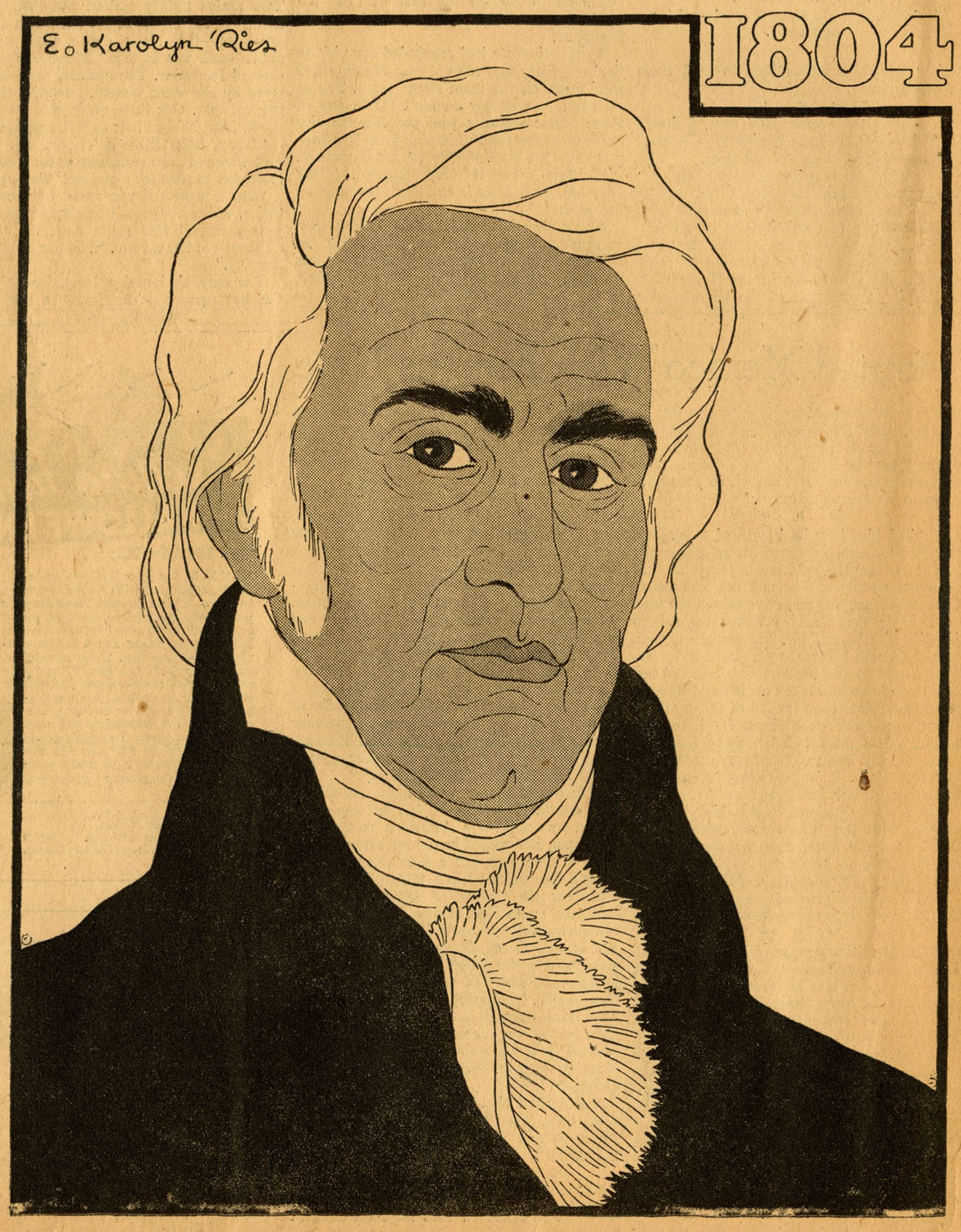
But I did dig that agent out of his hibernation again. One company, I learned, had been induced to have the book read. But their "summarizer" had advised against its acceptance on the ground that people didn't want stories that made them think; they wanted stories that made them forget.

But the most damning judgment had just arrived with the return of the book from another studio that very day. On the printed rejection slip someone had scrawled, "No B-O." That, it developed, was not an illusion to a much publicized social offense but was an ex-cathedra pronouncement of that little booth out front where customers leave their money and producers leave their ideals—no box office.

"That," said the agent, "is what they've all

Concluded on Page 5.

Lewis and Clark Blaze a Wilderness Trail



William Clark, a man of solid character. . . .

Pictorial History of the Original Oregon Territory by E. Karolyn Ries.

CHAPTER XXXI.

TEN years passed before Alexander Mackenzie's great feat of crossing the continent of North America was again attempted. But nearly 20 years before, Thomas Jefferson, who has been called the most intelligent man of his generation, was beginning to have visions of penetrating the vast and mysterious domain to the west.

In 1786 Jefferson, then ambassador to Paris, met John Ledyard, a Connecticut Yankee who had sailed with Captain James Cook on his voyage to the North Pacific. His story fired the imagination of Jefferson, who became deeply interested in the various ambitious schemes of the enterprising Ledyard. Years later, when Jefferson had become president of the United States, that far-away vision of two decades before still lived

Idle dreams did not inspire Jefferson's plans for the expedition. Following on the heels of Alexander Mackenzie's journey in 1793, the Northwest company had exerted the terrific energy for which they were so famous, and soon they were invading the country about the tributaries of the Missouri, reaping their rich harvests of furs and settling the country for Great Britain. High time that American enterprise should seek to forestall this dangerous state of affairs.

Jefferson chose for the leader of the expedition his young friend and private secretary, Meriwether Lewis of Virginia. Lewis, only 29 years of age, was well educated and attractive, an expert woodsman, familiar with the habits and superstitions of Indian life and a born leader of men. With Jefferson's consent he selected for his associate Commander William Clark, a man of solid character and a veteran of frontier life. These two men, both of whom had seen army service, chose for their followers men for the most part of military type, well used to hardship and obedience. The party assembled in St. Louis late in the fall of 1803 and went into camp for the winter on the Illinois shore of the River DuBois to prepare for the long journey. The members of the expedition comprised a well-chosen group. In addition to Lewis and Clark there were 18 soldiers, nine hunters and frontiersmen from Kentucky, two French interpreters and Clark's own negro servant. Sixteen additional soldiers and oarsmen accompanied the party. They were to proceed up the Missouri as far as the Mandan villages, then return. On May 14, 1804, the expedition embarked.

Next week: Sacajawea.



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No. 2: Shanghai Days in the City of Roses

More About Larry Sullivan, Plus Introduction to Bunco Kelly; Also, a Few Notes on Nancy Boggs

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK.

CHAPTER II.

LAST week Spider Johnson, noted character of the old Portland waterfront, told something of the days when Larry Sullivan, Liverpool Liz, the Grants, Bunco Kelly and others were active. Spider, who is now 70, yet keen and active both in mind and body, works at the Moore Smoke shop, 11 Grand avenue Southeast. He spoke especially of Sullivan last week. This week he continues his story of Sullivan and also recollects a few items regarding the justly famous Joseph (Bunco) Kelly. It is Spider Johnson speaking:

Spider Johnson Speaking.

Larry Sullivan was divorced from his first wife in October, 1912, in a Los Angeles court. She charged desertion and non-support. She was Mable Hoare, you know, and they were married in 1892. I think they had five children. Larry was buried in Mount Calvary cemetery. Yes, I know I'm getting ahead of my story.

Larry married Lucille Ayers in 1915. In 1920 Larry showed up as a dick in the Los Angeles Times-McNamara brothers trial. That was the time the Times was dynamited during some labor trouble. I never really did know what part Larry played with William J. Burns, the dick, in the McNamara business, but he was in on the money, whatever it was.

This Lucille Ayers, I guess I told you, was one of the handsomest women in Oregon. She was running a fancy house in north Portland when she and Larry got acquainted. I remember of seeing those pictures, or enlarged photographs you showed me many years ago; they were on the walls on Lucille's place. Lucille was a square-shooter.

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Well, after the L. M. Sullivan Investment company of Goldfield, Nev., was folded up, Larry came back to Portland. I don't know what he was doing at the time. Then he went back to California and was gone for quite a time. He was mixed up somehow in the Joe Gans-Battling Nelson fight, and there was a stink about it. No, I can't remember what it was but it didn't do Larry's rep any good. If my memory is any good, I lost all of $25 on that fight. Yes, I had a hot tip to bet on the black man.

Larry came back to Portland again and was given a sort of pension job by the P. E. P. company. He stood at Second and Alder, as I remember it, with a little book, and was supposed to check the street cars.

I think he helped shanghai more men than Jim Turk ever did. Larry died June 9, 1918, at St. Vincent's hospital. He was 55 years old. The war was on then, and the newspapers didn't have room to tell about his career, or give him an obituary, so few in Portland knew of his death.

I Knew Bunco Kelly.

Joseph Kelly, known chiefly as "Bunco," was for many years one of the most notorious characters in the North End and along the waterfront, and he was one of the victims in a big frame-up on the charge of murder; every person in Portland who is 50 years old, or more, will remember the case. Bunco was the man I told you about stealing the cigar store Indian from in front of Wildman's place at First and Glisan and selling the Indian as an A. B. to the captain of a British ship.

Bunco Kelly was the shanghaier of them all.

One night 40 men broke into an undertaking place at Second and Morrison. They thought they were in the cellar of a saloon; there was a keg there. They tapped the keg and drank. It happened to be formaldehyde. Thirty-nine of them died. A schooner was short 40 men that evening, and the skipper asked Bunco Kelly to pick that many up. It was a rush job but Bunco was equal to it. He hired every hack on Front, First and Second streets, and he loaded 39 sailors onto the schooner. Bunco was short one man and he told the skipper that 39 was the best he could do. He also told the skipper: "Say, Cap, you gotta pay two dollars extry. I got all these guys drunk on my own money, and it cost that much apiece; you said you'd paid $50 blood money each; you should make it $52."

The skipper paid the $52 and the schooner sailed for Astoria and other ports with 39 corpses aboard. No, I don't know positive that that story is true, but it's one you'll hear from any of the old-timers. There were as strange things as that happened. No, I don't know where the ship went with 39 stiffs for sailors. It must have been a cruise which would have pleased this "Ancient Mariner" in the poem.

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According to police records Bunco was 5 feet 3½ inches tall; he weighed 132 pounds. After crimping on the waterfront for several years, he opened "The Mariners' Home" at Third and Davis streets.

On October 5, 1894, Bunco was arrested, along with an attorney named X. N. Steeves, for the murder of George W. Sayres, and they were indicted on December 12, 1894. In the book, "Thirteen Years in the Oregon Penitentiary," Bunco spells the name as Sears. But the man is the same as I told you about. This book of 142 pages made quite a stir in Portland. Funny thing, if you noticed it, it has an eagle, not unlike this Blue Eagle, down on a front page. I wonder what that meant then.

Now, here is what Bunco Kelly told on pages 6 and 7 of his book, which was published after he got out of the Salem pen in 1908. The spelling of the man's name is his:

"I was in the sailor boarding-house business. Sears was found dead in Fulton, where Fulton park now is. It was said that I killed him while trying to shanghai the old man. I am innocent, although for 13 years I have served in the penitentiary."

On Page 8 Bunco refers to Larry Sullivan. He says: "If anyone will go to (Portland) police headquarters and examine the records, they will find that Larry Sullivan, the sailor boarding-house man, now the Nevada mine promoter, and myself, were arrested for fighting at Second and Ash streets, and fined $10 each in the municipal court by Judge B. M. Smith.

"Part of the circumstantial evidence upon which I was convicted was that my collar bone and ribs had been broken [illegible] I killed him. The late Detective James [illegible] said at police headquarters that S[illegible]rs always carried a large stick with him, and the detective could not discover where this stick had disappeared to, as it had not been found on the beach."

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Bunco's story may been stepped up a bit but it makes sense to us old-timers. It has nothing to do with shanghaiing, but do you remember the Harry Tracy-Fred Merrill break from the Oregon pen? Here's what Bunco Kelly said about the return of Merrill's body from up near Napavine, Wash. Mrs. Waggoner, who discovered the body, never received anything from the state of Oregon, although a $10,000 reward was promised:

"I do not believe it was Merrill's body that was brought back to the pen. Merrill was a smooth-skinned man, and he had a burned ankle from the time he wore the Oregon boot two years before. There had been a big scar on his ankle from the boot, and the boot had worn a large dent right through his skin to the bone. Every day when he packed hot iron (in the molding room of the pen) the boot would cut into the flesh and the ankle would bleed; there was a hole in the ankle half an inch deep.

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"When this so-called body of Merrill was lifted from the coffin at the pen, the convict in charge felt the ankle, but there was no scar nor hole. This body had gray hair; Merrill had none. Merrill is alive today, or was a year ago (1907)."

So, maybe, it wasn't Merrill at all. I've seen a lot of funny things and this was one of them.

Bunco said in his book, and he also told me, that there was no doubt about Harry Tracy's body when it was brought to the pen. It was brought into the prison chapel for them to look at, Bunco said. The guards thought it would scare the cons, to see Tracy, the big bad man, shot up and very dead. It was Maurice Smith who wounded Tracy in the leg, time the posses were out. Until recently, when they had the shake-up. Smith was federal prohibition director of the Pacific northwest, with headquarters in Seattle. A month or so ago he was moved to some place in Montana.

I don't know just how Bunco got his name, but there was plenty of chance for it; I've told you enough about him already to make "Bunco." He was the best, or worst, man on Portland's waterfront to line up a crew in a hurry. Why, it was told of Bunco, although I can't vouch for the story, that he got and "signed up" a crew of some 50-odd men in three hours. That was for a four-masted bark which had been lying in the Willamette for three or four months, waiting for a cargo. Most of the crew which Bunco put on board, and signed articles for, had been on the ship before, but had "gone overboard" because of the delay in getting cargo. She was a British ship.

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When Bunco died I don't know. The last time I saw him was in 1909. He was going south, either to San Diego or Los Angeles, to work for Dick McCarron. Dick once ran a sailors' boarding house in Portland. I don't know when or where Bunco died. Dick put a lot of guys on ships in his day, too.

But whenever he died, Bunco Kelly died in his time. Steam was coming in, and that is what killed shanghaiing. There were a lot of what they call crusades against shanghaiing in Portland, and they had some effect, but the steamship is what killed shanghaiing. When steam came in, it knocked out close to 50 per cent of the men needed to man a ship. When you cut off half a crew, this technological unemployment means something. That's what steam did.

Most folks think, if they think about it at all, that shanghaiing went out some time early in this century. But it didn't. I know of at least four guys who were shanghaied as late as 1917, right here in Portland.

I guess I forgot to tell you that it was told of Bunco that one time he put two women on board a ship. They were dressed as men, and Bunco is said to have collected blood money for them.

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In those days Portland was certainly a big port. I remember in the '80s and the '90s, the Willamette was a forest of masts from Weidler's sawmill, where terminal No. 1 now is, down to the Stark-street ferry, except at Ash and Hoyt where the few steamboats of the time were tied up. Yes, sir, that river was just one forest of masts—barks, barkentines and schooners from all over the world. And it was a pretty sight. I remember one night Bunco Kelly and I stood down near where the Boss saloon was, and still is. Bunco said: "Do you see all those masts there? Those masts go all over the world. I help get the stiffs to put canvas on those masts."

It was just across the street from the Boss saloon, which is one of the few old-timers left standing, that I stood one evening just after news of the Johnstown, Pa., flood reached Portland. A man with me was joshing some girls we were talking with. He said: "We are just back from the Johnstown flood." Just then the building, which was an old sailors' boarding house, caved in; there had been no big rains, as I remember, but the old shack just caved. No one was killed, although they had to take a few of the boys to the hospital.

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The kick I got out of it was the fact that the fellow with me had just told this lie—that we had just come from Johnstown, where the flood was—and immediately the building across the street caved in. I forget who ran that joint, but it was a sailors' boarding house. There's some sort of a lumber yard there now.

That was in the days when horsecars ran along First street. Tony Arnold operated a hack business in those days. Tony saved his money and later opened a joint in the North End, but before that he hauled many a drunk to the waterfront and put him aboard ship. Tony got to be quite a shot in Portland's underworld, and he made a good bit of his jack out of getting sailors on ships. His place was at Fourth and Everett streets.

Did you ever hear about the time Tony got married? He was bald-headed and wore a toupee. The night he was married he took off his toupee and his wife got up and ran out the door; she never came back. She didn't know he was bald and I guess it was a shock to her. Anyway, that was the end of that.

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Along about the time Tony Arnold was active, or maybe it was a little before, there was Nancy Boggs. And was she good! Nancy ran a whisky scow in the river where the Burnside bridge crosses it. In 1881, or 1882, there was one of those moral crusades that happen every once in a while. The police, egged on by the newspapers, went out to the scow. Nancy pumped them all over with boiling water with a rig she had all fixed up for such an occasion. The cops went back to Second and Oak for reinforcements. They went back to the scow and cut the hawser. The Willamette was high water at that time and Nancy's scow started down the river fast. Nancy got into a rowboat and rowed over to the Albina shore, where she chartered a stern-wheeler. They tell me that Nancy's whisky skow was back and tied up near Burnside bridge inside of two hours and doing business. Nancy later ran a place on shore, and I understand she did very well.

Nancy, I guess, was a real hellion when it came to business; but she was a square guy. Yes, perhaps some fellows were shanghaied out of her place. That was Portland's leading business when Nancy was going strong, but if she owed you any money she paid it, right on the nail. Her place on shore was at Second and Pine streets. Bridget Gallagher was operating at the same time. Bridget was never so well known as Nancy. Bridget was a good plug, too. All of them treated the boys right. Most of the guys hung around the boarding houses, the bars and other places, waiting for someone to buy them another drink. Some of them woke up on board ship between here and Astoria. They were away for three to six months and sober all the time. When they got back here they had money coming to them, and they were in good physical condition. That wasn't such a bad break.

Yes, I know there was a lot of bad stuff went on, and a lot of guys were shanghaied, but a lot of them needed it.

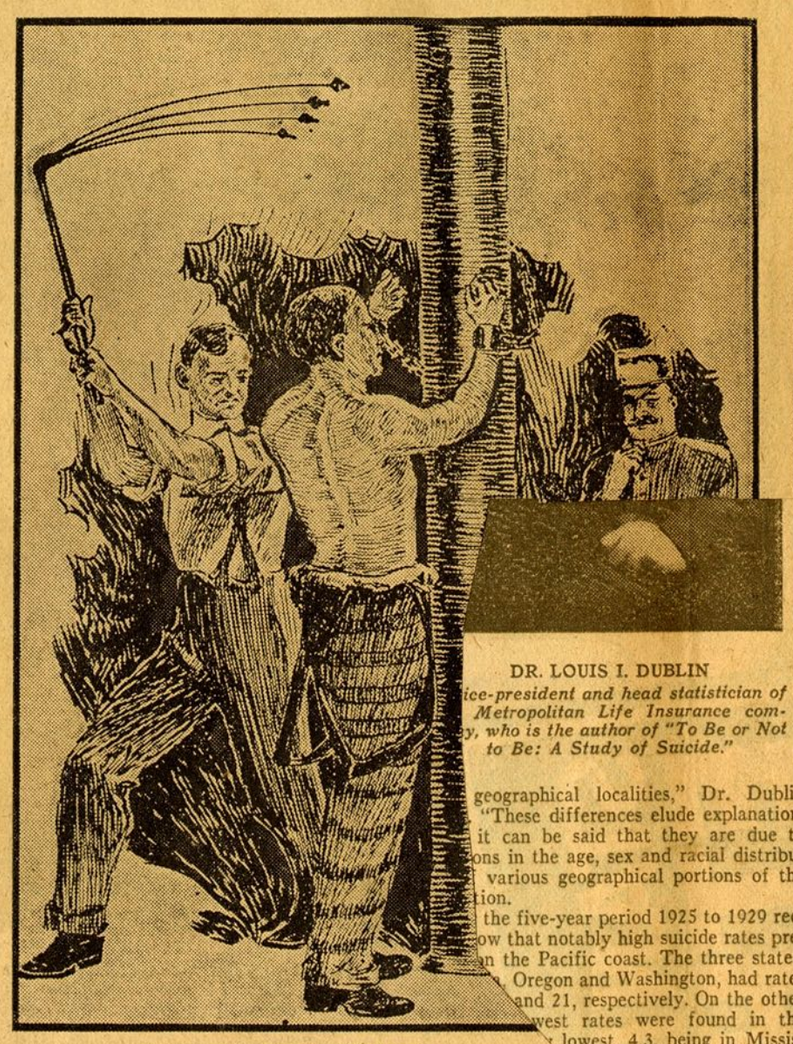
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Just one more thing about Bunco Kelly, and a lot of persons now living will be interested, I am sure: Bunco said something like this to me about the late Governor George E. Chamberlain of Oregon: "I'm not going to boom Governor Chamberlain because he is a democrat. I am not speaking for what he did for me personally, but for the prisoners generally. Under his administration everyone had a fair chance to see him and make their complaints . . . I was in prison under four state administrations; I know what I'm talking about."

Bunco Kelly was a guy who was framed. No, I don't know who killed Sayres; there is many a story about that. . . .

Yes, I've gone on too long about Bunco. I'll see what I can remember about Liverpool Liz; she was a darb.

To be continued next week in the Magazine Section of The Sunday Oregonian.



DR. LOUIS I. DUBLIN

ice-president and head statistician of Metropolitan Life Insurance company, who is the author of "To Be or Not to Be: A Study of Suicide."

FROM BUNCO KELLY'S BOOK.

While in the Oregon state penitentiary Bunco Kelly wrote a book in which he sought to give himself a clean slate, partly by condemning others.

geographical localities," Dr. Dublin "These differences elude explanation, it can be said that they are due to ons in the age, sex and racial distribu- various geographical portions of the tion.

the five-year period 1925 to 1929 rec- ow that notably high suicide rates pre- n the Pacific coast. The three states, Oregon and Washington, had rates and 21, respectively. On the other west rates were found in the lowest, 4.3, being in Missis-

in the United States, San highest suicide rate, and d San Diego also show

high places a frequency of met common in cities th are highest in May and January.

Every significant considered by the au view of suicide is They have also discu psychological mecha tives behind suicide disease as a contrib vention of suicide. tables and maps in complete bibliograp

Dr. Dublin is th statistician of the ance company. M sistant in the stati politan Life Insur

They have pre in such a way tha Average Reader ness men.

A Complete

The Soft Spot, ton: Little, B

Stephen Wa

He furnishes



MRS. LARRY SULLIVAN.

This beautiful woman—Sullivan's second wife—came to an unhappy end of her career just a few years ago in a Portland sanitarium.

Writing a Book

Continued From Page 4.

been telling us in one way or another. There may be other things, but in Hollywood that alone is enough. Here's your book."

That was in 1931. Since then four more statements have arrived from the publisher, making seven in all. Somehow, I don't expect to get any more, so let's take a look at the ones I have:

	Copies.	Royalties.
Advance sales	868	$173.60
First six months	533	106.60
Second six months	56	11.00
Third six months	18	3.60
Fourth six months	4	.80
Fifth six months	2	.20
Sixth six months	1	
Total		$296.20

Deducting from that the expense of stationery, typing, photographs, subscription to clipping bureau—and the price of a suit I bought to make myself presentable for an appearance at a women's club—I have, or did have, $151 left.

At least 3000 hours of labor went into the composition of the book, so each of those hours netted me about 5 cents!

Somewhat less than I earned an hour, 40 years ago, peddling papers after school.

And times were bad then, too.

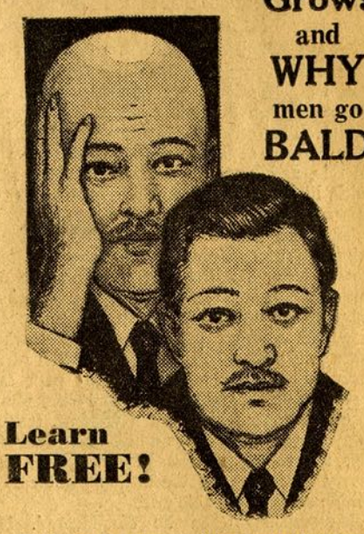
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THE CELEBRATED GANS-NELSON FIGHT.

Larry Sullivan, having concluded his Portland sailor boarding house career, gravitated to Nevada. He was reputed to have been involved in fixing the fight. Whether true or not, the story did not help Sullivan's reputation with persons who bet on Nelson—and lost.

HOW NEW HAIR Grows and WHY men go BALD



Learn FREE!

Baldness may come from several causes. A germ called "Flask Bacilli of Unna" gets deep into the scalp, causing one of the most dangerous types of dandruff, yet is seldom suspected. The refuse it produces clogs the pores and hair follicles, causing itchy scalp, falling hair and prevents the dormant hair roots from growing new hair. No wonder so many stay bald. All the hair tonics, ointments and soaps in the world will not grow new hair, as they treat only surface conditions. But now a new discovery enables those with thin, falling hair and bald spots to harmlessly absorb and remove this clogged-up thin outer skin of the scalp, thus permitting pores to breathe in air, sunshine and receive the penetrating, nourishing, stimulating influence of a scalp-food, thereby activating the dormant hair roots to function and grow new hair. It is believed in certain scientific circles this new discovery will revolutionize methods of growing hair. Full instructions on how to proceed are published in a treatise now being mailed absolutely free to readers of this paper. Send no money, just name and address to Wm. Witol, Desk H431, 1700 Broadway, New York, and treatise will come by return, postpaid.

"Start Buying! S-T-O-P Alibi-ing!"

Buy now to save money . . . Buy now to give more jobs . . . Buy now to save your own. At Stark-Davis Co., 824 S. W. Fourth, you'll find complete lines of plumbing, furnaces and electric fixtures at prices that you will like. BUY NOW.

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Strange and True Wild Life Line Stories

From Many Parts of the Pacific Northwest Come Narratives of Animals That Seem to Reason for Themselves



MONARCH OF ALL HE SURVEYS

In the foreground is a giant ram of the Big Horn sheep family, extremely rare and probably the shyest anim... American wild life. The photograph was taken atop a ridge in Jasper National park. Beyond are two ewes... (P. & A. photo.)



A GREAT COLLECTION OF ELK ANTLERS

...on, sportsmen recently gathered 130 shed antlers in the vicinity of the Texas Bar basin on the North ...er. These antlers were all picked up within a radius of one-half mile from what is known as Hilbert Meadows. (Photo from Victor Bracher, Pilot Rock.)

Yellowstone Bear Unwelcome Abroad

First Prize Story.

IN THE happy loafing ground known as Yellowstone park, not far from Old Faithful and its neighboring garbage dump, the stinkinest spot in North America, during June, 1933, Old Scarface, the late king of the grizzlies in Wonderland (set aside by Uncle Sam "for the benefit and enjoyment" of the bears), got so soundly slapped by one of his impudent sons that he abandoned the throne and lit out pell-mell toward the park boundary 60 miles to the north.

This old reprobate was not in poor health. He weighed between 800 and 1000 pounds stripped at the time of this grievous episode. But the years were beginning to tell on him. While his muscular strength was still appalling and long-enduring, he had lost some of his former agility, so that, about as Gentleman Jim hopped around poor old John L. during the long ago, Scarface's inconsiderate descendant circled swiftly around him and outboxed the hoary old veteran of a hundred fierce battles.

This shameful happening left the old monarch with such a profound feeling of desuetude and desolation that no longer was he lured by the shockingly noisome stench of the garbage dump, nor did he care greatly what became of his wives or of his ungrateful numerous progeny. In fact, his family relations were rather completely busted, that is to say, hopelessly ruptured.

Somehow while intermittently licking his wounds the poor old cuss reached the northern boundary of the park, wandered some 20 miles up Slough creek, across a 9000-foot divide and another 20 miles down Boulder canyon, where he found a scattered, though numerous, region of dude ranches and summer cabins. This environment exactly fitted his long experience in the park. He was wise to all this, and long before he sighted the first cabin his nostrils twitched in response to the heavenly aroma of bacon. Yum-yum!

There resulted a short though very lively reign of terror among the rollicking vacationists of lower Boulder canyon. First, the old outlaw broke into one of the more pretentious summer log bungalows which, while unoccupied at the moment, had just been well stocked with good things to eat in anticipation of an early and a ripping good time by papa and mamma and Harold and Jean and Baby Ruth. The old terror ripped out a window, tearing away part of the casing and displacing several logs, and took possession long enough to play merry hiccups with the furnishings and to gobble all the available grub.

Mysteriously then he disappeared. His tracks measured about nine inches. The dude ranch business suffered a grievous slump. Within two weeks Scarface thoroughly wrecked nine cabins, sprung four steel bear traps and stole all the bait without getting a scratch and left the forest rangers wondering just what kind of ursine devil they were up against.

At length, however, somehow he failed to apply all his usual skill in overturning traps, got caught by a forefoot and received seven high-powered bullets to end his short, joyous foray. Some vacationists are straggling back, but Boulder canyon, Park county, Mont., has lost some of its otherwise well-deserved popularity.

STEWART STUART,
P. O. Box 278, Livingston, Mont.

Sparrow Hawk Gives Display of Sharp Eyes

Second Prize Story.

THE intelligence of "wild life" was beautifully illustrated one morning not long ago as I stood idly gazing out of our barn door. A down-trodden strawstack was in my line of vision, and suddenly I saw a small sparrow hawk dip down into the straw, grab a clawful and soar upward. My eyes followed his flight.

When he had reached considerable height he let go the straw. At once a small, dark object dropped more rapidly out from the lighter substance. Down beneath the straw swooped the hawk at the dark object, which I could then see was a mouse. Just a few feet above the ground he caught it and then flew leisurely off with his dinner in hand.

A neatly done problem in physics and a fine display of the "eyes of a hawk"!

LILLIE L. MADSEN,
Silverton, Or.

Wild Geese Take Paving for Canals

Third Prize Story.

DURING a heavy all-night rain in the spring of 1927 the entire town of Manhattan, Kan., was disturbed and alarmed by the unusually prolonged crying of wild geese. The passage of migrations of birds during the spring and fall seasons was of no especial import other than the thrill of changing periods and the beauty of the fast-flying wedges. But on the particular night of which I am writing people left their firesides to listen from porches and walks to the pitiful cries of lost travelers, who seemed to be flying no higher than the treetops and gabled roofs of the town.

By morning everybody was comparing notes, only to discover that Manhattan had a plentiful crop of wounded wild geese on its hands. Many of the birds had died at the moment of impact with the concrete pavements. Others had broken wings and legs. Fortunately, the seat of the state agricultural college, with a goodly number of veterinarians and bird men on the campus, Manhattan was prepared to bind up the broken bones and nurse many of the involuntary visitors back to health. All of them were released as soon as they had recovered to rise again into the clouds and pursue their way north.

It so happened that the town of Manhattan had just completed an extensive paving program. Pocketbooks were disgorging for heavier taxes, while proud citizens gloated over the project.

Our scientists and special logicians for wounded birds explained the plight of the geese. The birds had come into the blinding storm, had become confused, whirling round and round in hopeless circles and in final desperation had plunged into what looked from above like shining pools of water. These supposed pools were not deep, winding canals or a safe anchorage but, rather the more than 20 miles of smooth, new concrete pavement of which the town boasted, and which was lighted up temptingly by the street lights into deceiving wayside stations.

FRANCES I. SHINN,
505 Adams St., Macon, Ga.

Rabbit Purloins Dried Fruit Store

YEARS ago when my parents lived on a farm near Jamestown, N. D., it was we children's delight during the haying season to go and catch wild baby rabbits, which were very numerous on the prairies.

We made a real pet of one, kept him in the house. He got to be a full-grown rabbit by fall. He would know when the milk was brought and would just run circles around and between our feet until he was fed.

Mr. Rabbit had the run of the house. He would race up and down stairs and make a drumming noise with his feet. It was his delight to run through papers and tear them up.

One evening mother left her cream jar on a small bench and Mr. Rabbit tracked cream all over the house and stairway. He often did damage to shoes. He would nibble the tops of them so we always had to keep the shoes out of his reach.

We had a large cupboard in the kitchen and on the lower shelves mother kept her store of dried fruits in paper bags. One day going after some fruit, mother found it was all gone. She did not believe us when we said we didn't take it and gave us a sound spanking.

About this time our pet disappeared, and we all thought he got away some time while the door was open. We all felt bad about it.

Finally just before Christmas mother went upstairs where she kept a large steamer chest to get something in clothing, and chanced to look behind and there was Mr. Rabbit buried amongst some clothes with all of mother's dried fruit stored for his winter food.

She called to us children, and what a surprise we got! When he disappeared he was a dark gray and now he was snow white. We kept him until spring, then turned him loose on the prairie once more.

MRS. FRED B. PERRY,
Goldendale, Wash.

Cliff D... the Sea

BY REED FERRIS.

Mr. Ferris, a resident of Beaver, Or., and Alex Walker of Pleasant Valley, near Tillamook, have become authorities on sea birds of the Oregon coast. The following article was based on a visit to the colony of cormorants, puffins, petrels and gulls of Haystack rock, one mile offshore near Pacific City.

NEARLY a mile offshore near Pacific City, Or., a small islet known as Haystack rock rises some 300 feet above the tides. The ten acres or so of its top are claimed in the spring by the nesting gulls. Puffins ("sea parrots") and petrels ("Mother Carey's chickens") burrow side by side in the scanty sod of the western slopes, and farther down, on the lime-washed ledges, the cormorants build their nests.

Scientists will tell you that there are three species of cormorants nesting here, and point out the minor differences by which they may be distinguished.

But ask the fisherman and he will tell you that they are all shags, for all that. "Just plain, black, ugly shags, mister, and no d—— good on earth." And hunt them from the ledges. For these be fishers, too, of ancient lineage.

Long before the white man wet a line in the vast Pacific—yes, even before the Indians speared salmon at Celilo—long, long before, the cormorants of Haystack built their nests, even as now, and fished and raised their naked, black, squirming young to fish, in time, beside them. "Cliff-dwellers of the sea."

On a day in July my friend and I went to visit this city of wings, for we were curious to see these deep-sea divers at home and we wanted to get some pictures. Landing on the south side of the rock, we climbed the southern ledges, past the stick nests of the Farallon cormorants (built of sticks carried from the mainland, since there is no wood on Haystack), while they fled silently to sea and the gulls screamed protest overhead. On over the shoulder of the rock and down the steep west side, where we proceeded cautiously, hoping to photograph some of the Baird and Brandt's cormorants which had not yet seen us.

Working around a corner, we succeeded in taking from a distance a group which nested on and above the last ledge of the slope. But as we cautiously made our way nearer one by one they flew out to sea. They had known men all their lives, these wary shags, and knew no good of them. Nearer we crept, with the wind whistling about our ears and surf pounding on the rock a sheer hundred feet below, till as we came within 30 feet or so the last of the frightened birds reluctantly abandoned their precious nests.

Ah, did I say? No, one remained, at the very end of a sloping ledge, overhung by a large tuft of the coarse, wiry grass which is the chief vegetation of the rock, and from which, with an admixture of seaweed, the Brandt's and Baird cormorants build their nests. Here we stalked carefully, expecting at every step that she, too, would take discretion to be the better part of valor. As we came nearer she faced us, wings half lifted as for instant flight and harshly croaked defiance.

As she half crouched thus in the nest we could see three tiny, helpless young, not long hatched, about her feet. This, then, was the reason for her bravery. But was it? All about us were nests, some of them with defenseless, squirming young left to our mercy, while the gulls circled hungrily overhead, watching for a chance to gobble one behind our backs before the parents might return. But still this one lone mother held her ground. Frightened? Of course she was! Stark terror showed in every quivering feather, but something stronger than fear held back her eager wings.

Slowly, foot by foot, we crept closer, pausing at intervals to take pictures and wondering how long the spell would last. Now and then an anxious puffin wheeled close to see what we were about and at a safe distance the other cormorants circled helplessly or rode in quiet resignation on the waves. And still this one brave guardian held her place. Twenty feet. Fifteen. Ten. And at last, leaning forward with a marked climbing stick, I touched the edge of the nest and so measured off six feet to the camera for a final close-up, drawing only a croaking protest from the outraged mother. And so we left her still guarding those precious, ugly youngsters, for much as I would have liked a picture of them I had not the heart to crowd her from the nest after that display of courage.



—Photo by William L. Finley and H. T. Bohlman.

ONE OF OREGON'S CLIFF-DWELLERS OF THE SEA.

This is a Brandt's cormorant, commonly called "shag" or "nigger-goose." He is greenish-black in color and builds a nest of seaweed on top or side of the highest pinnacle off the seacoast. Gulls often rob cormorants' nests, so when one bird is fishing the other guards the eggs or sleeping young in the home. If a gull comes near, the guardian bird spreads his wings and is ready to stab with his sharp bill. This picture was taken on Three Arch rocks, near Oceanside and Netarts.

Squirrel Eats Nuts on Mantel Perch

WHEN flowers decorate a mantelpiece it isn't unusual, but when a very lively, wild squirrel ornaments a mantelpiece it's news.

That is exactly what happened one morning last summer. Mother had been out filling the watering pot when she glanced to one side, and what should she see but a beautiful gray squirrel cautiously making his way nearer to her. My sister and I happened to appear on the scene just then, and immediately we dashed into the house to raid the jar of nuts standing in the cupboard.

We spent a good part of the morning giving those nuts, one by one, to our furry visitor. It gave us a great deal of enjoyment to watch that squirrel test each nut to be certain that there was more than an empty shell. Having found a shell and having satisfied himself that it was full, he would dart up the hill in back of our house and hastily bury it in the empty lot, then used as a garden. Having completed his task, he would hasten back for more. Sometimes we would place only the empty shell on the ground, and oh, what a look of disgust would appear on his countenance as soon as he found out the trick which had been played on him.

By the time half an hour had passed we had managed to lure our silvery-gray visitor into the house, where for a few minutes he raced around, until he noticed the then empty mantelpiece and in a split second had established himself on it. Complacently he ate the nuts we handed to him, until he began to get uneasy in such strange surroundings.

We opened all the doors and soon were watching him disappear up a large fir tree.

He is back again this summer and just as graceful and amusing as he was then, although we have not succeeded in having him decorate our mantelpiece again.

MARIENNE LUNDELL,
6200 Southeast Belmont St., Portland.

Young Robin Found Grateful for Food

DURING the past spring a robin built her nest on a post about ten feet from my kitchen door. When the babies were old enough I dug earthworms and fed these to them. This seemed to make a hit with one baby bird, so when they left the nest one bird failed to fly away.

Thinking he was not able to keep up with the others, I kept on feeding him, and after several days passed and he wouldn't go away I fixed a bath among the currant bushes.

He seemed perfectly at home, sometimes flying up onto my shoulder. If he was hungry he would follow me and chirp loudly until I dug some worms, which he learned to pick up for himself. He certainly made good use of his bath. All this was of his own accord. I did not try to tame him.

The mother bird tried to coax him away, and sometimes he went with her for an hour or two, but always returned to his currant bushes.

MRS. J. M. STAGGS,
Route 1, Box 156, Klamath Falls, Or.

Pheasant Flags Car Like Officer

I WAS going to work at Sunnyside one morning in August, 1932, and near Outlook, 1½ miles west, I saw nine small pheasants in the middle of the road, so I slowed down, and the hen mother came out of the side of the road and stood in the middle of the road and flagged me down the same as a traffic cop would do. She was on the warpath and stood there until I stopped my car and the little fellows ran out of the road.

JOE S. COOPER,
Granger, Wash.

Buffalo Recalls Human Master

WHEN my father was about 12 years old his people moved from Minnesota to Kansas. Soon after settling there a neighbor gave him a baby buffalo. He fixed a place on the front porch for him to sleep, and every time the door into the living room was left open in the buffalo would come and curl up on the rug. My father's sisters chased him out every time they found him in there. And one time when he was about six months old they had lunch all ready and on the table. They found the buffalo in the house and started to run him out. He ran into the dining room and under the table, but when he tried to get out from under his hump caught on the under edge of the table and as he ran he took it along with him, scattering dishes and food.

When he got to the door, of course the table stopped and he pulled himself out. The girls were so mad that they said he would have to be killed. So my father traded him for a cow and the man he traded with sold the buffalo to a circus that was in the town near them.

The circus came back two years later and my father went to see if they still had his buffalo. He saw him the first thing and called him by the name he had given him, "Tobie." The buffalo knew him and rubbed his head against his coat. The keeper of the animal tent saw him going up to the buffalo and called for him to stay away, as the buffalo was mean. The keeper was surprised when he saw the buffalo knew my father. That was the last time he ever saw "Tobie."

MRS. F. L. HANSEN,
Box 154, Freewater, Or.

Mouse Tossed Out Refuses to Obey

TWO years ago in the month of February there was a blanket of snow on the ground. We were living in a shack in the hills. One morning I caught a mouse in my flour bin. I tossed him out the door in the snow.

Instead of the little fellow crawling off somewhere he came back and stopped in front of me. I gave him another toss out in the snow. He came back again.

Three times I did this and the last time he came back and sat up on his hind legs and looked at me as if to say, "Don't put me out in this snow."

I didn't do it again. I let him stay in the house, and we called him "Comeback." He soon became quite a pet, and when we ate he would always be there ready for us to feed him.

He would sit up as if he was asking us to please give a poor bum a handout. Before we left there he would sit up and eat out of our hands.

I often wondered what became of him when we left, and if the next party would be as kind to him as we had been.

MRS. J. I. GRIGGS,
The Dalles, Or.

Rules for the Wild Life Lines Page

The Oregonian awards three prizes for the best short stories of wild life printed on this page each Sunday. First prize will be $5, second prize $2 and third prize $1.

No payment will be made for other stories printed on this page. The Oregonian reserves the right to publish any stories submitted for prizes.

All contributions must be written legibly on one side of the paper. They must be concise and no longer than necessary to tell the incident clearly—not longer than 500 words in any case. Only true incidents will be considered. Preference will be given stories which indicate that the wild life subjects seemingly reasoned for themselves. Incidents that occurred in the Pacific northwest are preferred. Stories solely about domesticated animals cannot be considered.

Every contribution will receive careful consideration, but the editor cannot carry on correspondence with contributors. Lack of space forbids acknowledgment of all communications.

Checks for stories printed will be mailed to prize winners on the tenth day of the month following the month during which the prize-winning stories appear.

Astoria Public Library, Astoria, Oregon, Digitized by Eric B Williams 2019 @ Divepuget1@me.com

Oregonian Verse

A Column of First Publication Poetry Edited by Ethel Romig Fuller.

ALL poems received by the poetry editor, The Oregonian, will be given careful consideration. Because of the large number of contributions received, it is not possible to enter discussions or correspondence pertaining to the merits of verse. Persons desiring the return of unpublished poems should include a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Payment of $1 is made for each published poem.

* * *

The next thing to being a poet is the power to understand one.
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

* * *

A poet understands—perhaps remembers—
the dreams in a boy's heart.

Voyage.

"Columbus found a new world . . ." the slow drone
Was beat of waves on his mind's gold-misted shore.
How could he study when white cloud-ships bore
Across the blue skyseas to worlds unknown?
How could he keep his eyes upon a page
Of written characters when all the birds
Arrowing the window-space spoke silver words
To lure his dream on vagrant pilgrimage?

"Lief Ericson . . ." the teacher paused. "Nathaniel, come
Sit here!" He nursed his gloom for an hour's space,
And then across the aisle a girl's face
Smiled lyric wonder, and his dream burst bloom
Anew. And ships, in the sea-heart of a boy,
Sped east from Sparta, battle-stirred, for Troy.

VERNE BRIGHT,
Aloha, Or.

* * *

An Indian lad with autumn in his hands.

Nahpee's Finger.

From a river willow
Waiting in a dream
Nahpee plucked a yellow leaf
And dropped it in the stream.

On a mountain maple
Standing August-hushed
Nahpee laid his finger
And the maple blushed.

Soft the chuckling river
Mocked at them, until
Nahpee raised his finger
And the brook was still.

GRACE STONE COATES,
Martinsdale, Mont.

* * *

In the two following poems writers of different locales utilize—most interestingly—the same theme material.

Heart Runes.

Her footprints shone upon the sand
Past wit of hers to understand.

He watched them pass him and depart,
Each like a wound within his heart.

The tide's imponderable flow
Filled them slowly, heel and toe,

Until they vanished, one by one,
Wraiths of a dream, as she had done.

CHARLES OLUF OLSEN,
Gearhart, Or.

* * *

Research.

Where fleeter mental feet
Have pinked the shore, I follow,
Quickly—before the sea
Retrieves each pregnant hollow.

Forward against the wind
I dare dissolving dunes,
Deaf to the far-flung challenge
In the petrels' runes.

Unsatisfied, today
Encroaches on tomorrow . . .
So, from the constant stars
A silver torch I borrow

To light the caves of thought
Whose rocky cloisters hide
The hieroglyphics chiseled
By the ageless tide.

And search the cryptic sands,
Bit by mercurial bit,
For finite footprints pointing
To the Infinite.

MARY J. ELMENDORF,
Seattle, Wash.

* * *

And thus again the immortal lovers.

Sweet as Your Sweet Mouth, Guinevere.

Sweet as your sweet mouth, Guinevere
Bright as your bright hair in the sun.
Her hair, her mouth—by what soft ways
Was Lancelot approached and won?

Along what sweet, forbidden paths
Did your hands beckon, that he came
Wearing his courage like a sword,
Bearing his honor like a flame?

You could have taught her, gentle queen
How surely pace a lover's feet
Toward dear destruction, glad dismay—
You could have told her—death is sweet.

She would have learned her lesson well,
She would have blessed you where she lies—
Pale as your pale hands, Guinevere,
Blind as your lovely, dust-blind eyes!

GERTRUDE ROBISON ROSS,
Portland.

Study Reveals Suicide as Paradox

EDITED BY WEBSTER A. JONES

Self Destruction Most Prevalent on Pacific Coast

To Be or Not to Be: A Study of Suicide, by Louis I. Dublin and Bessie Bunzel. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas.

SUICIDE is a paradox. Common as it may be, it still remains inexplicable to most of the residents of this troubled world why man should destroy the most precious thing he has—life. How unnatural it appears for some wantonly to throw away that which millions strive to keep!

Other elements in suicide make it a fascinating subject. There is always present the mystery of the chain of events leading up to suicide. So common has suicide become that few have escaped the shock, either in relatives or ancestors or friends. Even the most sordid suicides are accompanied by the dramatic, the tragic or the heroic. Then, too, there is the appeal of the violent and strange entry into the darkness.

"To Be or Not to Be" is a fascinating as well as an illuminating book, because it is the best study of suicide, statistical and historical, published in recent years. It answers that multitude of questions which built up in the minds of laymen as well as scientists. It is a book jammed full of facts, carefully arranged and presented for easy assimilation. The authors in the main have permitted the reader to make his own conclusions, and they have not attempted to force on him the customary sentimental flapdoodle which sometimes surrounds this subject. Their work has been well done and their tables of statistics speak the volumes they could write on suicide. It is up to date, accurate, thorough and highly readable.

Portland in recent years has had a baffling place in the history of suicide, because in the period from 1925 to 1929 this city ranked fourth in the percentages of suicides among large cities of the United States. In that period the death rate per 100,000 population was 27. Only San Francisco with 38.8 per 100,000, Seattle with 29 per 100,000 and Oakland with 27.4 per 100,000 exceeded that record.

Oregon also ranks high among states in the total suicides with a percentage of 20 per 100,000 for the period from 1925 to 1929. Nevada with 37.8, California with 26.3 and Washington with 21 are the only states ranking above Oregon.

It is a melancholy fact, as shown by the authors of this study, that suicide is more prevalent on the Pacific coast, where natural surroundings are more beautiful, where money is said to be more plentiful and where the residents are more friendly. Judged by common-sense standards, the desire to leave the world in this area certainly should be less strong. This again is another paradox of suicide.

"Puzzling are the differences in the suicide rate which manifest themselves between various geographical localities," Dr. Dublin writes. "These differences elude explanation, unless it can be said that they are due to variations in the age, sex and racial distribution of various geographical portions of the population.

"For the five-year period 1925 to 1929 records show that notably high suicide rates prevailed on the Pacific coast. The three states, California, Oregon and Washington, had rates of 26.3, 20 and 21, respectively. On the other hand, the lowest rates were found in the south; the very lowest, 4.3, being in Mississippi.

"Of all the cities in the United States, San Francisco records the highest suicide rate, and Los Angeles, Oakland and San Diego also show very high rates. These coast cities reflect conditions and attitudes of an area in which suicide is relatively frequent; in addition, however, they are centers into which have poured vast numbers of men and women who left their distant homes in search of health and fortune. It is not unfair to surmise that many of these newcomers failed in their quest—and found nothing else to live for.

"Seattle, Portland, Or., Denver, Spokane, Omaha, Minneapolis, Kansas City and St. Louis all show very high mortality from suicide. Denver, it should be pointed out, receives many persons who arrive in ill health. In most of these cities the presence of considerable numbers of inhabitants of Teutonic extraction is undoubtedly a contributing factor. The lowest suicide rates were found in Lowell, Scranton, Fall River, Jersey City and Yonkers."



DR. LOUIS I. DUBLIN
A vice-president and head statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance company, who is the author of "To Be or Not to Be: A Study of Suicide."

There are at the present time about 22,000 suicides recorded each year in the United States. Under existing mortality conditions, out of every 1000 infants born ten males and three females will eventually take their own lives. More than 310,000—a conservative estimate—persons take their lives each year in the entire world. And suicide is increasing.

The German-born population contributes more than its just share of the suicides. In New York state, for example, their death rate from suicide is nearly twice as high as the native-born white population. In Pennsylvania the suicide death rate reaches the amazing figure of 80 per 100,000 among German males of all ages and 141 per 100,000 in the age group from 65 to 84 years of age. Scandinavian-born males also have extremely high rates.

Contrary to accepted belief, suicide is most frequent among elderly persons, from 65 to 74. More men than women commit suicide. Firearms, hanging, poison, gas, cutting or piercing instruments, drowning, jumping from high places and crushing rank in that order in frequency of methods used. Suicide is more common in cities than in rural districts. Rates are highest in May and lowest in December and January.

Every significant aspect of suicide has been considered by the authors. Their historical review of suicide is particularly well written. They have also discussed with penetration the psychological mechanisms in suicide, the motives behind suicide, the presence of mental disease as a contributing factor and the prevention of suicide. The appendix contains 40 tables and maps in addition to an unusually complete bibliography.

Dr. Dublin is the third vice-president and statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance company. Miss Bunzel is a research assistant in the statistical bureau of the Metropolitan Life Insurance company.

They have presented the wealth of material in such a way that the book will appeal to Mr. Average Reader as well as scientists and business men.

A Complete Rotter.

The Soft Spot, by A. S. M. Hutchinson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Stephen Wain is the soft spot in this novel. He furnishes the contrast to the fineness of character and the firmness of purpose of Maxwell Wain, his brother. Maxwell is such a paragon that Stephen, weakly cheating at every turn, seems to be more of a worm than he should be legitimately.

Stephen accepts everything from Maxwell, and gradually comes to the viewpoint that Maxwell is continually cheating him by not giving him more. Stephen is an architect, Maxwell is an explorer. The weak brother loses professional standing because he is not quite honest, the strong brother gains great wealth because he is perfectly honest.

There is a complication whereby Stephen comes to believe his brother dead and himself his heir. But to secure proof Stephen goes to Peru, where Maxwell presumably has died, counterfeits his proof, finds and suppresses a will leaving everything to Maxwell's fiancee and comes home to see Maxwell standing on the front porch to "old chap" and "dear old man" Stephen up one side and down the other. Stephen happily makes an atonement and the story ends.

They Craved Excitement.

New York Madness, by Maxwell Bodenheim. New York: Macaulay, publisher.

Few persons know New York as Maxwell Bodenheim and few who do write about it with his flair for color and sensation. His New York is raw and realistic. It's this New York of strange colors and strange people, brilliance, sophistication, boldness, racketeering, dancing, recklessness that serves as the background for this new novel, the story of Alicia McCulley and Mona Farrideau, part of the seven million. In search of excitement, which they crave and which they are willing to dare anything to find, they wander through New York, the waterfront dives, the Spanish section, Union square with its radicals, the racketeering joints of the east side. They discover what is really New York madness. Mr. Bodenheim has sketched the story in their racy lingo and has made their adventures exciting and dramatic.

Beginnings of a President.

My Boy Franklin, as told by Mrs. James Roosevelt to Isabel Leighton and Gabrielle Forbush. New York: Ray Long & Richard R. Smith.

Many interesting stories of the early life of Franklin D. Roosevelt are told by Mrs. James Roosevelt, his mother, in this entertaining little book. It is significant because it shows the beginnings of his deep interest in forestry and in boats and his development of characteristics familiar to everyone. As a youngster he was honest, careful, dependable and full of the zest of life. He was enthusiastic about many things and he was thorough in everything he attempted. Although this biography covers his life up to the end of the campaign last fall, it is principally about his boyhood and youth. It is amusing from beginning to end because of the wealth of stories about the president.

High Life Stresses.

Slander, by Arthur Somers Roche. New York: Sears Publishing company.

Into an impossible situation—almost—Martha Blaisdell, a brilliant and intelligent girl who is the leading character in this novel of present-day society, is plunged with the discovery of a man dead in her apartment. Two men, both of whom love her, remove the body and try to cover up the crime. Eventually the story comes out and Martha Blaisdell becomes the object of slander that ruins her life. How she responds to the stresses of the situation and how she eventually solves seeming impossible problems is the story skillfully written by Arthur Somers Roche in this novel. He has presented an accurate picture of our modern civilization and the weaknesses of our present-day high society life.

30,000,000 Still Oppressed.

The Jews and Minority Rights: 1898 to 1919, by Oscar I. Janowsky. New York: Columbia University Press.

One of the major achievements of the Paris peace conference was the drafting of the guaranties contained in the minorities treaties, in the opinion of many observers. But today there are 30,000,000 persons remaining as national, racial or religious minorities more or less at the mercy of majorities, generally hostile. Oscar I. Janowsky has estimated in this study.

"The minorities treaties constitute the only international guaranty against cultural oppression and national strife," he writes. "But international guaranties depend for their enforcement upon an informed and sympathetic public opinion. The question of minorities is deserving of greater attention than it has received in current American literature."

In this book he had made no attempt to treat the question of minorities in all its ramifications. He traced only with thoroughness and balance the origins of the minorities treaties, and has considered the contributions of one people, the Jews. He has written at length on the origin and dissemination of the idea of national rights among the Jews and the efforts of the Jewish leaders at the peace conference to influence the drafting of clauses protecting minorities.



—Pacific and Atlantic photo.
MAZO DE LA ROCHE
Who has continued the massive family chronicle of the Whiteoaks through another troubled generation in "The Master of Jalna," fourth in the Jalna sequence.

Diamonds and Murder.

Hot Ice, by Robert J. Casey. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill company.

In the parlance of the underworld diamonds are known as "ice" and when murder has been committed to steal them they are known as "hot ice." The whole story revolves around the activities of a gang which will not stop at murder to steal. Peter Bailey, who poses as a philanthropist, is the fence who deals in the stolen goods. Believing that things are too hot for him, he arranges his own death and then comes to life under a new name. The leader of the detectives is Joe Crewe, chief of the Chicago department, and his old friend, Jim Sands. They uncover many a mystery in the development of the plot of this exciting story.

Brilliant and Brittle.

Vile Bodies, by Evelyn Waugh. New York: The Modern Library.

This is a reprint in the compact Modern Library series of the very brilliant and brittle book by Evelyn Waugh. It is a very smart picture of frothy upper-English life which is appealing because of its brightness.

"'Vile Bodies' is in no sense a sequel to 'Decline and Fall,' though many of the same characters appear in both," Evelyn Waugh writes in the foreword. "I think, however, that some of the minor motives will be clearer to those who have read my first book than to those who have not."

An Addition to Jalna Family of Books Appears

The Master of Jalna, by Mazo de la Roche. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

THOSE readers who followed the affairs of the Whiteoaks family in "Jalna," which won the Atlantic Monthly's $10,000 prize in 1927, "Whiteoaks of Jalna" and "Finch's Fortune," will feel perfectly at home in this book. In it they will meet familiar friends in the characters which have appeared in the other Jalna books. The story roots deep in the novels of the first part of the family chronicle, which is assuming massive proportions. Many of the implications will be more perfectly understood by those who were delighted by the earlier books.

Family sagas are quite the thing even yet, and Jalna is certainly among the first fine examples on this side of the Atlantic. A good many readers will be glad that Mazo de la Roche has returned to Jalna, where, they have believed, she belonged all the time.

The story unfolds in the present, but a present linked with the past of old Adeline by the quaint uncles, Ernest and Nichols, and by Augusta. The imperious, indomitable Whiteoaks are authentic persons. And the new characters which enter the scene are sketched with no less vigor and vividness than they.

Renny, who despite his 45 years attracts women with greater success than most men half his age, is in the center of the stage in this book. He is interpreted, however, through new characters, Clara and Pauline Lebrau. Of course, Jalna is very much in the picture.

Hard times had come to Jalna, times that fit in rather illy with the tradition of self-sufficiency, open-handedness and freedom that has come from the days of old Adeline. The book is a study of Renny's fight in defense of the tradition against economic laws that are not expounded in the customary matter-of-fact style by Miss de la Roche.

It is a study also of the astonishing, complicated interplay of family affection—the web of likes and dislikes and prejudices and whatnot that accumulates under so old a roof as Jalna's, even in such a comparatively new land as Canada. Few writers have so great a gift for making that sort of thing credible

This is the fourth Jalna book. And a fifth at least is in the offing, for the affairs of Jalna are not wound up and neatly tucked away, by any means, in "The Master of Jalna."

Innocence on Trial.

Unfinished Symphony, by Sylvia Thompson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Helena Marvell was carried off when a child by her father to spend her early life on a Mediterranean island. He was determined that she should be brought up away from the influences of the family he hated. The symphony of her life was broken when her father died and she returned to her mother. She is thrown into the midst of cheapness and family intrigue, pictured with bitterness and irony by Miss Thompson, which her training and her innocence make her powerless to combat. Eventually she flees the place and finds real love in an understanding young American.

Chiselers at Work.

Beggars Would Ride, by Harold Ohlson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell.

Samuel Bunce, the central character in this story, inherited the fortune of his late employer. His troubles began at that point, the outline of which is the basis for this comedy of English country life. He is beset with unscrupulous relatives of the deceased who try to chisel in on a share of the spoils. Mystery is added to the story by a handsome chauffeur who pretends to be an illegitimate son of the employer. Romance is added by the affair between an honest seafaring nephew, the only relative of the lot who merits attention, and the secretary of Mr. Bunce.

Hilarious Partnership.

Lovers Should Marry, by Nell Martin. New York: Macaulay.

All the difficulties of matrimony and the real estate business are burlesqued by Nell Martin in this hilarious story of a couple trying to make a nest egg out of a section in Hollywood by selling lots. Their slogan was "You buy the house, we furnish the wedding." Bill had a legal mind and a cautious disposition, but Jerry, the girl, had a head full of schemes and ideas. They pooled their assets and ideas and had the time of their lives in the happy-go-lucky prelude to their own marriage.

The Stamp Collector

October Exhibition in Portland Promises Fine Specimens From Choice Albums.

BY E. W. CASWELL.

PREPARATIONS are nearing completion for the Oregon Stamp society's exhibition, which is scheduled for the week October 23-28. Never before in Portland's history has a philatelic event aroused so much interest and enthusiasm. Exhibitors from all parts of the country continue to apply for display frames, and the affair promises to exceed the highest expectations of its sponsors.



E. W. Caswell.

Collectors will be pleased to learn that Mr. and Mrs. Homer Sibley have taken three frames, on which they will mount selections from their "fine arts" collection, recently described in this column. Anyone whose interest is centered on literature, music, sculpture or similar subjects is almost sure to find familiar faces and quotations in viewing the display from this most original arrangement of the world's men of genius.

Walter C. Brooke of Boyertown, Pa., will show some of his fine collection of naval covers with which he won first prize at the recent Missouri state fair. Other entrants from the Keystone state are Frank A. Costanzo of Punxsutawney, crash editor for the Airpost Journal, whose specialized display will be of crash covers, and Michael Kalinchak of Bethlehem, another specialist in air-mail covers.

Another local collection which will be well represented is that of Captain A. C. Feyerabend, who has been at the game for a long period of years, and whose only difficulty will be in keeping down the size of his exhibit. Captain Feyerabend has so much fine material to choose from that it was only after considerable deliberation that he was able to make selections to fill the five panels that he has taken out. Switzerland, Austria, Mexico, Montenegro and Zeppelin flight covers are the divisions he finally chose to represent his collection, and examples of fine philatelic display work may be seen in the way he has worked out his ideas, particularly in Switzerland, where the whole scheme is laid out with the Helvetian cross as the theme design. The other panels will be worked out on a similar theme basis, and the results will receive lots of attention.

E. E. Bryan of the Albany Stamp society plans a historical exhibit to give an idea of the portrayals in philately of some of the world's important events. Mr Bryan is an old-time, dyed-in-the-wool collector and organized the stamp club at Albany last winter.

E. J. Newcomer, former president of the Pre-cancel Stamp society, will exhibit a frame of old and rare pre-cancels.

R. R. Thiele of Spokane is planning selections from his general collection, one of the largest in the state of Washington.

E. H. Rockwell, treasurer of the O. S. S., has decided to show part or all of his complete collection of Canal Zone.

Gwladys Bowen's idea is on invention and important scientific contributions to the world's progress, also major historic commemorations.

M. F. McCamley will enter two frames of particular local interest, showing Portland first-flight covers, visits here of famous fliers and special air-tour dedications from Portland.

Last but not least the Irish will be represented by A. H. Lomax's complete collection of mint stamps from the Emerald isle.

* * *

The following editorial is taken from the American Philatelist, official organ of the A. P. S.: "Unofficial perforations, the term applied to the perfs supplied to imperf. U. S. in duplication of the rare government perforated coil stamps, has been discussed and denounced by every philatelic publication of the country. The American Philatelic society has done everything possible to suppress these stamps and despite heavy expense is continuing the fight to the court of last resort. It is curious to find that the manufacturer of these copies of Uncle Sam's handiwork, A. L. Claiborne of San Francisco, feels that he has not been dealt with fairly. He has the effrontery to send us his point of view with the request of publication in the spirit of 'fair play.' All collectors know that the market and interest in these perf. varieties has been completely destroyed by the sale of these 'unofficial' duplicates. . . . It . . . may be noted that the suit of the A. P. S. has been appealed to the upper courts of California, and if a decision is rendered against the society's contention congress will be asked to act to protect the hobby against further damage of this nature."

However bland the explanation of this practice may sound, it must inevitably lead, sooner or later, to misrepresentation. It opens up a fool's paradise for the stamp crook, and in spite of precautions taken by the original perpetrator of the idea, such as selling the falsified product only to reputable dealers, the forgeries will sooner or later find their way into the hands of bootleggers, who will rejoice over having found a brand-new way to trim the collector. In the first place, no reputable dealer will buy these stamps, and in the second place it is hard to see how a true philatelist could conceive such an idea.

This, however, is not the only philatelic practice to which the attention of congress should be called. For some reason or other the postoffice department and the courts are not interested in protecting the vast army of stamp collectors from being swindled, although the money lost in this way runs into many thousands or perhaps millions of dollars every year.

Iceland Surprises

Continued From Page 3.

women of the city. An arched iron frame, 15 to 20 feet in length and divided into sections every few feet, provides stalls where the women stand while they swish their clothes around in water near the boiling point. Watching the laundry in full operation, one could easily imagine himself back to primitive ages were it not for glimpsing an occasional package of "Rinso" lying on the ground.

But it isn't all work and no play with these Icelanders—sports are nationally encouraged. Recently a national athletic union has been built up and annual meets are held. A favorite sport peculiarly Icelandic is "glima"—a kind of wrestling which depends more upon skill and agility than upon strength. In winter, of course, skating is universal; skiing also, but in the northern parts, where it is colder.

Undoubtedly the most popular sport is football. One of our biggest thrills came as we witnessed a hard, fast game of association football. Although the kick-off was scheduled at 9:30, long before that time the grandstand was filled. Our astonished gasps upon seeing the ball intercepted by the player's head, rather than his arms, soon gave way to a realization that skulls must indeed be thick, for not once was "time out" called. Many a time we became so excited that we almost let out a good old American yell, but one glance around at the quiet, well-mannered crowd, clapping decorously when a goal was made, assured us that it wasn't being done, so we subsided—as best we could.

* * *

After the game? Naturally something to eat. Crowds swarmed down through the main street to the popular rendezvous—a garden restaurant. Tucked away from the street was this delightful retreat, where colored lights were used more for atmospheric setting than for urgent necessity, for, although it was approaching midnight, it was still light.

Small tables were arranged around the veranda or placed in the court. So interested were we in watching the people that we almost forgot about food, until the genial host, who had been moving around from table to table in friendly fashion, suggested that we might like their chocolate cake. It was delicious. With it came the popular drink. No, you would never guess this one—hot milk.

Around us crowds—happy snatches of conversation—laughter—music from a gramaphone. Could this really be Iceland? If we could only stay longer—

"But you'll be back—we'll be looking for you," smiled our little guide, and with this kindly message ringing in our ears, we left Iceland.

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Magazine Section

The Sunday Oregonian

Magazine Section

VOL. LII PORTLAND, OREGON, SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 29, 1933 NO. 44

I Was Shanghaied

The Narrative of A. E. Clark, of Camas, Wash., Who in 1891 Fell Victim to Blood Money—and Who Sailed From Astoria Chained to the Ship T. F. Oakes

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK.

CHAPTER I.

A LONG, clear and resonant blast cut the fog-laden air of Portland's waterfront one morning early in October, 1891, and presently a group of persons on the dock at the foot of Glisan street saw a lean, trim steamer come out of the fog blanket and nose up to the wharf. She was the Iralda, 120-foot passenger boat, noted for her speed and for the "prettiest" and most powerful whistle on the Columbia and Willamette.

There were some 40 persons in the group waiting for the Iralda. Among them was Larry Sullivan, widely known locally as a prize fighter and as proprietor of the sailors' boarding house at Second and Glisan streets, and one of Larry's Men Friday, who was known simply as Mr. Smith. It was Mr. Smith who seemed to be in charge of the party. Mr. Smith was a genial chap, talking first to this and that one, passing out cigars with noble bands of red and blue around them and making whatever they called wisecracks in 1891.

The several women in the party were dressed in what was known as elegant style. They were well groomed and their coats fitted snugly to their hourglass shapes.

* * *

Probably the youngest person in the entire party was A. E. Clark, who had come upriver the day before from the wilds of Scappoose, Or., to see the sights of the hellhole that was Portland's north end. Young Clark was 21 and was just off the farm. On this particular October morning he thought he was going on a fine, free trip to Astoria—along with the others—as a guest of the fascinating Mr. Sullivan and the genial Mr. Smith, and would return that night to Portland. He couldn't know that when the sleek Iralda passed under the shadow of the old Steel Bridge that morning it would be the last he would see of Portland for seven years. In that seven years Clark learned not only a lot about geography which the schools had neglected to teach him; he learned about ships and the men who go down to the sea in them, and he learned that the United States, glorious country that it is, or was, is really a very small part of the world.

Mr. Clark now lives on the Columbia river not far from Camas, Wash. His place is truly a "sailors' snug harbor," and had his story not been so graphic and interesting I should have been content to sit by his wide windows and watch the October sun glint on the broad Columbia between us and the hazy Oregon shore. But I forgot the autumn sunshine, the river and the far shore as A. E. Clark unfolded for the first time the amazing story of what happened to him after the Iralda left Second and Glisan streets in October, 1891.

A. E. Clark's Story.

Maybe you're right, and I'll tell you briefly something of myself before I started down the river on the Iralda, although it isn't very interesting. I was born near Rochester, Minn., and came west in 1874 with my parents. We lived on a ranch near what is now Roosevelt, Or. In 1888 I came to Portland and entered the Portland Presbyterian academy with the idea of preparing for the ministry. In January, 1891, I quit the school and went to Columbia county, Oregon, where I took charge of a farm near Scappoose, and for a time managed a couple of other farms. I also built a large barn there which, I am proud to say, is still standing.

In October, 1891, I left home and came to Portland with the idea of seeing what the city looked like. Yes, I had been there before, when I was in the academy, but I didn't know much about Portland. I wandered around on Third and Second streets and then decided to take a look at Burnside street. It was getting along toward evening when a pleasant sort of fellow engaged me in conversation. He told me he was staying at the sailors' boarding house at Second and Glisan and that it was the best place to stay in Portland.

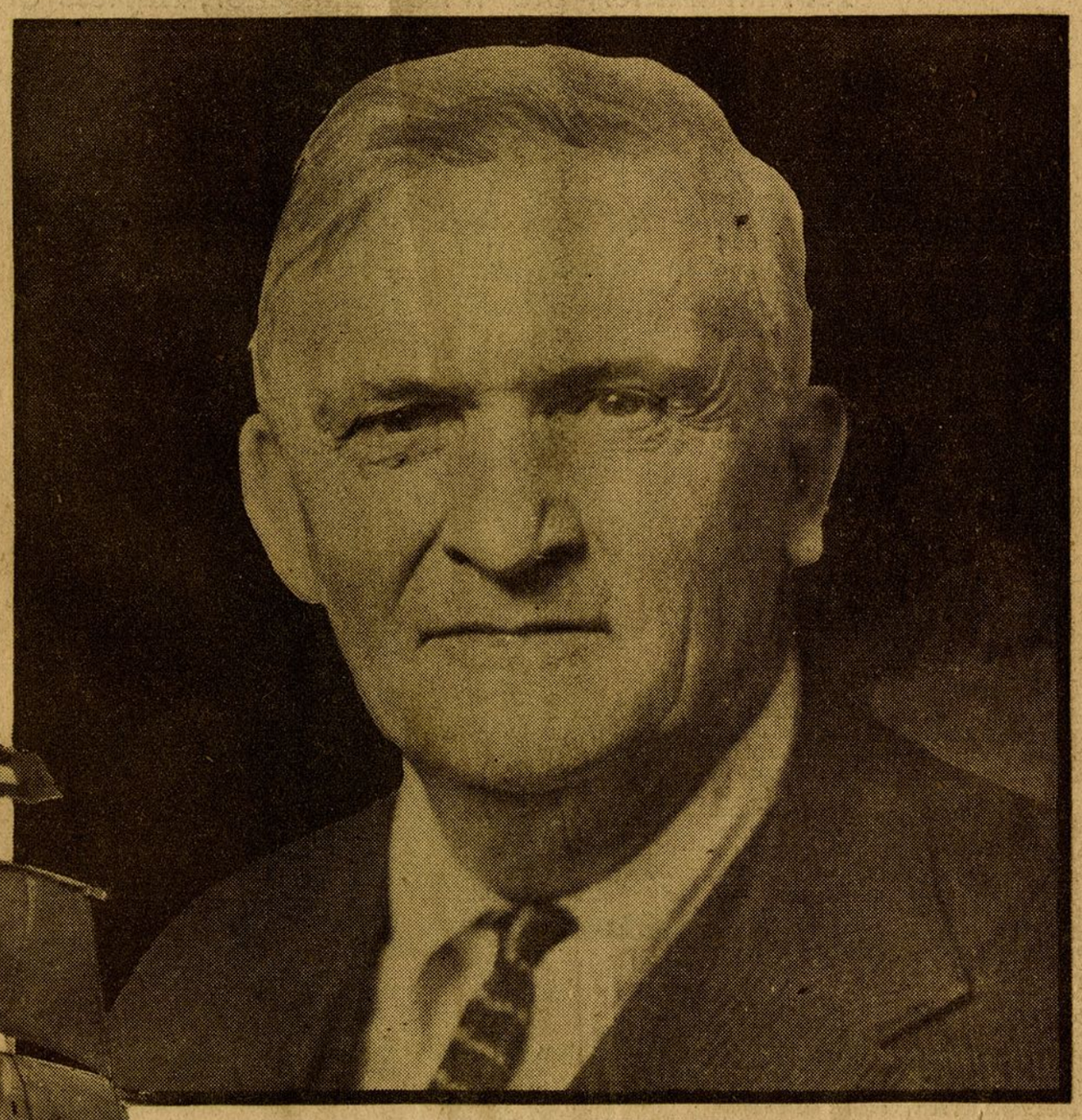
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I went with my new acquaintance to the sailors' boarding house. The place was rather dimly lighted. A Scandinavian was playing on an accordion in the big, main room on the ground floor; several old-time seamen, or at least I took them to be such, were sitting in chairs around the room, smoking pipes that reeked to the skies and telling how these new-fangled steamboats would never amount to much.

In the morning we went downstairs, and a jovial sort of fellow who said his name was Smith took us in tow. He bought breakfast for us and also for six or eight other fellows. "Larry Sullivan is putting on a party today," Mr. Smith said. "He has chartered a river boat to make a trip to Astoria and back to Portland. . . . Maybe you fellers would like to go along."

We fellers did want to go along, and said so.

Mr. Smith told us to wait outside the boarding house. We did. In a few minutes about a dozen women, all young, arrived at the corner where we were waiting. This, you will remember, was at Second and Glisan. The women came in one-horse cabs. . .



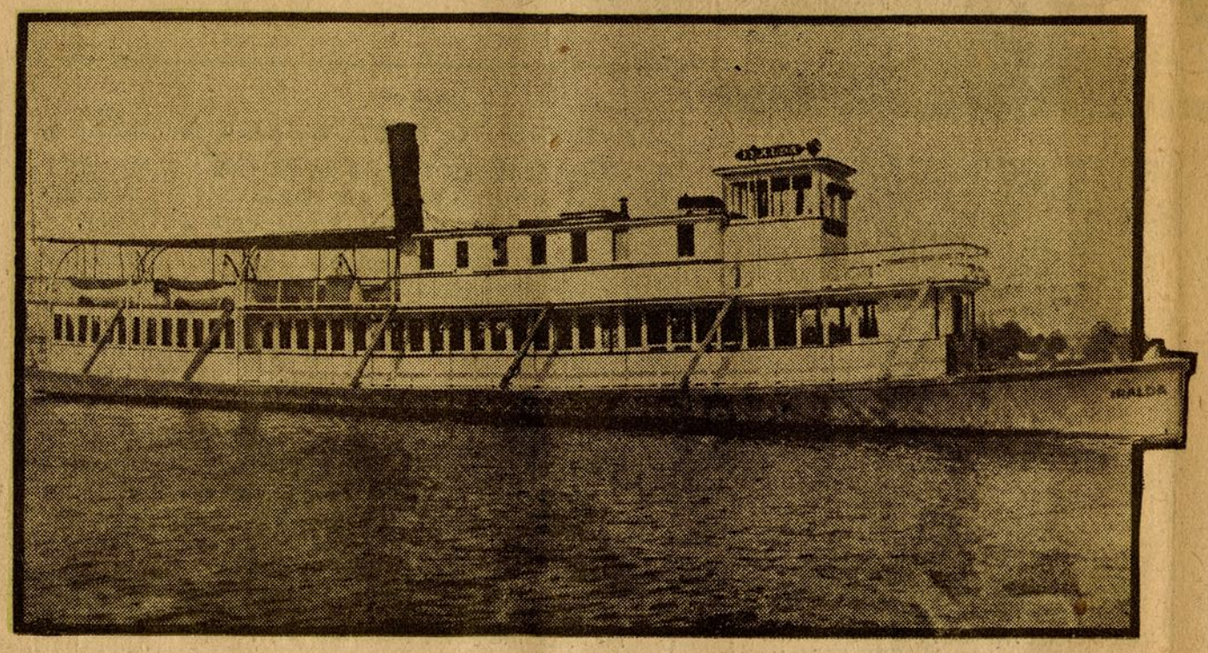
A. E. CLARK, AS OF 1933.

One day, at the age of 21, Mr. Clark set out from Portland on a pleasant excursion to Astoria. He expected to return within a few hours. Seven years passed before he again saw Portland.



THE IRALDA.

On this river vessel young Clark and his acquaintances made a pleasant excursion to Astoria. The Iralda, now a memory, possessed a booming whistle.



SHE LOOKED LIKE THIS.

The T. F. Oakes was one of the first sailing ships with steel hull—and it was no picnic to be a member of the crew. Painting courtesy Thomas Tubb.

No, I don't know whether or not Tony Arnold was in the horse cab racket then, but the women came in cabs anyway.

* * *

This Mr. Smith was the life of the party. The fog was low and heavy and some of the women shivered. Mr. Smith rose to the occasion; he had some blankets with him and he threw them over the ladies' shoulders while we were waiting for the Iralda.

That boat certainly had a whistle that has never been equaled, to my knowledge. We couldn't see her, that morning, before she docked, but her whistle could be heard by early-morning drinkers at J. E. Kelly's New Elite sample and wine rooms, 'way up on Fourth street, between Salmon and Taylor.

Well, the Iralda tied up at the dock and we went aboard. I guess there were some 40 persons in the crowd.

* * *

They cast off the hawsers and the Iralda backed away from the wharf and started downstream. Just about the time we entered the Columbia river the sun came out. Mr. Smith had seen to it that we all had had a few snorts of hard liquor and also one each of the justly celebrated Peach Blow cocktail, which was the invention of H. C. Malcolm, manager of the Portland hotel bar. Mr. Sullivan had provided an orchestra of three pieces—violin, accordion and guitar—and the girls grabbed us and we danced.

No, I'm not positive about what the popular pieces were at that time. I can't imagine that anyone would want to know what they were. But as I remember it the three-piece orchestra on the boat featured a song which had been sung by Billy Scanlon and was titled "Peek-a-Boo," and then one of the orchestra stood up and sang "Picture 84," which had to do with the rogues' gallery.

Mr. Sullivan stayed very much in the background on the trip to Astoria. He quietly saw to it that all of us had everything we wanted, but Mr. Smith was the life of the party, as they say nowadays.

I'm not positive about it, yet I think we stopped at St. Helens. By this time everyone was feeling fine. Larry kept very much out of sight and let Mr. Smith do all the honors.

* * *

I remember that we danced with the girls—or maybe they were women—and the popular dance at that time was the Berlin polka. It was two hops and a jump and then a slide. The Iralda's saloon wasn't very large and we bumped into each other every minute or so.

A gong rang about 1 o'clock and we were called to dinner. It must have been a special dinner, for I have never had such food, either on salt or fresh-water boats. There was steak if you wanted it, or there was pork, or you might order oysters, crabs or fried salmon. Along with the mid-day dinner they served rye whisky, rum and three kinds of wine. The orchestra, which by this time had got fairly well organized, broke out into an old-time song, "Can She Make a Cherry Pie, Billy Boy?" and we all sang the chorus. It went something like this:

She can make a cherry pie
Quick's a cat can wink her eye . . .
But she's a young thing,
And cannot leave her mother.

I think we stopped at Cathlamet, Wash. And as I remember it the late John Yeon was logging on the Elokamin river at that time, driving his own bulls. At least, I remember seeing a turn of big fir logs dumped into the Columbia while we were at the Cathlamet wharf.

* * *

Well, we finally approached Astoria. Just before we docked Mr. Smith came around to all of us. He had some papers in his hand.

"Now," said Mr. Smith, "we are going ashore in Astoria so all of you can see what the town looks like. We'll have an hour ashore and then we'll go back to Portland. Just to make sure that all of you are aboard when we leave, sign your name on this passenger list. Then when we are ready to go we'll be sure that everyone is here."

Mr. Smith put some papers on the saloon table. He had pen and ink handy, and we signed the "passenger list." Then we all went ashore in Astoria.

Mr. Smith took us to various places where we drank. Either he or Larry Sullivan—I'm not sure which—asked us if we wouldn't like to visit a deep-sea ship.

As I remember it there was only one of us who had ever been aboard a deep-sea vessel, and we jumped at the chance. Mr. Smith hired some rowboats and we piled in, the whole gang of us. I was in the first boat with nine other fellows.

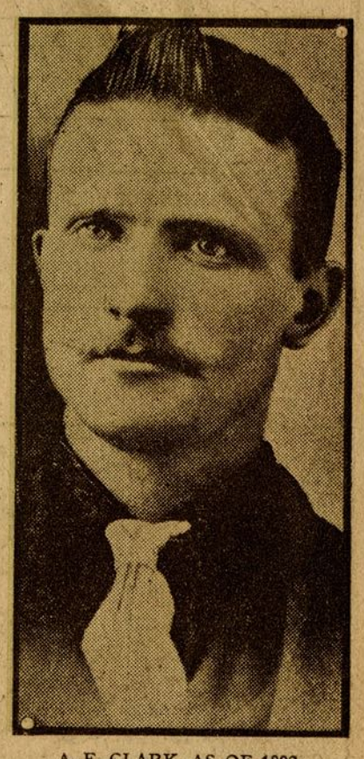
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The deep-sea ship was standing at anchor several hundred yards from the Astoria dock. She was the T. F. Oakes, and her home port, we learned, was New York city. The Oakes was one of the very first steel hulls laid down for a sailing vessel, and a steel ship at that time was still quite a curiosity. She was loaded with 21 tons of wheat in sacks consigned to Le Havre, France. In this connection I'd just like to say that Mr. Thomas Tubb, who sells papers at the corner of Alder and Third avenue, remembers the T. F. Oakes very well, as he had helped load her several times in San Francisco.

* * *

The T. F. Oakes, as I intimated, was a comparatively new ship. In 1891 steam was beginning to be a factor in shipping, and, although sailing vessels are still plying trade to this day, the windjammers were beginning to go out when I took to the sea. And how the old-time seamen damned the steamers!

The Oakes had masts of Oregon fir. The sails of her main course were: Main upper topsail, main upper topgallant, main royal, main skysail, and these names repeated with the prefixes "fore" and "mizzen" in place of "main." The fore-and-aft staysails take the name of the masts they are attached to, except that the foremast carries the jibsail, outer jibsail, flying jibsail in front and the two swinging booms carry the spanker over the stern from the mizzen. In other words, the Oakes was what was known as a full-rigged ship.



A. E. CLARK, AS OF 1892.

The photograph was taken when Mr. Clark had been released from his shanghai excursion.

* * *

The Oakes had a steam winch, and this was another innovation which was damned top to bottom by the old-timers. It reduced a crew by about half as compared with a hand-powered winch, so you see this technological unemployment had started for sailors even at that early day. The steam winch on the Oakes was a very crude affair, yet in 1891 it was something to marvel at, and it really was the last word in efficiency at that time.

You ask what is the difference between a "ship" and a bark, barkentine or schooner. It is this: Properly to be designated as a ship a vessel must have square sails on all masts.

The Oakes proved to be a trim and good sailer, but she was cranky and required expert handling, as we were to learn. But she

Continued on Page 5.

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College Boy Gets in Hair of Young Brother

Marian Miller, the Wise Counsellor, Advises Senior in High School to Laugh Off "Rookie's" Boasting

BY MARIAN MILLER.

CONSIDER the problem of the high school senior and his older brother who is a freshman at college. The younger lad, Bill, wrote to tell me his brother is, or thinks he is, too smart for anything. What can the family do about it? Jake, the collegian, gets all the consideration at home, too. He gets the bulk of the money, and Bill, his younger brother, is supposed to wear all the cast-off clothes of the man of higher education. And how that big brother does brag about the women he knows! They are all mad about him, according to his accounts of college life.

Let not Bill worry. Jake probably is boasting. At college the freshman is not such a big shot as he tries to make his family believe. Of course, he is a fine fellow and he is ambitious, and if he has sense he is making good grades and is trying to get ahead and have a good standing with the faculty. And maybe the brother who is a high school senior thinks himself an "important guy" and he resents his older brother's air of superiority. It may be that the older lad is swaggering a bit at home to make himself feel better about being a rook, a first-termer or whatever they call him at his institution.

I wouldn't worry about it at all. The younger brother should encourage his elder to get his lessons, have a good time and not allow himself to get what is known as "a swelled head." Then the younger, our friend Bill, should try to take some of his own advice. It is grand to be a senior, to be active in student affairs, to be popular and a leader, but if a lad gets an exalted opinion of himself, what a comedown there'll be when he gets out into the world or into college and finds that he's just another fellow and he must start all over again to prove that he is somebody. We can't any of us go on impressing people because of our past accomplishments. We must prove our worth every day.

* * *

A mother says her small son always has been a nervous child. He is not strong. She tells him every day not to exercise too much, because his heart or his stomach must be considered. I judge that the child hears these stories about his nerves and his heart and his digestion and he is thoroughly convinced of the fact that he is physically a weakling, that he must be afraid of his shadow. It is stated by the mother that the boy once saw a tramp peep in at a window. That was when the boy was 2 years old. The mother was feeding him when she glanced up and saw a bearded face looking at them. She screamed, and for years she has reminded that son of hers of the event She has impressed on his mind the picture of that face at the window.

This woman, although she would resent my statement, is harming her son dreadfully. Immediately I would have her cease her foolishness and give her boy a new and better line of thought. Really she should send him away from her for a few months to a boys' school if she can do so, or she should have a good, wholesome-minded man or big boy give him lessons in baseball, football, manual training, boxing or something which will keep his mind occupied and give him a new set of thoughts and activities.

Never again must she mention the scare he is supposed to have had. If he does refer to it she should say honestly: "Mother was a silly. She was startled, but of course her big boy isn't afraid." And then she must change the subject and ask him what he thinks of certain football teams. And never, never again must this mother speak of ailments or nerves or dangers. Nature study would be good if the boy is young. Botany is all right. Bird life is interesting. Books about explorers may intrigue him.

* * *

Blanche says her sister is a cute little girl who pretends to be so innocent and so babyish, but she always manages to take Blanche's admirers away from her. This sister belongs to a sorority, but she is in bad with most of the girls because of this same little trick. Yet in reality she doesn't mean to be a trickster. She doesn't want the men. They just fall for her, she declares. I advise this girl and her sister to read a book called "The Way of All Women," by Harding. This point is explained cleverly and clearly. Read it.

* * *

Sometimes we misjudge our sisters and ourselves because we have a notion and we won't budge in any direction.

Sometimes we get cross with our brothers and think they are trying to show off and belittle us when for a fact they are just poor, ordinary mortals like ourselves, trying to get along in a difficult world.

* * *

Julia goes to high school, and she must dress very inexpensively because her father was out of work for over a year and they are in debt. It is a great sacrifice on the part of the parents to buy the books and even the modest school outfit which Julia has. But at school she meets girls who boast of their fine clothes. Some tell of new cars and of fur coats and many wear expensive dresses.

Are there some mothers who must be reminded of the fact that it is a sign of bad taste to dress a schoolgirl extravagantly? And must I remark that it is cruel for a smartly gowned girl to make fun of a girl who can't afford to dress nicely? You or I might be tempted to shun someone who is dirty and untidy, but it is a sign of unkindness and small-mindedness to boast of dress, money or social standing. The truly fine persons, those of good birth and background, have higher standards and they value cleanliness, character and refinement far above expensive clothing. However, if we are extremely poor and shabby we can scrub and groom ourselves, wash our clothes and press them well and be pleasant and make the best of our simple wardrobe.

* * *

Often girls, and boys, too, who attend school and meet those who are rated as showoffs, are at fault for being too sensitive, for thinking too much about themselves.

Maybe I told you the story of the little boy whose mother took great pride in his appearance. He was an only child and decidedly good-looking, so when he was 6 he started to school with a new sailor suit on. His mother had decided that he should wear a different suit each day for the first school month, which was 20 days. The poor, unfortunate lad had 20 suits, some white and some pale blue, white trimmed with blue and blue trimmed with white, some navy blue and some striped, and so on—honestly, he had 20 suits. A maid in uniform took him to school and called for him. One day the class was dismissed a half hour earlier than usual, and, although the other boys hadn't had the pleasure of seeing but 12 of the 20 suits, they were sore, and they didn't like the little boy because he had boasted that he had a dog, an auto, an express wagon, a bike and an electric train. And it wasn't his fault. His mother had reared him to consider his values in this way. Well, school was out and the child, feeling isolated because no one appeared to like him, put up a screen of bragging and strutting.

* * *

Twenty minutes later he arrived at his home a few blocks away and he was grimy with dirt and his poor little nose was bloody and in his ears rang the admonition of the leader of the gang: "Tell your mother no kids will like you if you don't stop bragging and if you show off. We are sick of hearing about the toys you never let us play with. Go home and be mamma's baby or be friends with us, if you want to, Mister Fancy Sailor Suits."

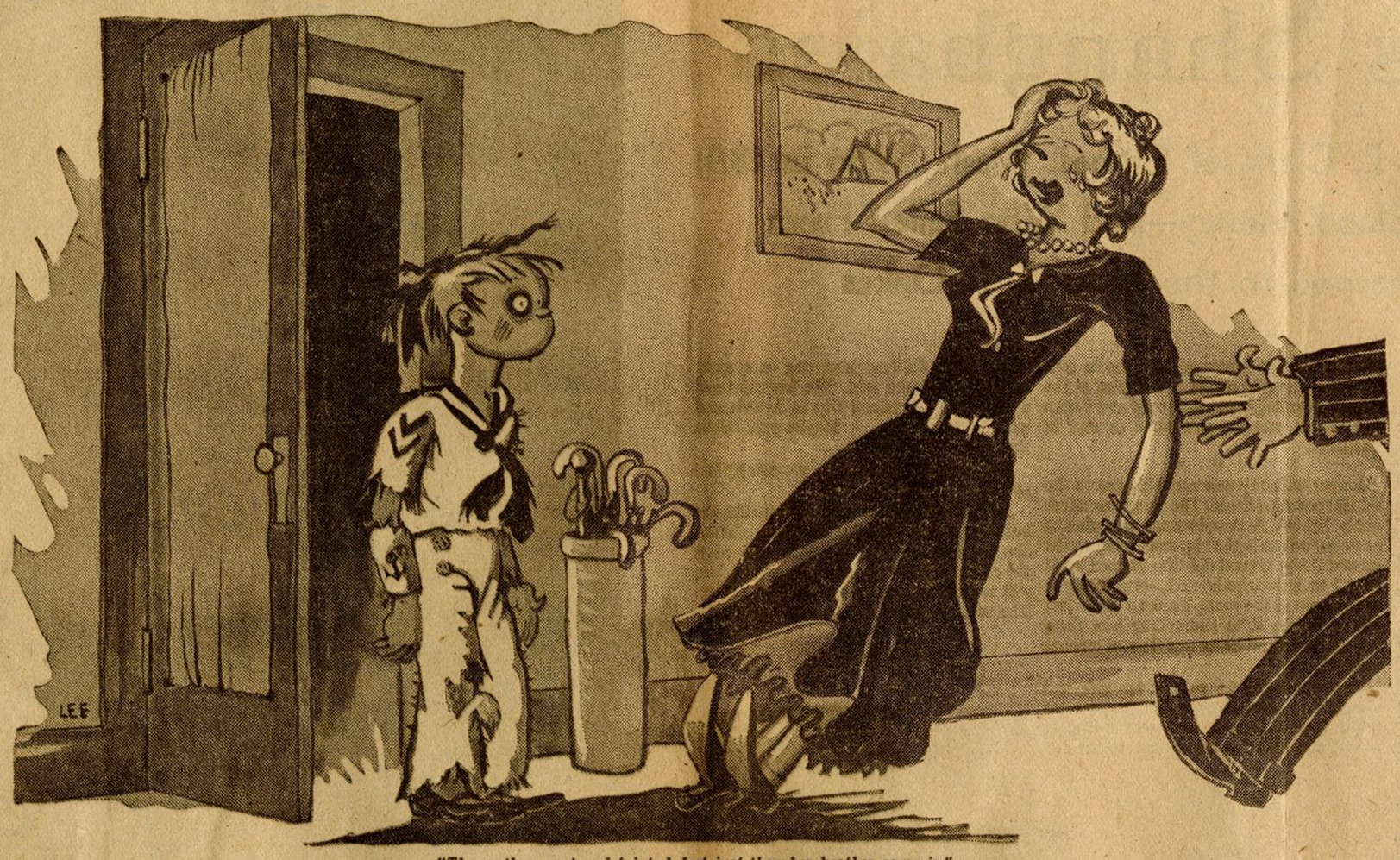
The mother wept and fainted, but just then her brother came in and he told her the truth about her cruelty to her son. And he talked sensibly to the boy, and he mopped up his face and hands and then took him out to shake hands and make up with the other boys. Fortunately the father appeared on the scene and applauded his brother-in-law's manner of settling the riot. In the past the child's father had been told to hush, that he was a brute and didn't know how to train and care for a little fellow. Thereafter the boy was permitted to take boxing lessons, and his uncle advised him not to fight unless it was necessary and then "fight to win." The boy never could be duly grateful to his mother for starting him out with 20 new suits.

* * *

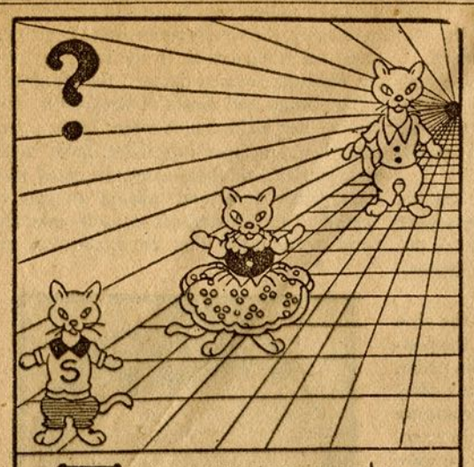
A man tells me his wife is jealous of his success. She had studied law at college when he was studying. She had read and had become an authority on literature, but she married him, became a mother and then he told her her duty was to take care of the home and the child. These interested her for a few years, and then she longed to have a career. She engaged the services of a good housekeeper and away she went. For two years she studied and traveled. Then she came home expecting to shine and to find him waiting to applaud her. She found that he had become interested in another woman and that the children had forgotten her as "mother" and they weren't interested in her career. She had lived a free life and had had admirers in the east and abroad. Now she hates her husband's success. She thinks it is her enemy. What shall the man do? She is not a homemaker and she wants her freedom. But she says she should have the children.

The wife has taken an apartment and lives alone and goes out with other men, and says soon she will begin to have her career if her husband doesn't give up and permit her to have the custody of those two children. I advise the man to tell her she is acting most foolishly and say that the children must not be made the cause and the victims of a conflict. I'd almost dare wager the woman couldn't live on her own income which would be made from her professional life as a lawyer. If the man would cut down her allowance and tell her to come home and demonstrate her ability to mother the children and prove that she can be a good mother she might try to demonstrate that she can. I believe he should stop arguing with her and seem to ignore her, and he should cut her allowance materially. Does he want to be rid of her? Maybe so. I'd like to advise her to come back and be his wife and stop trying to outshine him. "It can't be did," sister. Successfully and happily, I mean.

She is 47 now and he is 50. She will need his love and protection and she will need the love of her children soon. But does she wish to hand these over to some other woman? She has deserted her family. The man can divorce her. Is it worth it?



"The mother wept and fainted, but just then her brother came in."



YOUR EYES ARE DECEIVING! STUDY THE ABOVE PICTURE VERY CAREFULLY. WHICH CAT IS THE SHORTEST? MAKE YOUR GUESS AND THEN MEASURE THEM.

PUZZLES, TRICKS, GAMES & MAGIC

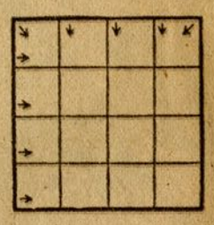
FUNLAND

EVERYBODY'S PLAYMATE

BY A.W. NUGENT THE WORLD'S LEADING PUZZLEMAKER

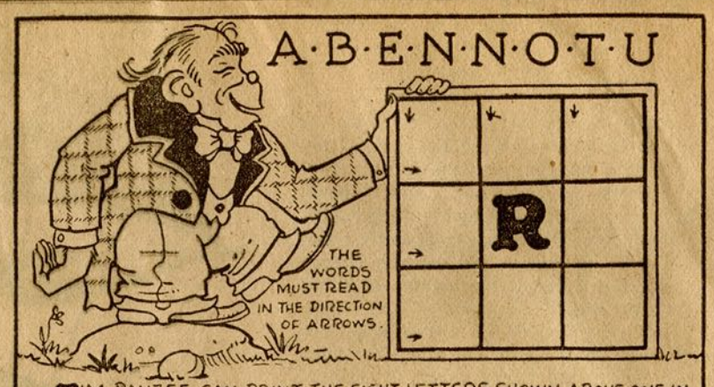


MARY'S BOUND FOR THE GROCERS. THE PICTURES REPRESENT THE NAMES OF THE SIX FOODS SHE'S GOING TO BUY. CAN YOU READ THEM? A.W. NUGENT

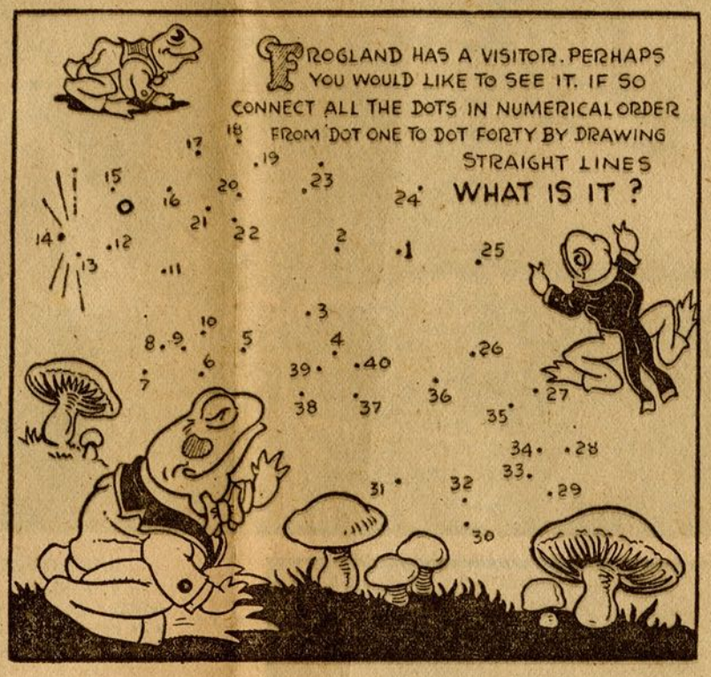


½	1	1½	2
2½	3	3½	4
4½	5	5½	6
6½	7	7½	8

TRY TO MARK THE 16 NUMBERS, ONE INTO EACH EMPTY SQUARE, SO THAT ALL THE ROWS OF 4 FIGURES WILL TOTAL 17.



JIM PANZEE CAN PRINT THE EIGHT LETTERS SHOWN ABOVE, ONE IN EACH SQUARE SO ARRANGED THAT ALL THE LETTERS INCLUDING THE "R" WILL FORM SIX THREE-LETTER WORDS. CAN YOU DO IT?

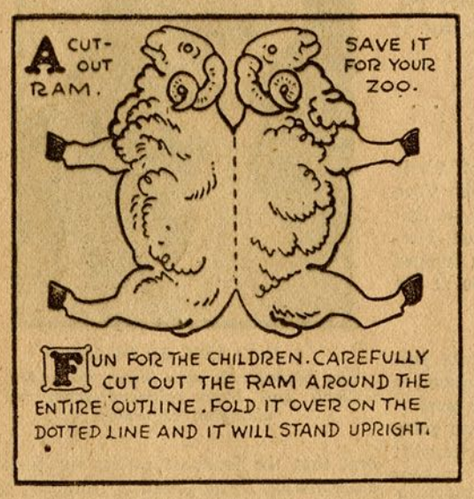


FROGLAND HAS A VISITOR. PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE IT. IF SO CONNECT ALL THE DOTS IN NUMERICAL ORDER FROM DOT ONE TO DOT FORTY BY DRAWING STRAIGHT LINES WHAT IS IT?

TO WIN THIS WORD GAME YOU ARE REQUIRED TO SPELL THIRTEEN ENGLISH WORDS OF TWO OR MORE LETTERS BY READING THE LETTERS IN THE WORD "HALLOWE'EN" IN ROTATION ACROSS FROM LEFT TO RIGHT. CAN YOU DO IT?

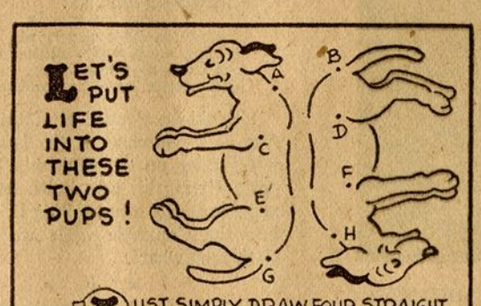
A.W. NUGENT





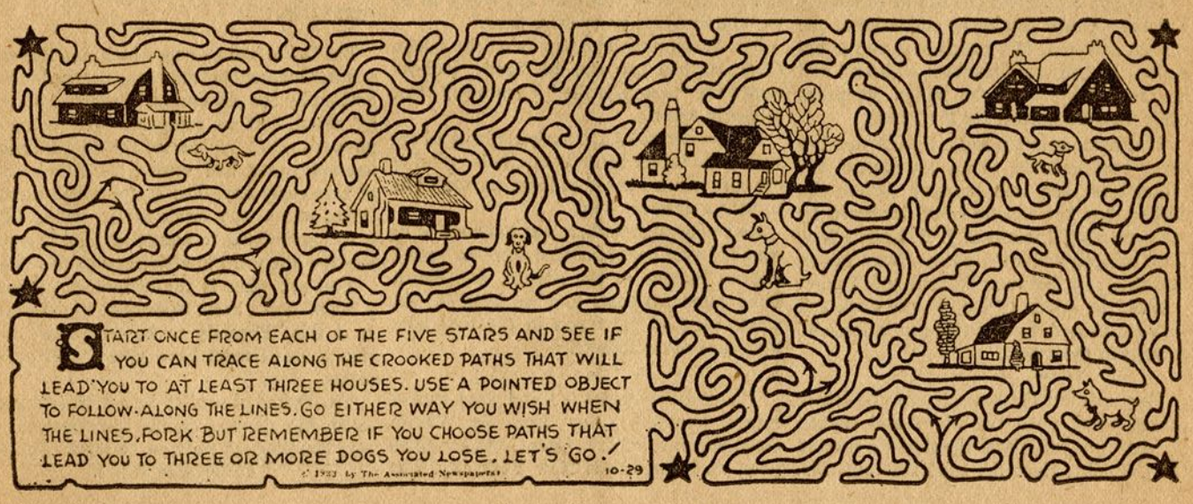
A CUT-OUT RAM. SAVE IT FOR YOUR ZOO.

FUN FOR THE CHILDREN. CAREFULLY CUT OUT THE RAM AROUND THE ENTIRE OUTLINE. FOLD IT OVER ON THE DOTTED LINE AND IT WILL STAND UPRIGHT.



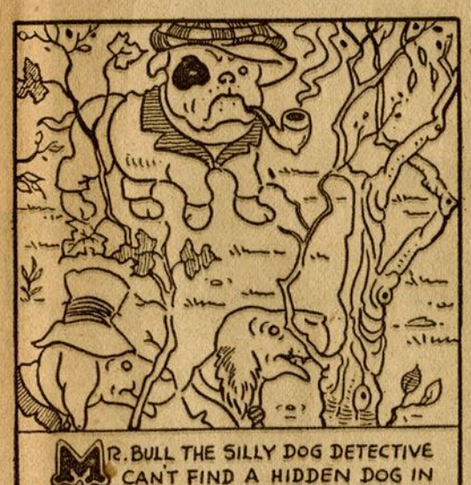
LET'S PUT LIFE INTO THESE TWO PUPS!

JUST SIMPLY DRAW FOUR STRAIGHT LINES. ONE FROM DOT A TO B, ONE FROM C TO D, ONE FROM E TO F AND ANOTHER FROM G TO H . . . YOU WILL THEN SEE BOTH DOGS RUNNING VERY FAST. . . TURN THE DRAWING UPSIDE DOWN TO SEE THE SECOND RUNNING DOG.



START ONCE FROM EACH OF THE FIVE STARS AND SEE IF YOU CAN TRACE ALONG THE CROOKED PATHS THAT WILL LEAD YOU TO AT LEAST THREE HOUSES. USE A POINTED OBJECT TO FOLLOW ALONG THE LINES. GO EITHER WAY YOU WISH WHEN THE LINES FORK BUT REMEMBER IF YOU CHOOSE PATHS THAT LEAD YOU TO THREE OR MORE DOGS YOU LOSE. LET'S GO!

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MR. BULL THE SILLY DOG DETECTIVE CAN'T FIND A HIDDEN DOG IN THIS PICTURE. WE CAN SEE ITS ENTIRE BODY VERY PLAINLY. . . SEE IF YOU CAN LOCATE IT.

A.W. NUGENT

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

THE WITCH PASSED OVER THE FOLLOWING CITIES—DENVER, BALTIMORE, SPRINGFIELD, PORTLAND, BUFFALO AND DETROIT.

THE SIX-POINTED STAR CONTAINS TWENTY TRIANGLES. 12 SMALL ONES, 6 MEDIUM SIZES AND 2 LARGE ONES.

ONE HIDDEN BIRD IS UPSIDE DOWN AT THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE. ITS HEAD IS NEAR THE BEE. THE OTHER BIRD CAN BE SEEN AT THE RIGHT OF THE DRAWING. IT'S UPSIDE DOWN JUST BELOW THE LARGE OAK LEAF.

HOW TO READ THE EIGHTEEN-WORD SENTENCE: HERE IS MIRTH, MAGIC, MYSTERY, INSTRUCTION AND KNOWLEDGE ALL OF WHICH HELPS TO KEEP YOU HEALTHY AND WISE

HOW TO ARRANGE THE NUMBERS SO THAT ALL THE ROWS WILL ADD SIX. →

2	1	3
3	2	1
1	3	2

10-29

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Do You Reckon? . . . A Short Love Story

When Jack Titherton Stalked in, the Hostess Began to Worry Over the Safety of Kitty Morrell's Heart

BY VINCENT SHEEAN.

MAJOR JACK TITHERTON descended upon Venice again this year. Time was when he never missed a season on the Lido, but what with one thing and another—wars to be attended to in Africa, polo to be played on the Riviera or in Hungary and girls to be pursued into Colorado or Carella—he had been absent from the peerless lagoon for several years. There were even a few people, youngsters, of course, who didn't know who he was. They soon found out, for wherever Major Jack goes there are dozens of people eager to tell tales about him.

More than one of Major Jack's acquaintances thought him mad, but it was the kind of madness which brightened one's corner considerably and he never lacked a welcome long. Indeed, when the welcome was absent he failed to notice, for Major Jack was one of those fortunate people who cannot be snubbed. There was something so foolishly debonair and invincible about him that, no matter how firm an opposition he faced, it generally dissolved in laughter. Many a dowager has made up her mind that Major Jack will never come into her house again, only to find herself helplessly dancing with him the next time he crashes the gate.

"What can one do with the man?" says Sally Frangipani in despair. "There he is, and one can't call the police. Besides, he makes me laugh, which is rare enough these days."

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Major Jack was what our grandparents would have called a dashing figure. That is, he was always riding animals or driving machines or falling in love, getting himself engaged and sometimes even married. He had once served in a very smart cavalry regiment, which gave him his military title and the right to be horsy. But since his cavalry experience he must have deteriorated a good deal, for his polo nowadays classifies as a public danger. One wonders which will be killed first—himself, his horse or the nearest innocent bystander.

Sally Frangipani was not too delighted to see him when he stalked into the dining salon of her yacht at half past 10 in the morning.

"Jack Titherton," she said. "What on earth are you doing here? Go back at once to wherever you came from. I'm not dressed."

"Hello, Sally," said Major Jack cheerfully, "how are you? What's this about being dressed? You look blooming—not a day past 40, my dyah, and why don't you offer me some breakfast? I just blew in this morning and they told me your boat was here, so I came chugging out to see you. Who've you got staying?"

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The princess eyed him with distaste. "You're a wretch, Jack Titherton," she said, "and you always were. Still, I suppose you may as well have some breakfast. This is Miss Kitty Morrell, and she's the only person staying on the boat just now, but there are others coming. Kitty, darling, this is Major Jack Titherton, who is a very old friend of mine, I'm sorry to say. Don't believe a single thing he tells you."

"Charmed," said Major Jack. "Where do the Americans get such pretty girls? They're scarcer and scarcer every year on this side. Sally, I'd like some fish and some eggs with bacon and a lot of toast and coffee. I don't see any fish. How long have you been here?"

"We arrived yesterday," said the princess, "and if you want fish you'll have to catch them yourself. We don't eat fish for breakfast. Stop making eyes at Kitty. She's young enough to be your daughter."

"Oh, I reckon——" Miss Kitty Morrell began and then stopped. Her round, violet eyes, which had been observing the major with something like consternation for the last few minutes, were suddenly veiled by a sweep of dark lashes.

"True enough," said the major cheerfully. "But, then, you know I was a great admirer of youth, especially youth and beauty, Sally. Why, you yourself were scarcely more than 20 when——"

"When fiddlesticks," said the princess. "To hear him talk you'd think he'd been Romeo to every Juliet in Europe for the last 40 years. You're a terrible fraud, Jack. What have you been doing lately?"

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He sighed as well as could be managed through a mouthful of toast.

"Getting divorced, my dyah," he said. "Frightful bore, but it had to be done. Incomwhatyoucallit. . . . Anybody in Venice now?"

"If your wife's got any sense I expect you were divorced all right," said the princess. "Which one was she, the fourth or the fifth? I've lost track."

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"Sally, really," said the major, still eating. "You'll give Miss Kitty a wrong impression if you're not careful. This was only the third. And, please God, the last, saving your presence, ladies."

"You don't need to save our presence any longer," said the princess, rising. "I'm going to get dressed. Come with me, Kitty dear."

She gathered her lace dressing gown about her and trailed out, followed shyly and obediently by Miss Kitty Morrell. In the door of her own rooms the princess paused and put her arm around the girl.

"I'm perfectly serious when I tell you Jack's a terror, my dear," she said. "He's 45 if he's a day, but you'd be astonished to know the number of quite young things who lose their heads over him. I'd like you to realize that he's an old friend and doesn't really mean anything he says. You're so—so inexperienced and so pretty and so—forgive me for saying it, but it's true—so damned rich. Although the one thing I can say for Jack, after all, is that he's never been mercenary."

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"I reckon I can take care of myself, all right, princess," Kitty said, following her hostess into the room. "But what puzzles me is why the major is a terror. What's so awful about him?"

She had a soft and very southern voice, in which major became majah and terror terrah.

"Just that he'll marry you if you're not careful," said the princess, slipping into her dress. "He's done it to others. Marrying Jack Titherton would not in itself be such a calamity—he's an agreeable idiot, but the trouble is that it doesn't last. The truth is, my dear, that the man was genuinely in love with his first wife and since that broke up he's simply galloping around making love to everything in sight. Half of the insane things he does are due to the fact that he's never recovered from Mary Titherton."

Kitty stood by the square window of the princess' stateroom, looking on a tiny balcony over the Adriatic.

"What became of the first Mrs. Titherton?" she asked without turning round.

"She couldn't stand being married to a madman, I suppose," said the princess, pulling on her stockings. "Anyway, she divorced Jack and refused to take any money to speak of. They say she opened a small school on the isle of Wight or somewhere. Nobody's's seen or heard of her for ten years. She was really very pretty, too—it's a shame. The isle of Wight! Come along now and collect that Titherton pest. We'll take him to the beach and trust that he finds somebody else there to attach himself to."

But in this hope the Princess Sally was doomed to disappointment. True, Major Titherton found a number of people on the beach whom he saluted with shouts of joy. True, he leaped about from group to group, put oil on the backs of numerous ladies and gave a general impression of having returned to circulation. But after every one of these forays he was to be found again at Miss Kitty Morrell's side, assiduous and indefatigable. To the practiced eye of the Princess Frangipani it was clear that Major Titherton had, as the phrase goes, "fallen for" her charge.

"I don't like it, Lizzie," she said to her friend, the Princess Mangiapoco. "When I persuaded Kitty's father to let the child come to me for a few weeks I didn't mean to expose her to Titherton. He really is rather dangerous, you know. He has a way with him."

"Ah, yes," the Princess Mangiapoco sighed reminiscently, "he has."

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There were two of the Italian royal princes on the beach that day, enormous young animals who plunged in and out of the water with Homeric fortitude. On their arrival Miss Kitty Morrell had been presented to them and had observed for the first time that oddest of European practices—the curtsy in a bathing suit. The princes gave her a good share of their exuberantly healthy attention, but they did not succeed in discouraging Major Jack Titherton. No mere royal highness could curb that intrepid spirit, and all the sirs and ma'ams in Europe could not have kept him away from Miss Kitty Morrell.

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The Princess Frangipani, after holding off as long as her appetite would allow, finally had to give the word for lunch.

"I suppose you might as well come along, too, Jack," she said crossly. "It's just Lizzie and some people. We're going to lunch here at the hotel and sun bathe for a while afterward."

"Delighted!" said the major explosively. "A most gracious invitation, Sally, my dyah. There's nobody like our friend Sally, Miss Kitty, for making one feel at home. She's just like my sister Angela except for the lumbago. I say, you haven't got a spot of lumbago, have you, Sally? No? Well, then, how about a cocktail? One nice cocktail and your hospitality will become overwhelming. You'll be asking me out to stay on the yacht—really she will, Miss Kitty; you've no idea how kind she is underneath that grim exterior."

As the women were combing hair and powdering noses before lunch Kitty protested mildly to her hostess.

"I think you're awfully hard on poor Major Jack, princess," she said. "He seems so nice and—and jolly!"

"Jolly!" said the princess, brushing her hair savagely. "I should think he was jolly! Too jolly to be borne, if you ask me. Grim exterior, indeed! What's he been saying to you all morning?"

"Nothing much," said Kitty. "Just about the south and how he wants to go there. He mentioned about feeling very lonely and I did feel awful sorry for him, princess. I reckon it's no fun for a man to be all alone in the world."

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The princess snorted out loud. "He's worked that one on every girl he's met for the last 25 years," she said. "Did he happen to say anything about your eyes or your eyelashes or the way the water made your skin look?"

"I think he did just—mention such things, once or twice," said Kitty. "It was kind of like the boys down home, princess. I reckon I'm used to such truck and I don't pay much attention. But I do think the major's nice."

The princess examined her young friend with some interest for a moment. "That's true," she said. "I'd forgotten you were southern—although how I could forget, with that voice of your, is a mystery."

"I reckon most southern girls know how to handle a man, princess," said Miss Kitty with quiet confidence.

This seemed to do much toward restoring the Princess Frangipani's content with life. She slipped her arm through the girl's and made for the door.

Miss Kitty had a nice lunch, and appeared to do well by both of her distinguished neighbors, but as soon as lunch was over and the whole party had repaired to the beach again some mysterious jugglery took place which found Major Jack at her side. And then, before the disgruntled princess could do anything to prevent it, the major had whisked the lovely young southerner off, practically from under their noses—royal highnesses and amusing Frenchmen and American Italians and all.

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The two figures—Kitty cool and lovely in white bathing suit and the major sturdy and red in a black one—were to be seen strolling without apparent purpose, but with a decided celerity toward the public beach. At that point they vanished from the princess' view.

Some premonition returned to afflict the Princess Frangipani as she was dressing for dinner that night on the boat. In the mirror before her she could see Kitty float up to the open door of the room and stand there, arrested in a kind of cloud of blue loveliness.

"Come in, dear," said the princess. "Aren't you very early? It'll take me another 15 minutes. Perhaps you may as well close the door. Maria always forgets it, as she does everything else, the wretch, and leaves me to edify the stewards. How lovely you look!"

"Thank you," said Kitty absently. She sat down on a spindly Louis XV chair and folded her hands in her blue lap. "Major Titherton sent me these," she said, looking down at a burning bush on her shoulder. The burning bush turned out to be, when the princess bent an inquisitive eye upon it, three vast pink camellias reddened at the edges.

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"Pink camellias!" said the princess acidly. "Pink camellias of that size in Venice in September! My dear, it isn't possible. Jack Titherton must have burgled the royal conservatory. Are they real?"

"I reckon they are," said Kitty, "but I never saw this kind before, so I can't be sure. I think they're lovely. . . . He was talking about you today, Princess Sally. He said lots of nice things."

"No doubt," said the princess, turning back indignantly to her dressing table. "He said nice things about me, but he sent the pink camellias to you. You've observed that, I suppose? Well, what did he say?"

"He said you were such a true friend, that nobody knew what a friend you could be and how marvelous you looked standing at the head of the marble staircase in the Frangipani palace in Rome receiving guests. He said that you were the most genuine grande dame America had ever sent to Europe, and that you were a lot more intelligent than most of the people around you, and that's why everybody's jealous of you, and—well, lots of things like that. He was just talking."

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"Dear me," said the princess, completely won over, "Jack must have been in an angelic mood today. I'm sorry I was so rude to him at lunch. What else did he say?"

"Just that he was sending some flowers—posies, he called them—and half would be for me and half for you. I gave yours to Maria."

"Maria!" the princess shouted. "Maria! Dove sei? Non capisci che voglio——"

Followed a flood of Italian pronounced in the purest Kansas City style, for the Princess Frangipani had not adopted the pronunciation when she adopted Italy. In time a blank-faced peasant woman appeared, curtsied, muttered "Signora Principessa" once or twice and vanished into the corridor. When she returned she bore in her blunt brown hands another burning bush—three pink camellias of unexampled size.

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"The old darling!" said the princess. "How lovely they are! Nobody but Jack Titherton could have found them. He always did know how to do the most agreeable things when he wanted to. Do you think you could endure having him stay on the yacht, my dear—after the others come, of course?"

"I reckon I could stand it, princess, if you could," said Miss Kitty demurely.

So it came to pass that Major Jack moved out to the boat the next day when the arrival of the princess' son, Giovanni, and a number of other people guaranteed a high degree of decorum. And the two weeks which followed were of the liveliest interest to everybody who haunted the Grand canal and the blue lagoon, for Major Jack, it appeared, was in love again. Swimming and dancing or lying on the beach, walking in the town or floating about in gondolas, Miss Kitty Morrell and the major were to be seen constantly together. The major's jolly, good-looking red face was forever bent attentively toward the dark, smooth head of the southern girl, and when she spoke in her fragile voice he was breathless with attention.

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She seemed to share his romantic abstraction from their surroundings, for certainly she gave very little time to anybody or anything else. With her exquisite eyes and skin and a manner so ingenue as to be almost incredible in 1932, Miss Kitty Morrell would have caused a sensation whatever she did, particularly when the word had been passed about that she was an unmitigated heiress. But nothing she could have done would have aroused quite the sensation caused by her behavior with Major Jack. This, indeed, became almost the only topic of conversation among their friends, and more than one made impassioned protest to Princess Frangipani. That lady, serene and somehow elegant in her smart ugliness, seemed curiously unworried about it all.

"Kitty's a southern girl," she would say without apparent logic, "and I think that in spite of her baby face she knows how to take care of herself. She's not nearly such a fool as she may look."

There was a good deal of head shaking and shoulder shrugging over this, and it was openly said that Sally Frangipani was really too lazy and too irresponsible to have charge of a lovely young American heiress in a place like Venice during the season.

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The affair of the major came to a head at the very end of the season, the night of Lizzie Mangiapoco's last party. In her palace on the Grand canal the Princess Mangiapoco (nee Elizabeth Magee of St. Louis) customarily wound up the autumn season with a dinner, serenata and dance. The serenata took place between the dinner and the dance and was performed by a number of professional singers and guitarists floating back and forth in gondolas before the palace. Any serenata in Venice is sufficiently appealing to the senses, accompanied as it is by the magic of the moon over old palace walls and gently murmuring water, but Lizzie's serenata is quite the best of all. She has been known to bring whole bands of performers from Rome or Naples for the event, and almost anybody could imagine himself to be in love while the music floated down the still canal.

Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that Major Titherton appeared, in his jovial and rather beefy way, to be walking on air, or that Miss Kitty Morrell had an unwonted excitement in her violet eyes. As soon as dinner was over they joined each other on the balcony to hear the singing, and it was there that Princess Mangiapoco came upon them as the serenata drew to a close. She says she had no idea of listening, but the two in the shadows were so engrossed in each other that they did not notice her. She could not help overhearing a few words.

"Darling, as soon as the dancing begins we can slip away," Major Jack was saying. "We can pick up your things on the yacht and make for Trieste. It must be tonight—tonight's the night for it, dearest."

"I reckon tonight's the night," Miss Kitty agreed softly.

And the Princess Mangiapoco, trembling with excitement, withdrew into her own ballroom to consider. What should she do? As an old friend of Major Jack's she ought, perhaps, to let him alone with this prospective happiness. As an old friend of the Princess Frangipani's she ought to give warning, for the elopement would do that lady an infinite deal of harm.

In her uncertainty and confusion the Princess Mangiapoco did nothing; the dancing began and she was kept very busy for half an hour. At the end of that time she caught sight of the Princess Frangipani at the other end of the room. Stammering some sort of excuse to the man with her, she made a dash across the room and took Sally's arm.

"I've got to talk to you, Sally," she whispered. "Where's the major? Where's Kitty?"

"I don't know," said Princess Frangipani. "I haven't seen them for an hour. Why?"

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"I heard something," said Princess Mangiapoco. "Overheard something, that is. They didn't know I was listening. Half an hour ago or more. I believe Major Jack and Kitty are eloping to Trieste tonight. They were going to the yacht for her things. I couldn't find you to tell you sooner."

"Heavens and earth!" said the Princess Frangipani weakly. "What shall I do? If they have gone—oh, this is the end of me! Order my launch, Lizzie! If it isn't there I'll take a gondola—anything. I must go at once. Oh, dear, oh, dear, what a fool I've been! Her father will never forgive me."

Sally Frangipani does not know to this day how she got down the stairs and into her launch. The air of the lagoon revived her a little, but she was shivering with apprehension. It seemed to her an eternity before the lights of her yacht appeared, shining calmly over the calm water of the sea. The lights reassured her somewhat; they hinted that there was stability in the universe in spite of Jack Titherton. As she climbed aboard, still shivering and speechless, the first thing her eyes lighted upon was Miss Kitty Morrell—Miss Kitty Morrell in evening dress and a Spanish shawl, stretched out in a deck chair smoking a cigarette. Miss Morrell was alone.

"Kitty! Thank God; Kitty!" said the princess, falling into a chair beside her. Her next remark was a marvel of irrelevancy. "I didn't know you smoked," she said.

"I don't, much," said Kitty. "I think it's kind of—unbecomin' for a young girl."

Princess Frangipani laughed weakly. The relief made her feel slightly hysterical.

"Where's Jack Titherton?" she asked.

"I reckon he's still in the salon," said Kitty. "He'll probably be busy for some time. I had a little surpise for him out here."

"Oh," said the princess blankly. "So you didn't elope with him?"

"I reckon that's just one thing I'm never going to do, with him or anybody else, Princess Sally," the girl said. "Let's take a little peek through the window and see how the major's getting on."

Obediently the princess rose and the two of them tiptoed down the deck to the windows of the blue and white salon. What she saw caused the princess to gasp aloud.

"Sh!" Kitty whispered. "They look kind of happy, don't they? Let's not disturb them. We can go on back to the party."

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The princess was silent and a little dazed as they retraced their steps. Pausing, before she took to the launch again, she stared at the girl's exquisite face in the moonlight.

"It's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of," she said. "It'll be the redemption of Jack Titherton. How did you do it?"

"Oh, I just—arranged it," said Kitty modestly. "I never told you that I went to Mrs. Titherton's school for one year, and I'm very fond of her. I let the major make a lot of pretty speeches to me, but it was just so's I could manage things more easily. When we got out here tonight I had Mary Titherton in the saloon waiting, and I put Major Jack in there and shut the door, and I reckon he forgot all about eloping with me pretty quickly. The real difficulty was in persuading Mrs. Titherton to come down to Venice, and I'm afraid I told her some little fibs, but she'll forgive me. don't you reckon?"

The princess, smiling in amazement at the moon, had to borrow a word to express herself.

"Yes," she said, "I reckon."

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"Darling, as soon as the dancing begins we can slip away."



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The Humiliation of General Winterfeldt

No German Leader Ever Had Sorrier Task Than Major-General Detlof von Winterfeldt. He Signed the Armistice

BY DAVID W. HAZEN.
Staff Writer, The Oregonian.

After that peace descended on the long battlefield. A new era had come and the old world had passed away.—Colonel John Buchan, writing regarding the armistice.

IT WAS yet dark in the wet Compiegne forest. The dripping trees swayed dismally. Soldiers in sky-blue overcoats and carrying rifles pointed with long, slim bayonets walked here and there through the darkness. Now and then the roar of big guns at the front could be heard. A passenger train was on a railroad siding and a dim light struggled out from almost completely closed curtains. Within the main coach was a group of men looking very serious, very solemn. The lives of millions of men were in their hands.

Sometimes the door of the coach would be opened. Then those inside heard the roar that came from the lines far in advance. Men were being churned to atoms in the flood of red-hot steel pouring across battle lines that damp, chill November morn. Each minute of waiting by the men in that railroad car was costing the lives of scores of more lowly men in the muck and mire at the front.

* * *

There had been much talking. But it was done chiefly by the three seeking to make lighter the terms imposed by conquerors. Marshal Foch had little to say. After pleadings were found to be of no avail, and after word had been received from Berlin that the severe terms had to be accepted, there were a few scratches by a pen, a few "i's" dotted and a few "t's" crossed, and the greatest war of all history was brought to a close.

The man who signed the armistice on behalf of the German armed forces was Major-General Detlof von Winterfeldt of the royal Prussian army and a member of one of the most noble military families of the kingdom. Never before had a German military commander been called upon to do such a heart-breaking deed as befell this fine soldier. But someone had to do it. General von Winterfeldt was asked to become a member of the commission that was to attempt to end the war. He had been for years a good soldier. He will be one to the end.

* * *

It was a beautiful June evening when I visited the general at his home at 17 Bendler strasse in Berlin. The day had been warm, but as evening came it grew cooler. He had telephoned me that forenoon saying he would grant an interview at 6 o'clock.

General von Winterfeldt is one of the most notable of Germany's famous sportsmen. In the large dining room of his home are antlers and horns of hundreds of beasts he has shot during many hunting trips in various parts of the old world.

"I do not see any buffalo horns here, general," the visitor remarked.

"Ah, I would like very much to have them, but now it is too late. I do not think I can visit America to shoot the buffalo," he replied slowly.

"How about coming over and after getting a buffalo and a few other horned beasts in the United States take a trip to Alaska and get a few savage bears?" was suggested.

The general's friend, Dr. Richard von Kuhlmann, ex-minister of foreign affairs, was planning such a trip. It was hinted that they might enjoy the hunt together. But here the soldier's beautiful and very charming wife spoke up:

"I cannot spare him for such a long trip."

The subject was dropped.

* * *

But as I looked at the rack of hunting rifles in this sportsman's case I could not help but think of the day when his signature to a tremendously important document hastened the laying down of millions of rifles and the saving of hundreds of thousands of lives.

Twilight had come. The street lights were flickering as they do when they first go on. Here and there in a clear sky a star could be seen. Fainter grew the roar of the city. Then night came.

There had been many nights since that November 11 when all the world wondered. General von Winterfeldt for hours at the conference before the armistice was signed had tried to get the allies' spokesmen to lessen the severity of the terms. He might as well have tried to pick out all the salt from the ocean. When it was seen that Foch would grant no favors to the German commissioners, General von Winterfeldt read the following statement:

The armistice terms which have just been brought to our knowledge require careful examination by us. As it is our intention to reach a conclusion, this examination will be made as promptly as possible; nevertheless, it will require a certain amount of time, especially as it will be necessary to consult our government and the military supreme command.

During this time the struggle between our armies will continue, and it will result, among both soldiers and civilians, in numerous victims who will die in vain at the last minute and who might be preserved to their families.

Therefore, the German government and the German supreme command have the honor to revert to the proposal made by them in their wireless message of the day before yesterday, that is, that Marshal Foch be kind enough to consent to an immediate suspension of hostilities for the entire front, to begin today at a certain fixed hour, the very simple details of which could be decided upon without loss of time.

But the grand marshal of the allied armies refused to consent to the German general's request. "Hostilities cannot cease before the signing of the armistice," Foch told Von Winterfeldt. But the fighting continued some five hours after the armistice was signed, from 5:05 A. M. until 11 A. M. Hundreds of men were killed and thousands wounded during those hours.

* * *

When the French marshal first received word that the Germans wished to ask for an armistice he at once warned his army commands against false rumors. They were not to cease fighting simply because they had heard from a supposedly good source that an armistice had been signed. Colonel E. M. House, President Wilson's personal ambassador to Europe, was in Paris at that time. He asked Foch if the war should be continued.

"I am not waging war for the sake of waging war," curtly replied the marshal. "If I obtain through the armistice the conditions that we wish to impose upon Germany I am satisfied. Once this object is attained, nobody has the right to shed one drop more of blood."

Word was received by wireless at the commander-in-chief's headquarters at 30 minutes past midnight on November 7, 1918, that the German supreme command wished a provisional suspension of hostilities. Foch's reply was that if Germans wished to talk to him they should send duly accredited representatives, but nothing was said about suspending hostilities. The battle should go on even more sternly than before.

The enemy's representatives, if they desired to talk, were told to meet the French outposts on the Chimay-Fourmies-La Capelle-Guise road, and from there they would be conducted to the rendezvous. Soon after daylight the wireless at Foch's headquarters began to sputter again. It was Berlin having something to say. The German representatives would leave Spa at noon and arrive at the French lines before 5 P. M.

* * *

The marshal, accompanied by General Weygand and three other French officers, and Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, representing the British, left Senlis by special train at 5 P. M. Although the Americans were then carrying on the bulk of the heaviest fighting and were paying a large percentage of the allies' bills, Foch did not ask for a representative from Pershing's army to accompany the peacemakers. The train was parked in a dark spot in the forest, on a siding built for railroad artillery near the village of Rethondes.

The Germans had been delayed along the way. They did not reach the rendezvous until 7 A. M. November 8. They had spent the night at the chateau of the Marquis de Laigle at Frankfort near Choisy-au-Bac. They were received aboard the marshal's car at 9 o'clock. As soon as their credentials were found okey Foch spoke sharply:

"Qu'est-ce que vous desirez, messieurs?"

The Germans understood perfectly. For a minute or two they were nonplused. Then the marshal asked if they had come to ask for an armistice. When they replied that they had, the terms were read to them. They were stunned. But no amount of pleading softened the terms. The terms were forwarded to Berlin, where they were approved. General von Winterfeldt was the third of the four German representatives to sign. The last name was written at 5:05 A. M. November 11. Firing was to cease on all fronts at 11 o'clock that very morning. At many places the skies were overcast and the morning was dull and gray when 11 o'clock came.

Word did not reach all the German commands in time. The late Major Lester W. Humphreys, in charge of a battalion of the 364th infantry on the Audernard front in Belgium, told the writer, who was a war correspondent with the 91st division when the war ended, that the battalion was shelled all that day by German guns. Artillery firing did not cease until nightfall, the major said.

* * *

After the fighting ended General von Winterfeldt was long head of the German section of the armistice commission stationed at Spa. He is still vigorous, still keenly interested in military affairs, and should a crisis come to his beloved fatherland this soldier would doubtless be called from retirement to take high command, as was Paul von Hindenburg in 1914. But as we sat in his library that June evening (it seems long ago) last summer his thoughts were far from today's stirring times.

"No reasonable man in Germany desires war," declared General von Winterfeldt, "no matter what party he belongs to. We want peace. We have learned our lesson in war. The German people were always peaceful at heart. But we cannot think all is peaceful while we are living in a disarmed condition, with all the countries surrounding us armed very heavily not only with armies of infantry and cavalry but with heavy guns and airplanes and tanks."

The fact that the Versailles treaty forbid Germany to have any military airplanes was a terrible blow to Prussian pride and to future preparedness. It was the chief thing that gave Hitler his present power, for he has promised to give the nation an air force.

* * *

"The use of the airplane in the great war changed the handling of big armies very much," the general replied in answer to a question inquiring whether American civil war strategy had been used by any of the German commanders.

"I have a general knowledge of the American civil war," continued the famous soldier, "but not a detailed one of its military tactics."

"Do you think Field Marshal von Hindenburg gained anything from his study of Grant and Lee?" was asked.

"I think Von Hindenburg studied very carefully the tactics of your civil war, but I do not know whether its strategy was used to any extent by the field marshal when he drew up the plans for campaigns. You know there were no airplanes in that American war and they made a great difference."

Asked what he thought of Von Hindenburg as a military leader, General von Winterfeldt promptly replied that he considered him the greatest general in any army throughout the world war. He was then asked to classify the now deranged Ludendorff.

"Strictly speaking, Ludendorff may be said to have been the greatest military leader on all sides, but he was great only as a military general," my host replied slowly. "And it must always be remembered that he worked in co-operation with the grand field marshal, Von Hindenburg. Ludendorff had promised the government that he would win decisive victory on the western front if he was given more troops. The peace on the Russian front had allowed the high command to transfer many divisions to the western side, but the new men taken from the factories and the farms were not as good as were those with whom the great victories had been won during the first years of the war.

* * *

"You must remember the great odds against us. And one must also remember that we lost hundreds of thousands of our best-trained soldiers in the first three years of the war. The new levies could not take the places of those young men who died for the fatherland at Ypres and Verdun and during the Russian campaigns. But Ludendorff was able to hold back the enemies for many months, and had it not been that the allies received help just when they were ready to quit the German armies would have won the victory. They became so outnumbered that it was seen they could not hope to win."

General von Winterfeldt was told what General Robert Lee Bullard, who commanded the American 2d army in France, told me just before I sailed for Europe on the North German Lloyd Greyhound Bremen. I interviewed General Bullard at his home in New York the day I sailed. Just as I left his study he said:

"If you see any of the German generals over there, tell them we don't feel so hostile to them."

When I repeated this to my host, he replied promptly:

"That is the same feeling held for the Americans by the officers who were in the German high command. There is no feeling of hatred towards your countrymen. Of course the high command was worried because of America's coming into the war, but this was not the spirit of hatred, and the Germans after the armistice received Americans with open arms."

* * *

General von Winterfeldt is greatly interested in Japanese-American relations. He asked several times during the visit if we think there will be a war between the United States and Nippon.

"The Japanese have far-reaching aims, and they will not rest until they have gained these aims," the soldier declared. "Japan is an economic danger to all the world because she is trying to organize China for her own economic profit, although I do not think she will attempt this organization for military purposes; this would be very expensive and would require a great many years, so I think the Japanese will only want China for its chief market."

"But don't you think Japanese generals will form armies of Chinese soldiers to fight foreign foes, perhaps Russia?" was asked.

"No, I do not think there will be any Chinese army under Japanese leaders," came the answer. "This will not come about in the near future, anyway, so I think Japan will not mean a military danger for America in the immediate future. But the Japanese have such far-reaching aims, and these may have some military aggression against you some day many years hence."

"The Japanese are not aggressive enough at present to attack the United States, but Japan has many transports, and seems to be preparing for trouble with some great nation. But that country has so many troubles, like the big earthquakes, that hold her back from a gigantic military campaign. Still, no one can say how long these things will keep what our emperor used to call 'the yellow peril' in check. In the far distant future the conflict is coming between America and Japan, but not in the present generation because the mikado has so many questions in China to settle in order to satisfy ambitions."

* * *

The general was asked if the coming disarmament conferences would cause the military powers of Europe to reduce their armies. He laughed, then grew serious as he said: "Unfortunately not, there is very little hope for that! But Germany has the foremost interest in disarmament for it is the only great nation that is disarmed, the only one that should ask for protection."

"What do you think of the Polish corridor, general?" was put.

"The matter is very serious from the German point of view," he replied, speaking gravely. "Some solution to the problem will have to be found, but how I do not know as so far it is an unsolved riddle. On account of this question, the large number of Germans living in the corridor section are having a very hard time."

Then the famous officer urged that "America take the lead in interesting the nations to disarm. It is the only power which can call for disarmament that will have any effect on the world. It seems strange that all other nations can have big armies and big navies excepting Germany. How would it seem to you if all the rest of the world was allowed to smoke but only the people in the United States could not smoke? You would not like that!"

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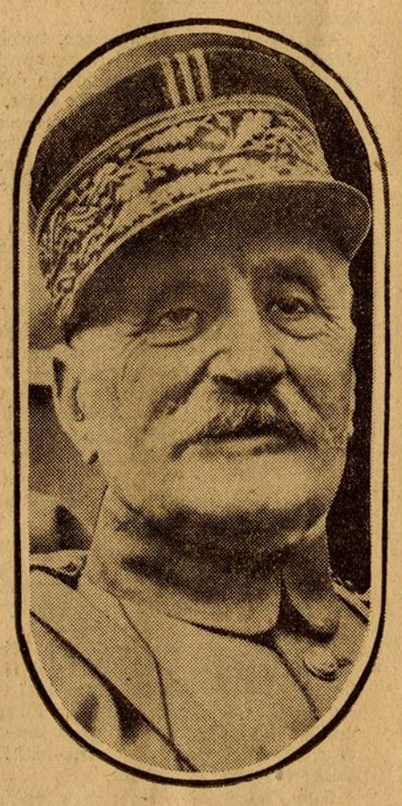
General von Winterfeldt was asked what in his opinion was the deciding factor in winning the war for the allies. He fairly shouted the answer:

"America!"

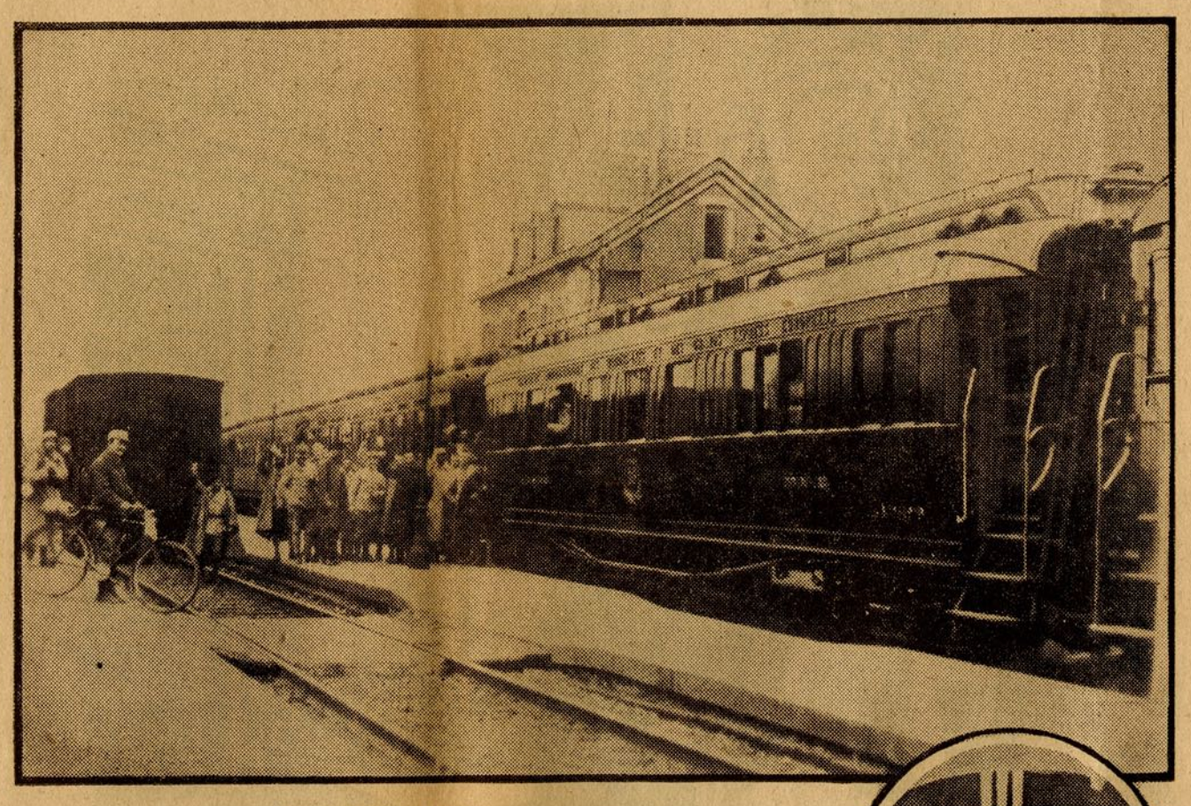
And then he added:

"First, because the American troops won the victories that cost us the command of the western front; second, because being in the war, America could freely supply her weakened allies with supplies and money; and third, on account of the feeling on our side when our people learned that America had entered the war against us!"

Next week Mr. Hazen will give the reason why the allies continued fighting to the very last minute the day of the armistice, this reason having been told to him during an interview with Lieutenant-General Robert Lee Bullard, U. S. A.



FOCH.
The French marshal said to Von Winterfeldt: "Hostilities cannot cease before the signing of the armistice."



THE ARMISTICE CAR.
The meeting between the allied and German representatives was held in Marshal Foch's railroad car shown above. The car, since the picture was taken, has been removed to the Compiegne forest at the point where the armistice was signed.



GENERAL MAXIME WEYGAND.
As Foch's trusted friend and French chief of staff, Weygand accompanied Foch to the armistice meeting with the Germans. Weygand did not sign the document.

The First Settlement in Oregon—Fort Clatsop

1806

Pictorial History of the Original Oregon Territory by E. Karolyn Ries.



Hunters were sent into the forests for game.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE momentary delight of the Lewis and Clark expedition at the sight of the great Pacific was soon changed to misery. Cold, beating rains and ceaseless winds combined to cause great misery and illness among the weary men. Their clothing torn to shreds by the long journey, the hungry men were a sorry sight. The labor of establishing a permanent camp seemed an overwhelming undertaking, for many of the men were unable to work. However, the task was at last completed, due to the understanding sympathy and encouragement of Captain Lewis. A barracks and stockade were erected above Young's bay, on the shore of the Lewis and Clark river. Hunters were sent into the forests for game, and plans were made for trading with the Indians and for explorations into the surrounding territory. Until the departure of the expedition on March 23, 1806, much work was accomplished. A salt cairn was built several miles south of the fort on the shore of the Pacific.

Preparations for the journey eastward were reluctantly made. Lewis and Clark had hoped to await the arrival of traders, but anxiety to turn homeward, and need for fresh meat, to be obtained from elk herds upriver, hastened their departure. The journey upstream was uneventful. The party camped opposite the mouth of the Quicksilver (the Sandy). Here they learned from the Indians of the large river they had passed and failed to discover, so back went Clark to make an exploration of the stream the natives described. He penetrated to a point on the east side of the river believed to be near the site of the present Columbia university. He called the river Multnomah (the Willamette). He returned then to the encampment, and the party proceeded homeward, arriving in St. Louis just six months after leaving the Pacific.

Great acclaim and many honors awaited Lewis and Clark. Captain Lewis was appointed governor of the Louisiana territory. Captain Clark, after Lewis' tragic death in a settler's cabin in Tennessee, was named brigadier-general of the same territory. Next he became superintendent of Indian affairs, then governor of the Missouri territory, federal superintendent of Indian affairs and surveyor-general for Illinois, Missouri and the territory of Kansas. He died at the age of 68.

Next week: Adventurers in the Oregon Territory.

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Where Art Laughs at the Big Bad Wolf

The Blue Eagle May Scream in the U. S. A., But the Lean Gray Wolf Snarls at American Artists in Paris

BY GARDNER BRADFORD.

WHEN the Blue Eagle started screaming in America the Gray Wolf began snarling at the studio doors of the Yankee artists in that naughty nook in the heart of Gay Paree known as "the Latin quarter."

This is the woeful message brought back to the land of the free by the celebrated painter and etcher, Wilson Silsby.

"Gone are the days," he declares, "when one dollar in France was as good as ten in America, and what with curtailed revenue, new low prices for pictures, delayed remittances from dealers, many of the world's most famous men and women artists and writers are literally 'on their uppers' in Paris. Americans have been the hardest hit."

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It develops that even though true artists pursue art for art's sake, even a celebrated painter must eat, pay rent, purchase pigments and plates, and with coffee 75 cents a pound, eggs hovering around 60 cents a dozen and milk 22 cents a quart in American money, it is quickly perceived that ten dollars there is no longer as good as fifty in the United States of America.

"But the quarter takes it with a smile," says Mr. Silsby, "and the Americans, perforce, must take it on the chin," for the rest of the colony derives a certain malicious pleasure from this poetic justice which has made proletariats of erstwhile plutocrats. One has to live by his wits these days, and were it not for its highly developed sense of humor the Latin quarter would be blue indeed.

"The quarter still clings to its gayety," this painter says. "Of what importance an empty stomach so long as one can still laugh? Let me state that every incident I relate concerns artists and writers with international reputations, whose names I dare not divulge because I am soon returning to Paris. Just picture them in your mind as the Rembrandts, Whistlers, Hugos and Voltaires of the day.

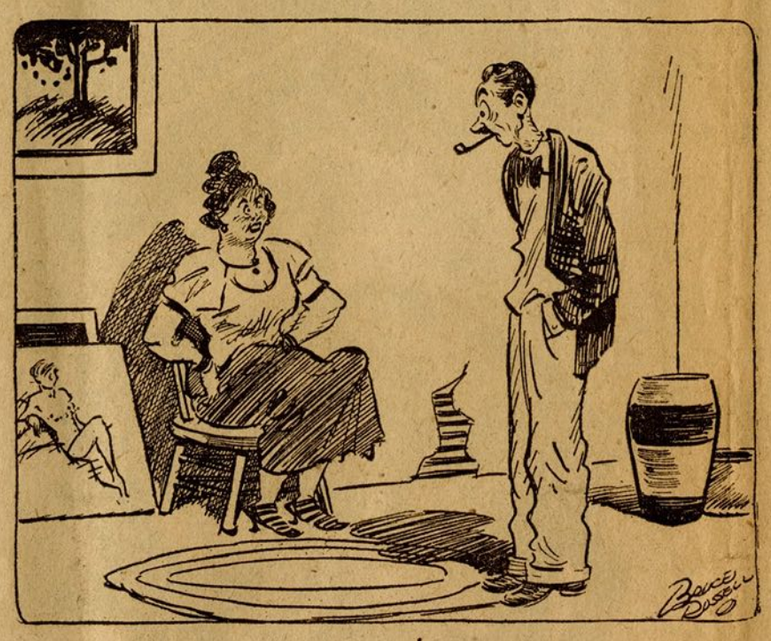
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"I was accompanying one of the greatest American etchers to his apartment. As we reached the street door he whispered: 'Tiptoe softly, my friend.' No need to ask questions. The Latin quarter knows what that means. It is the slogan of the times.

"This man had always been really rich, but now, when a sudden knock came on the studio door, he scampered to a window and hid on the tiny balcony. As I opened the door I knew I faced his landlady. I told her that I, too, was waiting and surely it was a flash of insanity that made me add: 'I have come to buy a picture.'

"Instantly the lady was all smiles. She sat down and said: 'Then I, too, will wait, for if you buy I will collect the rent.' It seemed my friend owed only 150 francs, and since I chanced to have that sum I paid her. When she had gone and my friend returned he found me with one of his choicest etchings under my arm. 'See what you have sold me for 150 francs.' I grinned and, though the picture was almost priceless, he let me keep it, laughing at his own predicament.

"The drop in the value of the dollar has created a real and rather naive state of communism in the Latin quarter," declares the artist. "Not only are men and women wearing each others' clothes but they are sharing everything else. I chanced to be in the studio of a prosperous artist when the door opened and in slouched a mutual friend, burdened with easel, palette, pots, pans and a statue of Psyche. 'I have come to stay a while,' he announced, and began disposing of his belongings wherever he could find a vacant spot.



"The landlady was all smiles . . ."

"Those who cannot pay rent move in with those who can. These also may find the task too great, and then there will be a double moving.

"In the good old days everyone rode here and there in cabs. I attended a rather swank affair at which a rich Belgian was guest of honor. Here I met a prominent American writer, now on his uppers. We wanted to go to another part of town, but neither had a sou for transportation. 'Never mind. I will fix it,' said the writer.

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"We went out on the boulevard and walked along the line of parked cars until we came to that owned by the distinguished Belgian, and my writer friend explained that we wished to go to a certain studio to get a picture which the Belgian wished to view. The chauffeur obligingly took us across town to the designated spot. The studio was closed (we knew it was, because the owner was at the party), so we sent the chauffeur back with apologies. Thus does one rely on his wits to get along in Paris."

A successful writer, in dire straits because publishers' checks have not been forthcoming, hit upon an ingenious way to fatten his exchequer.

Many wealthy American tourists drive their own cars and are always getting into trouble because they instinctively drive on the wrong side of the street. The writer turned it to his advantage. Into the outskirts of the quarter rode the tourist, carefully driving on the left side of the street as he should. Imagine his consternation when a man in uniform halted him and threatened his arrest for driving on the wrong side of the street.

"But," protested the tourist, "I am driving on the left, as I should."

"Ah!" exclaimed the supposed gendarme, "one drives on the left in Paris, but here in the Latin quarter, where there are so many Americans, it is wrong," and the tourist was glad to hand over a few francs rather than go to court.

Mr. Silsby gives some amusing side lights on the famous artists' ball, which it is the desire of all society people to attend and to which they are never admitted.

"It is for artists only," declares Silsby, "and at the door is someone representing each of the four arts. They know everyone who is entitled to enter. Many a poor art student sells his ticket to a rich person for a fabulous price. But beyond the ticket taker are two doors, and if none of the committee okeh the new arrival an attendant points to the door on the left or right, as the case may be, and when the man has passed through it he finds himself back on the street. Of course, they complain, but of what use? Their status is the same as that of a person in America who purchases a railroad ticket from a scalper.

"The piece de resistance is the selection of the queen of the models for the ensuing year. Each model disrobes and stands for a moment on a pedestal. It means a great deal to be chosen queen, for the winner is assured of more work than she can undertake until a new queen is chosen. After the contest the girls mingle with the throng, leaving their clothes hanging on hooks along the wall the rest of the night. I have never observed a single instance of ungallantry."

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But if, on the surface, everything is gay and carefree, just as it always was, no member of the art colony is in the least deceived and the American Aid society can tell quite a different story—of hundreds of art students starving and penniless, who have to be shipped back to America on half-rate steamer fares. Many have been working hard and happily on, perhaps, $5 a week from home.

Five dollars a week, American money, isn't enough any more. Even storage eggs, with an average of eight bad in every dozen, cost 40 cents, according to Silsby; tiny melons are 25 cents apiece, peaches that California would throw away cost 75 cents a dozen. There is a puny banana from Africa at 60 cents a dozen and sugar is about 18 cents a pound. Canned milk is 19 cents.

"Now why all this self-deprivation, all this self-sacrifice in Paris just for art's sake?" Mr. Silsby was asked. "Why not New York or Hollywood or America?"

"Ah," he said. "Paris is inspirational. You see, it is the art center of the world. It has always been. The artists do not mind to struggle. They have long been so accustomed to poverty that money has lost its value; success is not measured in the terms of bank balances."



"It is for artists only . . ."

I Was Shanghaied

Continued From First Page.

was built of steel and as such was looked on with grave suspicion by all old sailors. They said it wasn't just natural that a ship should be built of anything but wood.

We in the first boat came alongside the vessel and they let down a ladder for us. We climbed aboard, and one of the mates welcomed us. I forgot to say that Mr. Smith stayed in the rowboat. The mate showed us around the deck and explained how the anchor winch worked, told us the names of the different masts and kept us very interested. I happened to look toward shore and noticed that the other rowboats which had started for the Oakes at the same time we did had turned around and were going back toward shore. I thought this was sort of queer, and then I noticed that Mr. Smith was rowing toward shore, too, in the boat we had come out in. When we saw that all of us began to wonder what the matter was, but not for long.

Just about then four large men who were dressed in policemen's uniforms came out one of the cabin doors. They all carried a .45 revolver in each hand. One of them told us to be good and we wouldn't get hurt. Almost at the same time the captain of the Oakes, two mates and the bos'n came out the other cabin door. The mates and the bos'n carried big steel handcuffs with them.

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"Now, young men," the captain told us, "you are sailors on the T. F. Oakes and you're going to Le Havre, France. Just to make sure you are going I'm going to sort of tie you together for a little while."

We started to protest. We hadn't signed to ship on the Oakes, we told the captain.

"Oh, yes, you did," the skipper said. "I've got all your names signed to ship's articles right here in my pocket. You signed them before you left the Iralda." So we learned all about Mr. Smith's "passenger list."

Then the captain, whose name was Reed, told us that we had signed on as A. B.s, or able seamen, and that if we qualified we would receive $30 a month. If we didn't qualify we would be carried as ordinary seamen and pay would be $15. The skipper gave us quite a lecture on the glories of sailing before the mast. He said that all young men should go to sea for a voyage or so if they ever wanted to amount to anything. An able seaman, he told us, was one of God's finest creatures.

I never did understand why the skipper went to all this trouble telling us how fortunate we were to go to sea and especially fortunate to go to sea on such a fine ship as the T. F. Oakes. He had us completely in his power, but here he was talking like a recruiting officer for the navy. He even formally introduced us to the mates and bos'n by name. The first mate, I remember, was an ugly-looking fellow who went by the name of Black Johnson. And he was black in more ways than one.

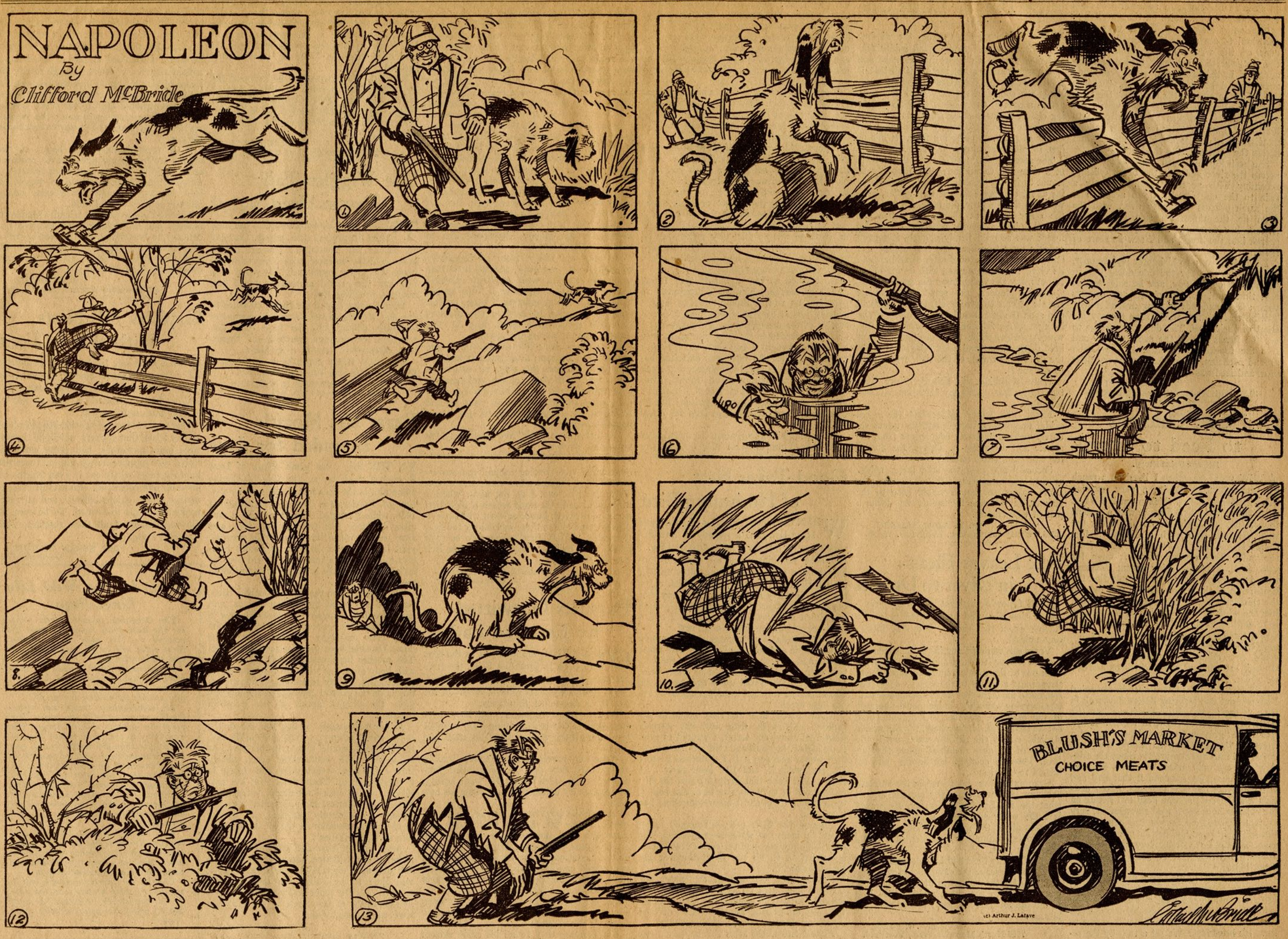
The mates and the bos'n handcuffed us together, two by two, and then they herded us below decks. I remember the sun was just sinking into the Pacific ocean when we went below. They took us into a small strong room just forward of the lazarette, or captain's storeroom, which could only be reached by a narrow companionway from the skipper's cabin to the lazarette. There they secured us by putting a leg iron on each of us. The leg irons were fastened to a sort of steel stanchion. The mates and bos'n made sure we were all tied up right and then they went out, leaving us no light. It was as dark as pitch.

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Of course, all of us were excited and pretty scared, too. We talked in whispers about what would happen to us and how we had been tricked into signing the ship's articles on the Iralda. We had heard lots of talk about men being shanghaied in Astoria and Portland and now we were finding out first hand.

Very soon we could hear quite a commotion on the main deck. First, the noise of the steam winch heaving up the anchor and then shouted orders which we couldn't understand and a lot of other noises which told us we were going to sea right away. It wasn't long before we could feel the swell of the ocean on the ship and we knew we were crossing the Columbia river bar. I remember I sort of dozed now and then, but the manacles were a little too tight and they got to hurting so that I couldn't really sleep. There was no air in the place and we almost suffocated. That's the way the ten of us shanghaied lubbers went out to sea.

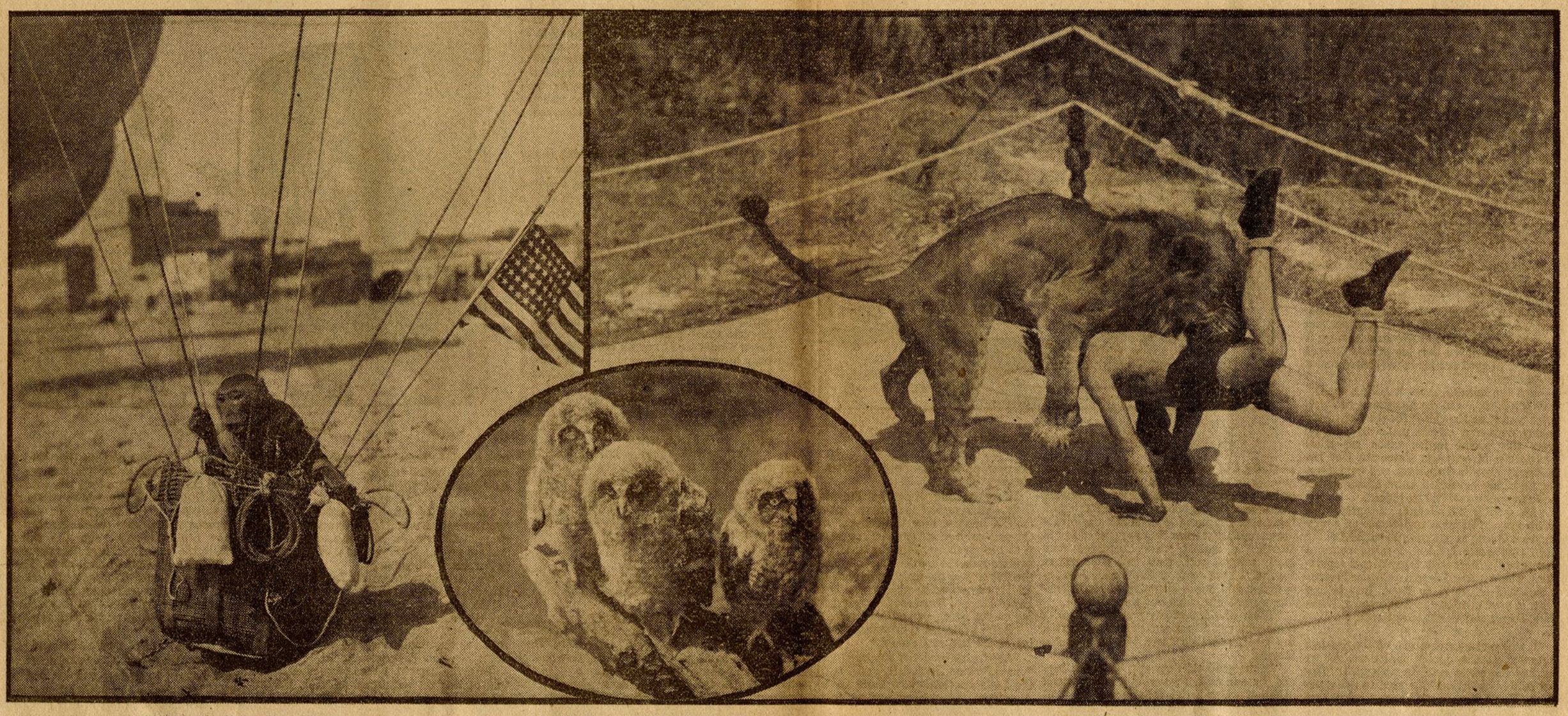
To be continued next week in the magazine section of The Sunday Oregonian.



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Strange and True Wild Life Line Stories

From Many Parts of the Pacific Northwest Come Narratives of Animals That Seem to Reason for Themselves



WINNER OF "MONKEY DERBY"

This is Joe Doaks, pilot of the balloon America, who won an international "monkey balloon" derby at Venice, Cal. Joe stuck to his basket while the other three pilots in the race attempted to climb guy ropes and inspect the gas bags which kept them aloft.—Associated Press photo.

LONG-EARED FEATHER DUSTERS

These little fellows, long-eared owls, are considered among the most beneficial of predatory birds because they prey upon field mice. They are frequently seen about Portland golf courses.—Photo by U. S. biological survey.

WRESTLING LION STOPS FLYING TACKLE

This is supposed to be great sport at Luna park zoo in Los Angeles, but none of the spectators envy Melvin Koontz when he steps into the ring to wrestle with Jackie, 3-year-old lion matsman. Jackie is shown here stopping a flying tackle, and from the looks of things Koontz will not only lose the match, but his trunks as well. Photo by the Associated Press.

Doe Leads Fawns From Danger Zone

First Prize Story.

JUST below the junction of the Marion Lake and the Big Meadow branches of the North Santiam river, near Bill Horn's cabin, there is a wide shallow riffle with a wide gravel bar on each side. Here I waded across on one of my fishing trips, and sought a spring branch that I knew of, to find a good place to eat my lunch. After eating I went to sleep in the shade of an alder tree, and was awakened by a noise on the gravel bar.

Cautiously looking up, I was very much surprised to see a fine doe standing in the edge of the water, looking both up and down stream. She suddenly turned and disappeared in the brush and quickly returned accompanied by a spotted fawn, that she coaxed to the edge of the water. As the fawn hesitated about getting into the water, she nosed him in and was very particular to keep the fawn on the up-stream side and resting against her forelegs, and steered him across the river and into the brush.

She quickly returned and again went across the river and into the brush quickly, returning with another fawn, evidently a twin to the one already taken across, and the same process was gone over, with the fawn on the up-stream side and resting against her forelegs. They quickly disappeared into the brush, and I saw no more of them.

I asked Horn, an old hunter and trapper, as to the reason for the doe doing this in the middle of the day, and he said that at that time most of the bobcats and cougars were asleep and not moving around much. The heat of the sun would soon destroy the scent of their trail. The doe was anxious to get the fawns out of the snow regions and into the foothills for winter in the region around Mehama, where there was very little snow and feed was easy to get.

EUGENE WILLIS,
3395 Ninth Avenue Southeast, Portland.

Owl Gets Chickens to Feed to Skunk

Second Prize Story.

A FEW years ago when I lived on a ranch near Billings, Mont., a very puzzling thing happened in our chicken yard. We had a "skunk-proof" chicken house with a cement foundation, so they could not dig under the walls. It was built with a window 3 feet square in the middle of the roof, away from the walls. This window was left open for ventilation. I began losing young chickens, from two to five each night. I would find the heads, tips of the wings and the feet outside the chicken house in the mornings. It looked like the work of a skunk, but how could he have gotten them out of the house? The whole family was called upon to solve the problem. All were very sure that a skunk could not climb the straight walls, get through the window to the chickens and get out again.

Still puzzling the matter over in my mind I slipped out one morning before daybreak in time to see a gray shape disappear into the trees. My impression of it in the gloom was that it was gray and very swift—a dog or a coyote, I thought. Now the whole thing had developed into a real mystery. Since the window was the only means of access into the chicken house, we screened it that day and watched again the next morning. About daylight I discovered a large gray owl sitting on the chicken house roof near the window, very evidently wondering how he was going to get through the screen and get his usual morning feast. He did not wonder very long, because I called my husband to get the gun and shoot him.

Still the mystery remained, why would the owl catch so many chicks when one would have been all he could eat at one time? Why would he leave them in front of the chicken house when he could have flown to a tree to have his breakfast? We set a trap by the remains of the chickens and caught Mr. Skunk, who had very plainly been the owl's helper in eating up so many of them each night.

It looked like the owl was a friend of the skunk and was getting out the chicks for him, knowing he could not reach them. This was kept up for about a week, but after we caught the skunk and shot the owl we saw no more invaders.

MRS. C. R. STOLL,
3014 Southeast Salmon St., Portland.

Big Spider Takes Prey of Little One

Third Prize Story.

WHILE looking out through the window one morning, I saw a small spider that had just caught an insect in the web, and was busy weaving a net around it so that it would not escape. I noticed something moving in the corner of the web which was spun across a part of the window pane and, looking closer, I saw another spider about twice the size of the first one and evidently the owner of the web, emerging from its lair or den, intently watching spider No. 1.

The second spider moved cautiously a little at a time and would then stop, probably so as not to jar the web, and thereby give warning about its approach. The first spider, busy with securing its prey, did not seem to notice the other spider at all. At last when the second spider evidently considered that the insect was secured firmly enough, it moved quickly over to where the first spider was still busy weaving strand after strand around its victim, and commenced with its hind feet, to cut away the web around the small spider.

Sensing danger, the small spider made frantic efforts to save itself, but to no avail and soon the last strand was severed and the luckless spider fell and disappeared below the window ledge, while the victorious one got hold of the insect and after bringing it up to the den in the corner of the web, commenced to devour it.

While watching this episode, there were two things that caught my attention and surprised me.

First: The larger spider left the small spider unmolested until it had the insect securely webbed in before coming out from the corner and attacking it. This shows almost the equal to human intelligence.

Second: The easy way the larger spider severed the supporting strands around the small spider, so that it would drop to the ground. It was like the spider was using a pair of wire cutters.

E. B. ABRAHAMSON,
1525 Twenty-fourth Ave., Longview, Wash.

Fox Leaves Fleas in River to Drown

THE following incident, which my grandfather observed and related to me, is further proof that the fox is a very intelligent animal.

Years ago while fishing in the Susquehanna river in Pennsylvania, grandfather saw a fox walk out of the woods a hundred yards downstream and advance to the water's edge. The fox, quite unaware that he was being watched, was carrying something in his mouth; because of the distance, however, his burden could not be identified. Deliberately, the fox waded straight out in the shallow water until only the tip of his nose remained above the surface. Then he dropped his burden, and returned to the woods.

Grandfather was interested in the animal's behavior, and was especially curious to find what the fox had been carrying. He waded into the water and found a compact bunch of moss about the size of a baseball, which, upon investigation, was found to be literally alive with fleas.

Probably the fleas had taken shelter in the dry moss to escape the dampness of the fox's den. The fox then disposed of them by dropping them into the river, making sure that he did the job well by completely submerging himself.

VERNE F. WEBER,
7306 North Montana Ave., Portland.

A Bit of Greased Lightning

BY WALTER J. PERRY.
United States Forest Service.

SMALLEST of American quadrupeds, the shrew, less than four inches in total length, at first glance on the ground might be mistaken for some kind of very small dark mouse. Closer examination shows they have no external ears and that the nose tapers to a long, keen, flexible sort of snout. The eyes are very small. The food consists of insects, mostly found underground. This diminutive animal is rarely seen, as most of his time is spent underground. He explores the runways of moles, gophers and mice, in search of insects and worms. It is to be doubted that he does any great amount of excavating himself.

The shrew has fur so soft and fine that it feels as if greased. This feature, coupled with the long pointed wriggling wedge of a nose, makes him a very hard customer to handle—literally speaking.

I once turned up one of these little mites and attempted to capture him, he being handicapped by being in a deep clean-cut plow furrow. He was short-legged and could not run fast, also he lost time by stopping to run his long nose under clods and into nooks and crannies in search of a hole or some soft place where he could easily dig himself in, so there was no difficulty in keeping up with him—but, merely keeping up with him and actually capturing him proved to be entirely different propositions!

He seemed so tiny and soft that I was afraid of mashing him, so I attempted to pick him up with a thumb and two fingers gently—just as easy as picking up a 3½-inch section of the proverbial greased lightning! I finally succeeded in scooping him up in both hands and thought I had him, but instantly the little gimlet-like nose was extruded between my fingers and the unbelievably sleek little body just simply oozed through after it! Slick! Why a young eel would, I think, be as a roll of sandpaper by comparison! But he was finally made captive and kept for many days.

On getting him home, arose the question of what to feed him. Insects? Worms? Yes, any of them! That dimunitive gourmand almost kept me busy rustling provender for him! He would greedily consume unbelievable quantities of angleworms, which appeared to be his favorite food, and were not difficult to provide. He was offered various insects and killed and ate them all alike.

Placed in a large tin vessel from which he could not climb, and, say a large roach tossed down into the arena, something like this would occur: The shrew would at first approach his visitor slowly with his long sensitive nose all aquiver and his "whiskers" erected and trembling; then the roach would start to run swiftly around the periphery of the arena with the killer in hot pursuit, the race growing faster and faster until finally the luckless roach was overtaken, seized by the nape of the neck—if a roach has such a thing—and it was all over but the eating, and that was the short act of the performance.

As a final test of the killer's courage and prowess, he having easily vanquished all comers so far, there was placed in the "bloody arena" a grasshopper. A tremendously large grasshopper it was, nearly as heavy as the killer himself. Now this fraction-of-an-ounce-sized demon was not hungry at the time, or in all reason should not have been. But did he hesitate an instant to tackle this armored monster that had come into his view and thereby, in his opinion, challenged him to mortal combat? Not he!

He does not suffer from an inferiority complex in any company, and his little hide is simply stuffed with physical courage; his very whiskers emanate it! He sprang boldly upon the grasshopper's back, but his little teeth failed to hold in the armored shoulders and with a great leap he was thrown whirling across the arena.

He returned like a lion to the combat and on the third attempt, after being jerked and hammered around the ring, he secured a death hold at the back of the grasshopper's head which he did not again relinquish while his enemy stirred. Within an hour he had eaten all the softer portions of the grasshopper's body.

"As brave as a lion?" We should say "as brave as a shrew!"

Flood Takes Nest of Humming Bird

WHEN the Willamette river reached flood stage last June a tragedy of bird life took place on a rocky cliff at Oregon City. I had been watching from the porch of my houseboat a pair of humming birds flitting around the mock orange bushes which cover the cliff. One day I discovered their tiny nest fastened to a branch. The mother bird became frightened and flew off at once, so I had a good opportunity to examine her nest.

It was made of soft green moss, scarcely an inch wide and deep inside, lined with white cotton and cleverly camouflaged on the outside with flecks of some kind of white seed. It contained two small white eggs about the size of peas. I watched it daily, anxious to see the eggs hatch.

About a week later the river began to rise rapidly, and, as the little nest was scarcely three feet above the water, I wanted to raise it up higher. My husband told me the mother bird would abandon it if I disturbed it, so I did not touch it, and I've been sorry ever since. After dark that night I heard the distressed call of the humming bird. She kept it up for some time, and I knew something had happened.

I found the little nest, submerged under about six inches of water next morning. The poor little mother bird sat on a branch peering down at it, all the time sounding her piercing call.

I raised the nest out of the water and fastened it as high up as I could reach, but she did not pay any attention to it all dripping wet, just sat peering into the water, off and on calling all of one day, then disappeared.

Almost two weeks after this happened two more birds were flitting around the bushes, and finally I found another nest, several feet above the first one. I do not know whether birds build again the same season if their first nest is destroyed, but if so bird wisdom evidently warned them there was danger too near the water. "Safety first" seemed to be their motto when building their second home, if it was the same pair.

FLORA F. DOUTHIT,
Oregon City, Or.

Pursuers Outwitted by Escaped Badger

ONE cold winter morning just as the boys were going to breakfast Foxy, the trapper, came to the ranch house door and called, "Say, fellers, come see what I've got in the zoo. It's a ring-tailed Jim-dandy."

Breakfast was forgotten, the boys were from the big city and anything Foxy brought in was of greater interest than hot cakes and coffee.

When they reached the zoo, a large heavily netted cage, they saw the "ring-tailed Jim-dandy," a big, sullen badger. He was a beauty, but gave every evidence of not liking his new home.

One of the boys was a furrier, so he decided to take Mr. Badger to the city and place him in a show window. This he did, after various difficulties. The badger created quite a sensation, but he was an unruly rascal and caused consternation in the shop several times by breaking bounds. He was put out in the back yard, where tunneling was his favorite occupation. He would never eat when anyone was about, but must have consumed food, for it disappeared.

One morning they found his chain broken and Mr. Badger gone. He could not be found, and two days passed. Then about 10 o'clock the third morning a young man came running into the fur shop.

"Your pet badger is over at the drug store," he called. "He is in the doorway and won't get out. Come get him. There is a regular panic over there."

When the owner got there he found his badger in an ugly humor. A badger in that mood is no joke. How to catch him without a disturbance was a problem. The worried owner rushed off to his shop to get a box, chain or whatever he could find. As soon as he disappeared Mr. Badger deliberately walked out of the door, across the sidewalk into the street. Motorists tooted their horns, stopped and gaped at the unknown animal. Mr. Badger proceeded on his way into the yard of a residence. There he began digging furiously.

When the owner returned he followed the trail, but when he came to that mound of freshly dug dirt he gave up the chase. Mr. Badger was certainly headed for his sylvan home, even if he had to tunnel his way under a great city.

M. E. DAVIS,
4623 Lomita St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Doe Wiggles Tail; Fawns Heed Signal

THIS is a story showing how deer use their brains to protect their young. One day my father was hunting in Clatsop county when suddenly he came upon a doe with two fawns, not many yards away. He stood very still and they stood motionless for a few minutes, watching him.

Then the doe tipped her short tail twice to one side, and the fawns obeyed the command instantly, gliding into the ferns. The doe waited a few minutes, watching my father, then disappeared quietly after them.

The little fawns appeared to understand their mother's sign language perfectly.

ESTHER E. KEISTER,
1880 Southwest Fifth Ave., Portland.

Bears Eat Morsels Intended for Jays

IN THE Salt creek game refuge of Lane county, high up on the side of Coyote mountain, is the location of the railway station of Frazier, Or. During November of 1926, while stationed there, I had got a nice mess of white fish from O'Dell lake, and after cleaning them threw the waste over the yard fence in order that the numerous bluejays might enjoy a feast. The board used to lay the fish on while scaling was deposited in the back yard.

That night after the full moon had risen, we were awakened by strange sounds, and upon looking through the windows saw a female black bear, accompanied by two fair-sized cubs, enjoying themselves with the board that had been used for scaling the fish. The mother bear was in a sitting position with body erect and with the forelegs resting at her sides, closely resembling a human sitting upon the ground. She was gazing intently upon the playful antics of her youthful progeny.

If one cub sought to lick the board, the other would attempt to cast him aside and, if successful, would then take his turn. At times they both would stand erect, placing their arms around each other and engage in a wrestling bout. Their rivalry for the possession of the board continued for approximately 20 minutes, and apparently the combatants were evenly matched, as neither would yield possession or permit the other to join in the "lick-fest."

After mother bear had enjoyed the show to her full satisfaction, she arose on all fours and evidently signaled her offspring that it was time to be going, for they leisurely climbed over the fence and were soon hidden in the depths of the forest in the direction from whence they came.

E. E. EDWARDS,
156 West Sixteenth Ave., Eugene, Or.

Salt Explains Odd Acts of Butterfly

WHILE sawing fir logs on a private timber tract last summer I experienced an unusual episode. As, stripped to my waist with perspiration streaming, I was working in the merciless glare of the midday sun, I noticed a large butterfly fluttering about my head in a series of irregular circles.

Having apparently convinced himself that I was harmless, the insect gradually shortened the diameter of his jerky arcs and came to rest on my shoulder, his tapered wings majestically rising and lowering. Cognizant of the fact that this lovely creature was entirely harmless, I assumed an air of nonchalance and continued my work as though totally unaware of his presence. Evidently belonging to the roving type, he sauntered up and down my back and explored the contour of my face, at the same time seeming to enjoy the swaying rhythm of my body as I swung to and fro on the saw.

After approximately 2½ hours of this unique friendship my newly made acquaintance, deciding that he had other matters of greater importance to attend to, soared off into the hazy summer atmosphere, gaining altitude on each wisp of wind.

I related this event to a friend, a student of biology, and he explained that salt is a rare delicacy to butterflies. In the tropics, wherever natural salt deposits are located you will find thousands of these insects fluttering about to get their share of salt.

B. F. STACY.
668 Franklin Avenue, Astoria, Or.

Gophers Fill Nests With Winter Food

SOME years ago, 1883 to 1890, we lived on a farm in Yamhill county. Adjoining our garden plot were some orchard trees which had not been cultivated and the sod was full of wild grass and burdock.

One year my husband decided to plow it up, and we found that gophers, which, by the way, were quite numerous, had many nests well stored with supplies for the winter. There were burdock roots neatly cut in even lengths and piled up like cordwood, also ears of corn, tomatoes, green onions aplenty, and all neatly packed in cords like wood. To be sure, the plowing destroyed all their supplies, which seemed a real pity.

MRS. SUSAN WRIGHT,
Garibaldi, Or.

Rules for the Wild Life Lines Page

The Oregonian awards three prizes for the best short stories of wild life printed on this page each Sunday. First prize will be $5, second prize $2 and third prize $1.

No payment will be made for other stories printed on this page. The Oregonian reserves the right to publish any stories submitted for prizes.

All contributions must be written legibly on one side of the paper. They must be concise and no longer than necessary to tell the incident clearly—not longer than 500 words in any case. Only true incidents will be considered. Preference will be given stories which indicate that the wild life subjects seemingly reasoned for themselves. Incidents that occurred in the Pacific northwest are preferred. Stories solely about domesticated animals cannot be considered.

Every contribution will receive careful consideration, but the editor cannot carry on correspondence with contributors. Lack of space forbids acknowledgment of all communications.

Checks for stories printed will be mailed to prize winners on the tenth day of the month following the month during which the prize-winning stories appear.

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Religion in College

Dr. Dubach Contributes Final Chapter in "What Every Freshman Should Know."

BY DR. U. G. DUBACH.
Dean of Men, Oregon State College.

SIT with any group of students around a fireplace or bonfire and after other questions of less importance are exhausted the conversation will almost invariably swing around to God and religion. This is not merely my experience, but that of scores of men who have taken part in these serious fireside discussions that the students are wont to refer to by that inelegant but expressive term "bullfest."



Dr. U. G. Dubach.

In these discussions one will find all sorts of opinions expressed—some of which would shock the orthodox mind unused to dealing with questioning youth. Frequently they begin by telling how impossible our programs are—how impossible God is in the modern world as we have explained him. But always when at their best students show a genuine longing for some explanation of themselves, the universe, why and where.

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In a sense college is but an extension of high school experience. However, in a vital sense it is otherwise. For a vast majority of students college means a severing of home ties. For the first time boys and girls are actually on their own. They start from scratch, so to speak. They hope in most cases to extend their mental horizons. Many will take pains to keep physically fit. The majority will hope to become socially adapted. But all too often spiritual development will not be given a planned place in the program.

Religiously speaking, students can be classified roughly into three groups. First, there will be that small percentage who come with closed minds. Either they will be set on having nothing at all to do with religious instruction and teaching or they will have all religious problems solved in advance and are now prepared to ride along on fixed truths. Without a revolution neither of these will be changed much by college. Fortunately this group is small.

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A second and comparatively large group is made up of those who use college as a holiday from religious trainings and habits of home. These find it comfortable to sleep or loaf about boarding houses or fraternities during the time of religious meetings or study. They are more or less neutral—going to church on convenient occasions, such as Easter or Mother's day. They keep their religious experience flickering by nominal but not too vigorous contact with the spiritual opportunities so easily available. After college a majority of these will find themselves in religious organizations, but will most surely find themselves short in the development which college could have given them.

One of many such cases comes to mind. A fine young fellow transferred to our college from another state. He had lived during his freshman year with a group where God was counted out by these self-sufficient undergraduates. By an odd circumstance he found himself here with a group where quite the opposite was true—but for the first year he had little but a sneer for things religious.

He passed soon to the "neutral" stage, and then late in his senior year awoke fully to a realization of fundamental values he had been missing. In an Oregon community he soon became a leader in church and other community movements. But he was first to admit that his effectiveness was cramped and his personal satisfaction lessened by his too-long disregard while in college of his spiritual education and development.

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A third group, possibly a minority in college, is made up of those vitally interested and determined to keep their spiritual horizons widened along with mental, physical and social. Their minds are not closed. They are not sure of everything, not bound by preconceived notions, but seek to augment their understanding through every available resource. They are not overturned by every advanced or even radical teaching, whether in class or out. Neither are they swept away by emotional cocksure enthusiasts in religion. These are well grounded, but willing to test their spiritual and religious programs with the same care as their courses in mathematics and science. This group, when enlarged, will furnish the real leadership in the solution of the problems of the future, because their training will prepare them to face all the facts when great emergencies come.

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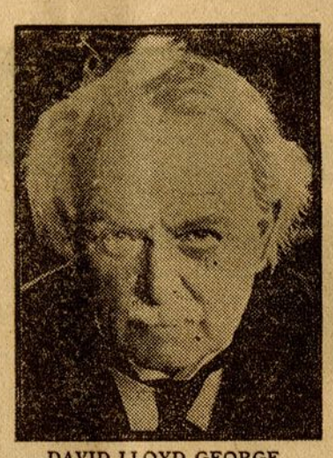
It is not now and never has been truly "collegiate," or modern, and certainly not learned, to leave religion out of one's education. Students, just as others, are fundamentally religious. In this they are in good company. Professor Arthur Compton, a Nobel prize winner and one of our most eminent living physicists, was quoted only a few months ago by Charles Milton Newcomb, an eminent psychologist, as saying that he had found evidence strongly suggestive of a directive intelligence or purpose back of everything. President Robert Millikan, another Nobel prize winner, says the scientist joins with the psalmist in reverently proclaiming, "the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

In the great facts of life we understand only in part. So it is with religion. Experience of the ages, if followed as we follow the rules in the laboratory, will produce results in religion.

THE END.

Lloyd George Book Is Ably Handled

EDITED BY WEBSTER A. JONES



DAVID LLOYD GEORGE
ex-prime minister who writes of wartime England in memoirs.



VINCENT SHEEAN
who has written a novel of a modern healer in "The Tide."



ALICE TISDALE HOBART
Author of striking novel of the orient, "Oil for the Lamps of China." (Drawing by F. Bolles.)



MANUEL KOMROFF
whose new novel, "I, the Tiger," is filled with adventure. (Drawing by Zadig.)



ALEXANDER KNOX
who writes with real knowledge of the Canadian wildness in "Bridge of Quietness."



FRANCIS H. SIBSON
whose story of shipwreck, "Unthinkable," makes exciting reading.

Statesman Has Unusual Ability in Use of Words

War Memoirs of David Lloyd George. Volume 1. 1914-1915. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE may have blundered many times in politics, but he certainly doesn't fumble in the use of the English language. The first volume of his war memoirs is filled with graceful and skillful writing; his prose is vigorous, direct and bright. It arouses a feeling of regret that American statesmen, no matter how brilliant their political careers, or their ability, or their achievements, have been poor and often dull writers. How fascinated modern readers would be if some of the large events in our history had been described by the participants with the forceful English of Lloyd George or the gusto of Winston Churchill!

This genuine excellence of his English, which makes the book highly readable, is the feature which impresses first. Perhaps this is true because of the contrast afforded by the heavy, stolidly written tomes of other war-time leaders. Perhaps it is because we expected Lloyd George's memoirs to be something entirely different, probably having the cheap qualities of some of his political speeches.

Other elements, his sense of the dramatic, his accurate picture of affairs in England and of the cabinet during 1914 and 1915, with the important events of the ten years before, his intimate sketches of important figures of the period, his sweeping criticism of the inefficiency and the mistakes of the politicans, the generals and the war leaders help to make this first volume distinctive among the flood of memoirs dealing with the great debacle. If this is an indication of what the other three volumes will contain, we are in for delightful reading between now and the autumn of 1934, when the final volume will appear.

No one is spared. Not even David Lloyd George. He has set himself to the task of writing the story of the war years without trying to dodge the unpleasant in events or men. Carefully he has recorded what he heard and saw in England and the continent, using his best judgment, from the vast accumulation of facts he had at his disposal in making estimates.

Sometimes he is brutal in his criticism of his colleagues and the generals and leaders with whom he worked as the only member of the British cabinet who remained continuously in office throughout the world war. He saw behind the masks and through the hocus-pocus halo that surrounded the popular heroes. His utter frankness is startling and his method of presenting his estimates in brisk, straightforward English is equally so. Most English statesmen have been kind to their colleagues and have dulled the sharpness of their criticisms by evasive verbiage.

Many pages are devoted to Sir Edward Grey, secretary of state for foreign affairs from 1905 to 1916, the "strong, silent" man who could have prevented the world war, Lloyd George believes, but who bungled the job in the crisis.

Lord Kitchener, who fumbled as no English general ever fumbled before, is presented with all his deficiencies and failures. It is surprising that Lloyd George has been as kind as he has to Lord Kitchener, for that general, with his colossal mistakes, was vulnerable from every angle.

The kaiser, Winston Churchill, Count Paul Wolff-Metternich, Sir John French, Herbert Henry Asquith, many French and English generals and Roosevelt are among the other persons sketched as severely.

Lloyd George has written the story of the world war only as he saw it as a member of the cabinet. It is revealing, because he considers the phases which are not emphasized in the usual histories. It is a personal record which helps to explain the affair and its development.

Particularly illuminating are his chapters on the "brewing of the storm," the hashing of attempts to prevent it by Sir Edward Grey, the financial crisis and the drawing up of the first war budget, the terrible fight for munitions he conducted as minister for munitions, the strategy of the war on both the eastern and western fronts, the collapse of the Russian armies and the tragedy that overtook Serbia.

The first volume ends with the triumph of Lloyd George in forcing Lord Kitchener out of control. The second volume, which will be issued in November, will include the story of American neutrality, a review of the period when Lloyd George was the secretary of state for war and the events leading up to the resignation of Mr. Asquith and his own appointment as prime minister, with the events of the war sketched in for solid background.

Out of the East.

The Tide, by Vincent Sheean. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Out of the east comes Menachem Honotzri, and around him Mr. Sheean has written a fast-moving, interesting tale in straight-from-the-shoulder language. When Menachem Honotzri, the Master, brought a man back to life on his Atlantic crossing thousands waited at the pier to greet him. Newspaper reporters and photographers thronged aboard the ship. A wealthy society woman waited to greet him. In America the Master found a fast-moving nation to which he was not accustomed. Rushed so speedily, as a sob-sister put it privately, the "poor little guy didn't have a chance." When first the newspaper men heard him approaching the library in which they waited aboard ship they saw a strange golden light through the door. When he sailed, with a nation sneering, that same brilliant luster outlined his slight figure. None could say whether he was Messiah, saint, redeemer or charlatan. Mr. Sheean does not attempt to answer the question. Menachem Honotzri appears only twice in the story, once when he arrives, again when he leaves. What he was the reader must decide through the medium of the other characters—the reporters, the photographers, the society woman, the financier and a dozen others. This is a very tactfully handled story.

Modern Jungle Beast.

I, the Tiger, by Manuel Komroff. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc.

Manuel Komroff, so thoroughly at home in historical narrative—witness his "Coronet," "New York Tempest"—has with equal success projected the strange, wise mind of the jungle beast against a background of modern civilization. Through the Tiger we are given a splendid, ironic picture of men. The picture painted of man shows him vain, cruel, comic, weak, loving and generous. This is one story told by an animal that should prove extremely popular. Ninebranch was in love with Madri, white, honey-tinted tigress of the forest. He is captured by Zeller, the cruel. In America Ninebranch becomes Rajah. His life in the circus, in the movies and among the people he sees furnishes a splendid opportunity for character study from an animal's viewpoint. The central theme is Ninebranch's vow to kill Zeller.

32 Shipwrecked Men.

Unthinkable, by Francis Sibson. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas.

Devotees of mystery stories number among them some internationally distinguished minds. There was Woodrow Wilson, for one. Scholar, educator, diplomat, president of the United States, he loved mystery stories. He would have liked this one. It comprises the adventures of 32 men under a courageous leader shipwrecked on a British antarctic expedition. Radio destroyed, hoped-for relief fails to materialize. Setting out in a ship's boat, they discover and board a derelict steamer. Their labors in restoring the disabled engines is reminiscent of Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea." To divulge the denouement would be unfair to author, publisher and reader, but the latter may be assured of 352 pages of entertainment.

Worthwhile Lessons.

Better Citizenship for Little Americans, by Edith Wilhelmina Lawson. Chicago: Beckley-Cardy company.

Little stories which emphasize carefulness, thrift, the right use of money, the need for saving time, reliability, health, self-control and kindred subjects go to make up this book. There are many worth-while lessons on conduct both as a member of the home and school family, and as a little citizen. In addition to the delightful stories are a number of little rhymes and a short play, "The Club of Real Americans." The play gives the qualities demanded for good citizenship and shows how each contributes to communal life.

Startling Mystery Tale.

Five Fatal Days, by Jack Woodford. New York: Carlyle house.

The author of "Unmoral" tries his hand at a mystery in a semi-serious manner. In "Five Fatal Days" he has produced an interesting, not too horrible, story of young Monroe Borden, who awoke after a night of wining to find a dead man beside him in bed. Then he learns that he arrived home the night before carrying the corpse on his shoulder. The dead man proves to be Sewell Turner, a roue who knows a little about everything from silk stockings to preparing a dog for prize showing. In his pocket is a memorandum book crowded with women's names, among them that of Priscilla Foster, which attracts aristocratic Monroe because she is marked N. G. From then on his effort to find out where he acquired the corpse takes a humorous and sexy turn. Author Woodford, with "Unmoral" on his mind, seems unable to decide whether to make this book unmoral, too.

Romantic Ireland.

The Moon of the Yellow River, by Denis Johnston. New York: Samuel French.

This three act play, which was presented by the New York Theater guild early in 1932 for 40 performances, is a dark, brooding and introspective study of Irish national psychology. A perusal of the drama may leave the reader somewhat in doubt as to just what the playwright was driving at, but the gist of the thing seems to be that Ireland is incurably romantic—like Li Po, who also died drunk, trying to embrace a moon in the Yellow river.

Verse for Children.

Think a Bit, by Carrie Leighton Adams.

The verse of Carrie Leighton Adams, Portland poet, is well known to Oregon readers. In this small volume she has compiled her thoughts of patriotism, love of home, fellow-feeling, kindness to animals, gratitude and love to God and beauties and wonders of nature. It is dedicated to the children, about whom she writes. Illustrations are by Joy B. Feteland. Children will find much pleasure in reading these verses.

A Humane Queen?

The Crimson Queen, by Daniel Henderson New York: Duffield & Green.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary was this "Crimson Queen." Bloody Mary a long line of historians have called her. But here comes Daniel Henderson, who has a handful of nice things to say about the least popular ruler England has ever known. Although she made many enemies, many bitter foes in her own household, by her freedom in signing death warrants, it is not for these legal murders that Queen Mary is so hated by the English—it is because she surrendered Calais to the French. Mr. Henderson finds that Mary had a human side, that had men loved her more and had she enjoyed a different childhood from the one that cursed her maybe she would have been a popular queen and a beloved person. But it will take more than the clever pen of Daniel Henderson to change the world's opinion of "Bloody Mary."

Russians in Exile.

The Homesick Million, by W. Chapin Huntington. Boston: The Stratford company.

The unhappy lot of the more than a million Russian refugees scattered throughout the world as a result of the Russian revolution, which upset their lives and destroyed practically all they had toiled for, is described with feeling by W. Chapin Huntington in this story of a "people without a country." He writes that this exodus of Russians is the most tremendous emigration due to political persecution which has occurred in modern times, dwarfing the exodus of the French emigrees of 1789 and the departure of the Huguenots before the ravages of the soldiers of Louis XIV. All the dramatic elements in the history of the exodus and the painful efforts of the refugees to adjust themselves to new worlds are familiar to Mr. Huntington. As a commercial attache of the American embassy on New Year's day, 1917, he was presented to Tsar Nicholas II of Russia. Two months later the tsar abdicated. He saw the stirring events of the first days of the revolution, the Kerensky government and the rise of the bolsheviks under Lenin and Trotsky. He witnessed the start of the exodus. Recently he resumed relations with the many old Russian friends in exile and gathered material for this book.

The Glorious West.

Highways of Oregon, by Harriet Markham Gill. Portland: Metropolitan Press.

Oregon's highways have been made the subject of interesting verse by Harriet Markham Gill, Oregon writer, who desires to help people "get better acquainted with the highways and byways of Oregon and the Oregon country, that more people may enjoy the beauties of nature in this land of the glorious west."

Beginning with "Highways of Oregon," she follows with verses about "The Vista House," "Morning in the Hills," "The Columbia River Highway," "Let Me Go Down to the Sea" and many others with equal appeal. Actual photographs of the Oregon country are reproduced for illustrations. Here is a volume every Oregonian will prize.

Search for Love.

To Live Alone, by D. Michael Kaye. New York: Frederick A. Stokes company.

This is a study of Arden Shane, a strong-willed Irish girl possessed of both beauty and brains. She is asked to leave a convent in Rome because she is a bad influence on other girls. With her background established, the author plunges into the heart of his story, the search of Arden Shane for love and accomplishment. Three men weave their way in the loves of the girl, but her honesty and ideals enable her to see too far into the minds of the men. Her decision is—to live alone. This seeing through things was her chief fault, the author wrote. In a woman it was an unforgivable sin. The author has presented a splendid study.

Suspense Sustained.

Murder at Bayside, by Raymond Robins. New York: The Thomas Y. Crowell company.

A mystery story with an unusual plot and a problem which quite defies solution until the thrilling expose at the end is this author's first book. The action drags a bit at times, but the suspense is well sustained. A large estate in Maryland is the setting for the murder of Cyrus Evans, wealthy head of a decaying family. His adopted son and two nephews each in turn comes under suspicion. The suicide-appearing murder of one of the nephews brings the case to a head.

Haida Indian Life.

The Big Canoe, by Lurline Bowles Mayol. New York: D. Appleton-Century company.

Life among the Haida Indians, dwellers of the Queen Charlotte islands, off British Columbia, is described thrillingly in this book of a group of stories for boys and girls. The Haida tribe, unique among their race, are pictured in life at home, on the hunt and warpath by an author who knows of what he writes. It is an exceptionally fine book for young people and one that will find wide interest. The stories are well illustrated.

Riding to Reduce.

College on Horseback, by Esther Greenacre Hall. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas.

The adventures of Holly Daggett, Colorado ranch girl, in her strenuous quest for an education, and how she built up a riding academy "for reducing classes" at Sierra university make this story for girls by the author of "The Here-to-Yonder Girl" pleasant reading. The swiftly moving life of a college campus provides the background for the story.

Outdoors in Verse.

Colored Leaves, by Amy Woodward. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers.

In these 90 sonnets Amy Woodward has woven the beauties of nature, the vagaries and hazards of life and the grimness of death. The songs cover a wide range, but throughout is the influence of "Colored Leaves," the great outdoors and the west.

"Oil for Lamps of China" Well Written Story

Oil for the Lamps of China, by Alice Tisdale Hobart. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill company.

IN "Oil for the Lamps of China" Mrs. Hobart has written a well-knit, absorbing story masterfully told. It is the story of Stephen Chase, a sensitive, idealistic young mining engineer whom circumstances force into a clerkship with a big American oil company in China. And his young wife—whose strange romance, which develops through strife and adversity into a deep and abiding love, would make a story all its own. Stephen, loyal, honest, dependable, even in the face of seeing his own ideas being used and accepted by the "company" as its own. Nor does Hester escape the making of courageous sacrifices for the sake of Stephen and the company.

The background is China—China of the old regime and the new, presenting its racial traits, customs and characteristics to be solved by this man as he continues his advancement with the "company." The magnitude that is China is almost submerged in the vastness of the company's business. Even the patience, the custom, the traditions that were old China—the revolt, uncertainty and bloodshed that mark the new, cannot curb the steady growth and increasing power that is the "company."

Between China and the "company" Stephen finds personal adjustment difficult. The patience that he learned from old China, the spark of idealism which is forever alive in his innermost self, burning with the same steady light which he tries to introduce with his lamps into the homes of all China, guides him through strife and turmoil, the depths of despair, the heights of happiness, to an acceptance of fate.

Mrs. Hobart is well fitted for the writing of a book of such magnitude. Her residence in China covered a period of nearly 16 years. She saw the end of the Manchus, the coming of the republic. She knows intimately the endless plains of Manchuria and the "green valley" of interior China of which she writes. No one who did not know the country, or who had not watched the progress of American business among its people could have written so intimately yet so understandingly and kindly of the warring of two such mighty forces—American industry and oriental tradition.

In Stephen and his associates she has created real men and women—people of whom Americans can well be proud to know are carrying on business in foreign countries. It is their lives against the forces of China and the "company." That they will carry on without loss of face one feels confident.

GWLADYS BOWEN.

Love in the Woods.

Bride of Quietness, by Alexander Knox. New York: The Macmillan company.

This is the story of Peter Gignac, son of a wealthy man, and Jean, daughter of a French woodsmen. At the end of a hunting trip with his father in the Canadian woods Peter finds he is in love with Jean and remains behind. In love, but fearing that Peter's father will not consent to their marriage, they live together without his knowledge. The climax comes when the elder Gignac returns in an effort to take his son home. Alexander Knox has written with simplicity and force of a country he evidently knows well.

Books Received During Past Week

Books are listed as received. Some of them will be reviewed later. Many of the volumes are not yet procurable by the public, on account of delayed publication and distribution.

FICTION.

The Dragon Murder Case, by S. S. Van Dine. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Ru the Conqueror, by Jackson Gregory. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Women in the Sun, by Benedict Thielen. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill company.

Murder Day by Day, by Irvin S. Cobb. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill company.

The Way Beyond, by Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Hag's Harvest, by J. B. Morton. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Red Rhapsody, by Cortland Fitzsimmons. New York: Frederick A. Stokes company.

Romantic Adventurers, by Maurice Walsh. New York: Frederick A. Stokes company.

Where Is My Mother? by Charles Gilmore Kerley. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas, Inc.

Passionate Puritan, by Alice Rose Calver. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Thou My Beloved, by Elisabeth Stancy Payne. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

There's Always Another Year, by Martha Ostenso. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Changing Patterns, by William Dana Orcutt. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Hash Knife Outfit, by Zane Grey. New York: Harper & Bros.

Lone Rider, by Hildegarde Hawthorne. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

The Queen's Harem, by James G. Dunton. New York: Sears Publishing company.

Prairie Anchorage, by Marjorie Medary. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Shadow of Chu-Sheng, by Eugene Thomas. New York: Sears Publishing company.

Red Clay, by Frederic Arnold Kummer. New York: Sears Publishing company.

I, the Tiger, by Manuel Komroff. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc.

The Bishop of Havana, by Pendleton Hogan. New York: Ives Washburn.

The Three Mustangeers, by Will James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Tide, by Vincent Sheean. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Bride of Quietness, by Alexander Knox. New York: Macmillan company.

Light Burlesque, by Charles Moody. Boston: Meador Publishing company.

Human Gips, by Boris V. Monamack. Los Angeles, Cal.: Overland-Outwest Publications.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Salem in the Seventeenth Century, by James Durman Phillips. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin company.

The Crimson Queen, by Daniel Henderson. New York: Duffield & Green.

Bethel and Aurora, by Robert J. Hendricks. New York: Press of the Pioneers.

POETRY, RELIGION AND DRAMA.

Give Your Heart to the Hawks, by Robinson Jeffers. New York: Random house.

Tides of Life, by Laura Estelle Hartge. Boston: Meador Publishing company.

Shore Leave, by Hubert Osborne. New York: Samuel French.

Detecto-Plays, by Sidney Thompson and George V. Denny Jr. New York: Samuel French.

Whistling in the Dark, by Lawrence Gross and Edward Childs Carpenter. New York: Samuel French.

The Mad Hapes, by Romney Brent. New York: Samuel French.

Wooden Kimono, by John Floyd. New York: Samuel French.

Life's Highway, by Edgar A. Guest. Chicago: Reilly & Lee.

The House of Juke, by Valentine Davies. New York: Samuel French.

The Queen's Nose, by Russell Medcraft. New York: Samuel French.

Treasure Island, by Jules Eckert Goodman. New York: Samuel French.

The Moon in Yellow River, by Denis Johnston. New York: Samuel French.

Leave It to Psmith, by Ian Hay and P. G. Wodehouse. New York: Samuel French.

The Gossipy Sex, by Lawrence Grattan. New York Samuel French.

Pierrot Meets Himself, by Ralph E. Renaud. New York: Samuel French.

There Goes the Bride, by Dorothy Thomas. New York: Samuel French.

She Wouldn't Stay Put, by Marion Short. New York: Samuel French.

Betty's Bungalow, by Marie Doran. New York: Samuel French.

OTHER NON-FICTION.

Far Eastern Front, by Edgar Snow. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas, Inc.

War Memoirs of David Lloyd George, 1914-1915. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

America in Search of Culture, by William Aylott Orton. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

With My Own Eyes, by Frederick Palmer. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill company.

Sex in the Plant World, by Wilfred W. Robbins and Helen Monesmith Pearson. New York: D. Appleton-Century company.

Are You a Genius? by Robert A. Streeter and Robert G. Hoehn. New York: Frederick A. Stokes company.

Germany—Twilight or New Dawn? anonymous. New York: McGraw-Hill Book company.

Finding a Job, by Roger W. Babson. New York. Fleming H. Revell & Co.

Science of Mind, by J. Madison Lively. Portland, Or.: Metropolitan Press.

Unitivity, by Emmett C. Huffer. Boston: Meador Publishing company.

JUVENILE.

Ojo in Oz, by L. Frank Baum. Chicago: Reilly & Lee.

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Oregonian Verse

A Column of First-Publication Poetry; Edited by Ethel Romig Fuller.

ALL poems received by the poetry editor, The Oregonian, will be given careful consideration. Because of the large number of contributions received, it is not possible to enter discussions or correspondence pertaining to the merits of verse. Persons desiring the return of unpublished poems should include a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Payment of $1 is made for each published poem.

* * *

All intelligent reading is a collaboration with the author. In that communion we feel akin and in that pleasure we find our aim.

ANN BATCHELDER,
October, 1933, Delineator.

* * *

Many have experienced the poignancy of forest dawn, but only a poet could have snared it in words.

Last Hour.

Before night steals from dew-drenched woods, wide-eyed I sometimes wake
To see the moon drop slow behind the dark fir-jagged crest;
Snug-blanketed I lie in camp beside the misty lake,
Content as any waking bird warm in its feathered nest.

I feel the dew thick in my hair; I listen to the hush
That pulses in the forest while the late night lingers on;
I hear a moonlight grazing deer astir in leafy brush;
I mark a fir spire quiver in a wind portending dawn.

Hour soon to fade: The dark woods fill with vast expectancies—
A thrush flings to a calling thrush the crystal-clear reply;
Hour when I gaze long at the Bear, and count the Pleiades,
And wait to watch the gray star-thief tiptoing up the sky.

COURTLAND MATTHEWS,
Portland.

* * *

Sheer lyricism in these lines.

They Do Not Know.

They say that you will leave,
As lovers do,
A row of blighted days
Once white with you.

They do not know that now
I shall not care
How swift the wind—the wind that sweeps
My garden bare.

This season, too, can swing
Through a brief arc,
If I may take its sun
Into the dark;

If I may take its song—
Shaped softly then—
Under my quiet hands
To earth again.

ADA HASTINGS HEDGES,
Portland.

* * *

Etched in black and white, this delightful bit.

Moonglade.

The live oaks whisper secretly
And drip their hoary moss
Like bearded centenarians.
Fantastic forms emboss
Nigrescent water; and across
The still bayou is flung
A lucent bridge of amber light
Cast by the moon, so briefly hung
Upon the backdrop of the night.

MARJORIE HUNT PETTIT,
Roseburg, Or.

* * *

Read aloud, these lines have the lilting cadence of running water.

Brook Interval.

This brook, as others, gains its force
Of purposes by going down:
It serves along its valley course
As crystal stairs from fishes' town
To town, as pools of looking-glass
To space and bank-wise foliage, grass
And flowers, and as a singing source
Of earth. Untaught by men as yet,
It mouths no song of life and death,
But sings, as always through the fret
Of time, a song its own of small,
Cool undertones—immortal sound
Eluding shape of word and breath—
And runs, a self-clear interval,
Between two strips of meadow ground.

WALTER EVANS KIDD,
Eugene, Or.

* * *

In her characteristically cryptic style.

The Old Tale.

All stories are much the same, once they are told;
Only in the telling are they strange on the tongue.
Passionate youth clamors its need is old.
And desperate age whispers its need is young.

Lovers walk by the white syringa bush at dusk,
Forever wrapped in its fragrance, and take no note.
When they are old, on a dark street, that musk
Of forgotten eagerness will harry the throat.

Yes, stories are much alike; and their end is pain—
For what has been lost, for what has been missed entire.
To youth, youth, and to age, age is a chain,
And when desire is dead we would cry back desire.

GRACE STONE COATES,
Martinsdale, Mont.

"I'm No Angel! Why Should I Be?"

Ah, But She Is, This Mae West Person. She Doesn't Smoke, Drink, or Go on Parties

BY MAE WEST.

I WOULDN'T shed these curves for a million—even if I could. I worked getting them. I swallowed enough cream, pastries and sweets to fill a Signal Hill oil tank, threw on a pair of high heels and a pompadour and turned the result into "Diamond Lil," a little gal that played New York for a long, long time.

I've been proud of that figure ever since, and I'm still taking care of it.

I'm proud of a lot of other things. I've had satisfaction out of life, the satisfaction that comes from doing what you start out to do. I started out to entertain the world. It's been a thrill, a sob and a laugh. I've handed them all to myself, and I've handed them on to you.

* * *

Baby Mae West, if anyone cares, arrived in a Brooklyn, N. Y., home in the customary and approved manner. My mother was French, beautiful, talented, temperamental and energetic. Beside her bed on that occasion stood a little man. He was Battling Jack West, my father. He was a featherweight boxer in the days when fighters had to step out of their class and give and take anywhere from 20 to 40 pounds. Dad usually gave.

Heaven couldn't have given me more in a mother and father. They gave me everything I had a right to have; health, femininity, ambition, confidence—and fight. I've taken advantage of it all.

* * *

I faced my first theater audience as a professional actress when I was five years of age. In our neighborhood there flourished an extremely popular stock company—that of Hal Clarenden. I had done some imitations at church socials in the neighborhood and Hal Clarenden heard about me. He engaged me at the Gotham theater to entertain audiences between the acts of such old-time plays as "Shenandoah," "The City" and "The Bells." For the next seven years I appeared in many plays.

It hands me a laugh now to visualize myself as the then little girl in such parts as Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or as Little Nell or Little Lord Fauntleroy; and a bigger one to think how I sang "Frankie and Johnny" in "She Done Him Wrong" instead of that famous line—"Father, dear father, come home with me now"—in "Ten Nights in a Barroom."

Those old standbys drilled the rudiments of the stage into me. Then came dancing lessons. My mother sent me to Ned Wayburn for instruction.

* * *

I loved the long hours of hoofing that finally resulted in my being able to make my feet behave. And I danced right across Brooklyn bridge to Broadway when I was 13 years of age, danced right into $150 a week in vaudeville.

I suddenly discovered I was dancing just like everyone else—with my feet. Why not use my hips, and my shoulders, and my arms and my torso and—everything? Result—the famous shimmy dance. I introduced it in New York between 1918 and 1920, although Gilda Gray and Bee Palmer popularly are credited with starting this serpentine routine.

Then I opened the doors of Broadway musical comedy. I did about everything but double for the orchestra drummer—baby vamp roles, a singer, a dancer, a comedienne, until I had to create what became known as the Mae West walk in self-defense.

They had me teamed with Ed Wynn and Frank Tinney.

* * *

It occurred to me that I was just more or less blond background for the funny stuff Ed and Frank put out. I decided I wouldn't be background for anybody. So during the act I walked around the stage—with the accent on "allure" in every stride. It pulled me out of the background role in that act.

That was the walk I gave you in "She Done Him Wrong."

Back again in vaudeville as a headliner in my own right I had a lot of fun creating my own act in sketches written by myself. For the first time I was able to make sin caricatures jolly. There was something; but I couldn't find anyone to write me a full-length play.

The education that I needed for writing, however, had been acquired from the right place—the stage. I knew stagecraft. I knew drama and—most of all—I knew what audiences wanted.

So I wrote "Sex."

* * *

I knew it would go if I could get it financed; but that's the big job. I had met James A. Timony, a successful New York attorney, who had been looking after my business affairs. He and my mother, who passed away three years ago, practically financed that show. It shocked New York but it ran to full houses for two years.

In 1927 Mayor Jimmy Walker went on a vacation. The cry went up to "clean up the shows." "Sex," along with two others. "The Captive" and "A Virgin Man," closed their doors. It's history now how I took it on the chin for a ten-day technical reprimand on Welfare island; but that didn't stop me. I wrote "Diamond Lil" and produced it. The top hats started flocking in with the caps.

In order to play the lead it was necessary to appear as statuesque as possible. I needed more pounds, more curves in the right place. Cream, pastry, sweets and other fattening foods could only boost my weight to 135 pounds, but with the aid of high heels and a pompadour I was able to lengthen and round out "Diamond Lil."

* * *

The depression came with its box-office knockouts for stage shows and films alike; and like the smart little boy of our history was told to do, I went west—to Hollywood. Paramount assigned me a minor role in "Night After Night." Didn't like the dialogue.

Someone said, "If you don't like it, write it yourself." So I did. They liked it. I learned my camera angles in this first picture. I was ready to take a whirl at writing one of my own and playing the lead. "She Done Him Wrong" was it.

My picture opened in New York the same week the banks took a holiday. It was the bottom of the anti-boom; and if you want the straight dope, big and handsome, I was as surprised as the studio at your tremendous reception of that show.

Was I happy? Sure I was!

You can't stop with one picture, especially when it "takes" and anyway, I don't figure I'm any flash in the pan. When I'm good, I'm good; and when I'm bad, I'm better. When "She Done Him Wrong" did fine business, I knew better than you that the next one better be better. I wrote "I'm No Angel." I'm a lion tamer in it and I like it.

* * *

When I clicked with Hollywood, I developed a problem. Invitations to parties began to pour in. I don't like parties. I've got too much work to do. Anyway, the social whirl involves men. Now, I'm no angel and I'm not preaching, but——

On this subject of men!

Sure I've known lots of them. I never saw one I liked well enough to marry. I'm busy. Marriage is a career in itself. To make a success of it, you've got to work at it. Until I can find time to do that I'm going to stay single.

Meantime I get up at 7 o'clock every morning. I believe that the early morning hours are best for work.

Rehearsals never bother me. I once did a song 18 times before they turned the cameras, although the sixth rehearsal was considered okeh by other members of the company. I figure it's got to be just right or it won't work. When I'm at the studio during production of a picture I remain until 8:30 o'clock each night.

Then I go home to dinner or go to the fights. Boxing matches are my only recreation. I like to sit at ringside with my brother, Jack West Jr. Jack is a vaudeville actor and a swell brother. He lives with me at the Ravenswood apartments half a mile from the Paramount studios. Our father is retired and resides at Long Island, N. Y.

* * *

Maybe you think "Diamond Lil" is a hard little gal that knows the world. I don't know so much about the world. I've had 20 chances to go to London, but I've never been to Europe. Maybe I'll go one of these days, but first, I'm going to make a personal appearance tour of these United States. Before I board any trains for anywhere, I'm going to stick in Hollywood. I like Hollywood. I'm having a great time.

Now laugh this one off, if you want to:

I don't smoke. It would make me look hard.

I don't drink. It would make me coarse.

I'll tell you about all that in my next picture—

"It Ain't No Sin."



MAE WEST.
The pose in this photograph recalls her most famous stage line: "Why don't you come up and see me sometime?"



NOT SO HEFTY.
Mae West, who has had a definite effect on women's styles this year, hasn't as many curves as generally believed. She was padded for the motion picture, "She Done Him Wrong."

The Stamp Collector

BY E. W. CASWELL.

THE market for foreign stamps is today one of the most frequently discussed topics among philatelists. The present situation, arising from the depreciated value of the dollar abroad, is further complicated by the general stepping down of prices in the 1934 catalogue. Thus there are two opposing influences at work, the one to lift and the other to lower prices, and it remains to be seen which of these factors will have the stronger effect. It looks as though a departure from the long-used catalogue basis was about to begin, that prices would no longer be figured on a cut-and-dried catalogue percentage, but that each stamp would seek its proper level and stand on its own merit.

The buyer of foreign stamps has had his own way for a number of years. He is content to pass up certain stamps that he would really like to have if he finds prices slightly over what he wants to pay until the market has been beaten down to a quarter and sometimes a fifth of catalogue. This condition is, of course, regarded favorably by a majority of collectors whose albums need filling, but many have not noticed that during this hammering-down process there has been a gradual disappearance from sight of fine and rare stamps. Sellers (including both dealers and collectors) positively refuse to part with choice items at ridiculous prices, knowing, as they do, that these high-grade stamps are often worth many thousands of times their weight in gold and probably always will be. Briefly, the intrinsic value of a rare old stamp is considered greater than that of an inflated bank note.

* * *

Getting back to the original subject, will collectors insist on one-quarter catalogue of the downwardly revised 1934 list, and will they balk at price increases? As pointed out last week, there is at present no inclination to reach up for ordinary foreign stamps, and as a matter of fact there shouldn't be, especially for the great deluge of issues since the war. It is true that many of these stamps are beautiful, and that they afford a lot of entertainment for collectors, but intrinsically they do not deserve a price rise even in proportion to the depreciation of the dollar, because there were too many milllions of them printed and the world is swamped with them.

So much for the average, ordinary, general run of foreign stamps. But up in the higher price brackets there will probably be a different story to tell. To all appearances there is very little stock of high grade 19th century foreign available in this country at present. Most dealers have sold out this class of material at lower prices than it can be replenished for, and it will not be long before purchases will have to be made from Europe and other points of origin. The collectors' reluctance to pay higher prices will undoubtedly be met by the refusal on the part of foreign dealers to sacrifice their fine stamps for half-price dollars, and it would not be surprising to find a temporary deadlock resulting from this situation. This would indicate that the stamp market, at least for the best types of foreign material, will be in something of a muddle until the international exchange mess is straightened out.

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Illustrations of a number of the errors occurring in the Washington bi-centennial set in the 1934 Specialized U. S. catalogue is proving a great help to collectors. It looked for a while as though a whole volume would be necessary to describe all the errors that were cropping up shortly after the set was first released, but the new book has condensed the list into a group of 30 illustrations, all showing errors which have been proved constant. The almost infinite number of misplaced scratches and dots will probably never be completely chronicled, but descriptions of the printing methods which were responsible for such results will probably be sufficient to explain them away.

* * *

Careful handling of one's stamps and albums cannot be too often stressed. Many people who believe that they have very valuable collections find that the value has been greatly reduced because of carelessness. Proper care is the first thing that the new philatelist should study.

The mounting of stamps is one of the most important things in building a stamp collection. Non-peelable hinges should never be used, and, while this point does not always appear important to the beginner, he finds out when making his first transfer to a new album that peelable hinges are absolutely essential to avoid depreciation both of album and stamps. After the proper hinge is selected care must again be exercised in placing the stamp in the album. In moistening the hinge, a minimum amount of moisture should be used, especially with gummed stamps, as a very slight cohesion is all that is necessary to hold the stamp down. After mounting, the hinge should be allowed to dry, and the album should not be closed nor the leaves turned until it is definitely certain that the stamp cannot become stuck down to the page. Disregard of this rule has caused more grief to stamp collectors than can be estimated, and beginners can eliminate a tremendous amount of future trouble by using extreme care in mounting their stamps.

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The new 50c U. S. Zepp is quite similar to 1930 issue, except that it looks less like a stamp and more like a sticker. Can't criticise foreign governments any more when a racket like that goes on within our shores.



ISSUE OF 1930.
Wild man from north Borneo.

"KONGO"

Yes, you "KONGO" shopping all over Portland, but you'll find Stark-Davis Co., 824 S. W. 4th, is the best place to buy guaranteed plumbing, furnaces and electric fixtures. BUY NOW.

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Magazine Section

The Sunday Oregonian

Magazine Section

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The Last Hours of a Foggy Morning

General Robert Lee Bullard, Commander of the Second Army in France, Explains Why the Allies Continued Their Offensive Drive Until the Last Moment Before 11 A. M., November 11, 1918



GENERAL CHARLES E. MANGIN,
Known as the Stonewall Jackson of the French army, Mangin was to have been with Bullard on the drive toward Metz. The campaign, to have started on November 15, was halted by the armistice.



AMERICANS IN THE BLASTING HELL OF BATTLE
Fighting such as this continued until the last moment before 11 o'clock. The photograph is an actual war scene in which American soldiers participated.



LIEUT.-GEN. ROBERT L. BULLARD
Commander of the 2d American army, who tells why the fighting on the western front continued up to the last second before 11 o'clock on November 11, 1918. Bullard was third in command of the American army.

BY DAVID W. HAZEN.
Staff Writer, The Oregonian.

GRAY dawn rolled gloomily across the western front. The air was cold along the battle line, the line of death that wound its ghastly way through forest and glen. It was the last morning of the great war, but it came with artillery smashing away at the enemy, with rifles cracking hatefully and machine guns purring songs of sorrow. Boys, with hearts gladdened by rumors of peace, moved forward through the gloom. Suddenly there was a sharp pain—oh, God, why—then silence. Peace came to this soldier only a few minutes before peace would come to the world.

And so it was along the entire line that dismal morning. Death took its toll up to the last second. The armistice had been signed at 5:05 A. M. on November 11, 1918, and firing was to cease at 11 A. M. The German commissioners had asked several days before that fighting be halted while peace terms were being discussed, the request having been made by Major-General von Winterfeldt. Foch, a showman as well as a soldier, dismissed the request with a dramatic sentence. Thus during several hours when the men might have held their lines without fight, as the war had ended, the battle continued and hundreds of boys were slaughtered.

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The writer was at the front as a war correspondent when the war ceased. He was with the famous 91st division in the Argonne and then went with these wild westerners to Flanders. There the 91st was attached to the French army and did the heavy fighting that freed the city of Audenarde from German control. The night before the great day French officers received word from Paris that war was to end on the morrow. Instantly the French soldiers began their celebration. But Americans were ordered to keep cartridge boxes filled and trigger fingers limber.

All morning until the eleventh hour the sound of artillery was heard. All morning officers moved about telling their men, "Look out for a surprise—don't let the Boche fool you!" Then came the hour. Everything was still as a grave. But throughout that cold, foggy day on Flanders fields soldiers had rifles close at hand and machine-gun crews kept careful watch toward the German lines. There had been one false armistice.

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When I went to see Lieutenant-General Robert Lee Bullard, U. S. A., at his apartments in New York city I thought it would be a fine time to get the real reason why the fighting kept on for hours after everyone in high command knew the conflict was ended. Hundreds of American and British and German homes were made sorrowful on account of this continuance of the battle.

"General, if you are at liberty to do so, I wish you would tell me why the fighting continued the day of the armistice until exactly 11 o'clock," I asked the commander of the second American army in France.

"Yes, I'll tell you; it's no secret," he replied. "We were not absolutely sure that the Germans were going to keep their side of the bargain. Maybe some of the generals on the other side had different ideas from the peace commissioners, so we said to ourselves, 'Who in hell knows? We'll just fight up to the last moment and if they prove that they are going to abide by the terms of the armistice by stopping their fire at 11 o'clock, then we'll stop.'"

"What would the American army have done had the Germans continued fighting after 11?" the soldier was asked.

"That was all thought out—we would have kept on going ahead, and we would have brought up the new divisions just as fast as God would let us," he said, his eyes snapping. "We would not have been fooled by the trick, but I think the Germans would have been fooled by the vigorous way we would have gone after them!"

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For some time prior to November 11 General Bullard had been busy gathering the forces for his new army, the second. Lieutenant-General Hunter Liggett was at the head of the first army, General Pershing being in command of the army group. By November 1, the day Bullard received word that he could wear three stars, the second army had 176,000 soldiers ready for a fight or a frolic. These troops held the line from Pont-a-Mousson on the Moselle river to Les Eparges in the unhappy Woevre region.

On November 10, the day before the armistice, this army attacked. Rumors that peace was about to come didn't cut any ice, so to speak, on the firing line. It was expected that the German front had been demoralized here, but when General Bullard's four front-line divisions attacked they received an old-fashioned Von Hindenburg-Ludendorf welcome. After hard fighting all day the Yankees had advanced very little, their gains having been from only one-half to two kilometers.

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General Bullard declared that the only way to make the enemy really want an armistice was to fight him so hard he would cry for peace. "Fighting alone brings an enemy to terms," declared the warrior, "for no one is going to give in to a weak-kneed foe!"

"How did you feel when the famous eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month arrived?" the army leader was asked.

"Well, that's pretty hard to describe—how did you feel? I was glad that the slaughter was ended, and I was sorry for the boys who had made the supreme sacrifice. But let me read you what I wrote in my diary that day, maybe it will give you what you want to know:

"'Today the attack was renewed as ordered, but about 6:30 A. M. a telegram announced that armistice would go into effect at 11 A. M. and all fighting and advance must then stop. I gave the corresponding orders. Some of our divisions of the line had already been pretty thoroughly committed to the attack, others not. The former continued, the latter desisted, though all were partially, at least, engaged. As on the 10th, the best work was done on the west by the 33d division, General George Bell. The others accomplished little. But the fighting continued until the last minute. I went early, with an aide, to near the front line to see the last of it, to hear the crack of the last guns in the greatest war of all the ages. I stayed until 11 A. M., when, all being over, I returned to my headquarters, thoughtful and feeling lost.'"

General Bullard also explained that he wanted to be near the front to see what the Germans would do. The least false move on their part and he would order his advance pushed forward all along the line.

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"You'll recall that in the states and in Europe there had been celebrations over a false armistice," continued the soldier. "There had been other rumors, and we had noticed that when reports came out of Berlin that the German chancellor was asking for peace terms or sending out requests for neutrals to bring about a meeting to discuss some phase of the war, that Von Hindenburg's army always began fighting harder than ever. There didn't seem to be any requests for peace from the German boys at the front—they were damn good fighters, don't let anyone ever tell you differently!

"Well, we just kept on planning and getting everything all ready for a big offensive, no matter what rumors came floating along. On November 15, bright and early in the morning, I was to advance side by side with the best fighting general in the French army, Charles Mangin. We were to move to the southeast of Metz. When this offensive was planned the French still thought the war would continue well into 1919.

"In October a high French officer at my headquarters told me he had come to get me to 'urge Pershing to hurry' over more American troops so we can win in 1919!' That's the way the war was to have been won, according to the officers of the high French command. But our boys who were there did the work so well and so quickly that the Germans decided they couldn't wait until 1919 to surrender; they thought if 'eventually, why not now?' So I didn't go to General Pershing to give him my friend's urgent message."

As I sat talking with General Bullard I thought I might as well clear up a few other war mysteries that had puzzled me since 1918. One was why Pershing had treated Major-General Clarence R. Edwards, commander of the 26th division and a fine and popular soldier, so shabbily, both in life and in death.

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"I have thought about that matter quite a bit," replied General Bullard slowly, "and I have come to the conclusion that Edwards was too tender-hearted—he hated to drive his men into the jaws of death. Pershing was a driver, you know. He thought he must have division commanders who would go ahead no matter what the costs. He either loved Edwards much or feared him well to have kept him in command of the 26th as long as he did."

"Don't you think, General Bullard, if Foch had permitted the Americans to have continued the attack in the early summer of 1918 that the war would have ended many weeks sooner than it did?"

"I think it could have been ended at Soissons, where we attacked along with the French, in July," he replied. "We could have pushed hard at that time and might have ended the war right there. The French general could have pushed the cavalry division he had on past the high road from Chateau-Thierry to Soissons, and that would have completely raised hell with the enemy's plans. If we had had old Jim Parker there with a division or even a brigade of cavalry he would have gone through, by golly; he might have gone to hell, but he would have got through and he would have had 'em cut off. But as it was the cavalry started two hours late, and when it did come up it was marching even with the infantry.

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"But as it was we captured 20,000 prisoners, about the equal of two German divisions. Had the cavalry hurried up we could have taken at least 200,000. The distance between Soissons and Rheims is about 75 miles, and in the pocket we could have cut off, if things had been started right, was a heavy German force. If we had begun a push in from the Rheims side, which could have been done at the time we drove in on Soissons, the Germans would have been caught in a fine trap.

"I read a few years ago where one of the high German generals in his book said if the allies had pushed a bit harder at Soissons the war would have been won right there. I agree with him 100 per cent, doggone my skin if I don't!"

General Bullard was asked if the American divisions then in the line were trained well enough to handle the situation at that time, if they knew enough about western-front tactics to go on after they had reached their objective.

"Why, we could have done it at night, blind-folded and drunk," was the picturesque reply.

The interview continued, although every now and then Mrs. Bullard would come into the room to see that her husband didn't get too excited. "The general had the 'flu' in February and March," she said, "and he spent a month in the hospital; the cold settled in one of his ears, and he's had a great deal of trouble since then; I don't want him to get ill again."

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But Robert Lee Bullard during that conversation showed no signs of weakness. He was living mighty lively days over again.

"Funny thing," he declared, "happened soon after the war. I met the chief of staff of the German army that had faced mine at Metz. During our visit I told him that Von Hindenburg didn't have all the good German soldiers in his command, not by a couple of jugfuls. I then told the German chief of staff that in my army that was facing him and just ready to pounce on him when the armistice struck were three major-generals who came from real German families.

"'So you don't need to think you had all the good German soldiers in your army,' I repeated just to rub it in. He replied that they had heard there were many German-Americans in our army, and that they were surprised, for spies had told the Berlin government that the old-time Germans in America would rise up in revolt before they would help fight against the fatherland!"

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The ex-commander of the second army has been doing a great deal of historical writing since his retirement. His reminiscences of the world war are a candid recital of stirring days.

"I have also written about seven good leaders in our army during the war," declared the literary warrior, "so that when they go off the map there will be something left behind that will tell of their devotion and their bravery. They are men I like, and I have written in what I think were their faults as well as their good points. You know, it doesn't do a man any good just to write a lot of stuff praising him to the skies and saying nothing about his weaknesses. When people read that sort of hogwash they simply say:

"'Oh, hell, it's too good to be true!'

"But there's the other side, too. When a fellow writes about another man that man always thinks the description of him is faulty, that it doesn't tell enough about his great deeds and grand heart. That's why these biographical, frank articles I have written about seven great soldiers will not be printed until old Gabriel has sounded 'taps' for me. I know this mighty well, that if you write about a man and put him second to God, only second to God, you understand, he will kick like the devil!"

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One of the famous soldiers General Bullard has written about is Oregon's most illustrious warrior, Major-General Ulysses Grant MacAlexander, the Rock of the Marne. The article is more than 7000 words long, and the author permitted me to read it during the call. But it was shown under the promise of secrecy as to its contents. Just as Mrs. Bullard hove in sight with a hot water bottle to place on her husband's cranky ear he inquired:

"May I ask what you are going to do over in Germany?"

And when the question was answered he said:

"If you see any of the German generals over there tell them we don't feel so hostile to them any more."



GERMANY'S TWO GREATEST GENERALS.
Field Marshal Paul von Hindenburg and Quartermaster-General Eric von Ludendorff, chief of staff, were the mainstays of the German fighting forces at the end of the war. Ludendorff is now seriously ill.

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Parents Err in Dominating Child's Talents

Rebellion and Heartaches Are Frequent Results as Youths Grow Older, Marian Miller Warns

BY MARIAN MILLER.

A MOTHER whose 17-year-old daughter is giving her parents cause for worry, told me she always has insisted that the girl live up to her high standards, that she has dominated the girl and has not permitted her to go anywhere without her mother. She cannot understand why the child suddenly has shown signs of rebellion.

The mother made up her mind long ago that the girl should be a musician and the child took lessons when she was only 8 years old and became a fairly good pianist and violinist, but now she sulks and will not practice except when the mother puts it to her straight, saying, "You will kill me if you don't keep up your music. I have sacrificed so much to make a musician of you, an artist such as I wanted to be. But I never had a chance to study. You positively must forget this idea that you'd like to cook and sew. These will spoil your hands and be a waste of time."

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But recently, while the mother was persuaded to go to the beach with her husband, the girl attended a cooking school, baked cakes, pies, made stews and salads and invited a dozen friends to dinner. She peeled vegetables, scrubbed and polished the rooms and did the things her mother never had permitted her to try. The dinner appeared to be a grand success. The guests came in costume, the hostess wearing a uniform and cap. When the roast was on, in walked the parents, arriving unexpectedly, and the mother was so shocked she was ill for days because her daughter had shown a streak of rebellion. The girl's father ate his share of the dinner, but the mother was humiliated, she said, and "couldn't touch a crumb." Now she declares her daughter is an ingrate.

For her entire life the girl has repressed her own ideas and desires to live her own life. For years the mother had overwhelmed her daughter "with love"—she called it. The dinner party gave the father a chance and the courage to say what he had always thought.

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Another mother has a son whom she had dominated for 12 years. She doesn't want him to be rough. She thinks he should be an artist. He wants to be a boxer and an engineer. His mother shudders whenever he mentions his ideas. The mother weeps and the boy is growing to dislike his home restrictions. The other day he ran away and got the fellows to show him how to play football. The mother asks me how she should punish him.

My suggestion is that she stop trying to live the boy's life. She can't make him into something for which he is not fit. He can't endure her possessive love and he can't appreciate her sheltering him. I believe he should have some exercise and some of the rough and tumble of daily living. He can be inspired to live a clean, energetic, wholesome life, to do his work well and get his lessons, but he must be given the companionship of boys and men who will let him participate in well-conducted sports, in athletic events and in activities which will develop him physically, mentally and morally.



"The other day he ran away and got the fellows to show him how to play football . . ."

A lad can't be a weakling nor can he be a quitter if he is a good sport. Some mothers unconsciously try to reduce their children to a state of neurosis by dominating their every act. It's so difficult to know when to supervise and discipline and when to let go and let the child be himself. Gradually, day by day, parents can prepare their children for the big game of living by giving them a foundation of strength, courage, honesty of principle and the courage to go forward.

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A man who is a widower has a son, aged 30. The man, ever since the death of his wife 20 years ago, has lived for his boy. He says he tried to be mother as well as father. He explained that he tried to direct the boy's cultural and social life as well as his education and later his choice of a career. In the pursuance of vocational training the son always consulted his father. The older man never considered marriage for himself. But recently the son fell in love with a widow, aged 32, and married her without consulting his father. Now the father, to drown his disappointment at his boy's sudden act of independence and "lack of consideration," started going to dinners and parties, and, if you please, he, too, has fallen in love.

He would be happy to marry the girl, but she is younger than his son, and he says he is afraid the boy will be angry with him. He asks me: "Shall I marry her? I love her so much."

If the girl and man have much in common, intellectually, socially, and if they can adjust their habits and tastes to found a happy partnership, let the father go ahead and live his own life. If he has money I advise him to safeguard some of his fortune and see that his son is not neglected in regard to his chances for his inheritance. Let him be fair and be sure that he begins his married life with a friendly attitude of mind on the part of all four persons concerned.

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A young man says he is deeply indebted to his father for a good education and a start in his professional life. But the boy wants to go away and work in some other office and his father wants him to start his career in the law firm which his father has built up and of which he is senior partner. The boy is afraid his father will try to dominate him and will want to order his life all the while. The boy wants freedom for a while at least.

I believe that back in the mind of this lad is a longing for some person in some activity or some association of which the father might not approve. At least, the fear is there, and the boy excuses it by saying his father might wish to overwhelm him with orders and supervision.

From other facts stated I imagine the father is reasonable and that he would understand whatever the young man has on his mind. My advice is: "Talk it over with dad. Be frank. Do not quarrel, but spread cards all on the table. Thank him for all he has done." Maybe he will agree to his son's working elsewhere for a while, but I think the lad can work for and with dad if he and his father both will be sensible. If not, let the idea of independence be carried forward. Remember that you have a name to uphold, and wherever you are be a credit to yourself. Then you will be a credit to dad and to the educational advantages he has given you.

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If a son gives his father his confidence and his friendship, and if the father is an intelligent and reasonable man, I believe a boy's best friend can be his dad. The old saying that "a boy's best friend is his mother" has a lovely sentimental sound, but quite often it's the mother who shields the lad, who spoils him and makes of him a moral coward. The protecting mother tries to take all the hurts and the responsibilities for her little fellow, and to her he is just a baby always. Usually it's not good for a boy to be babied.

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One who signed herself "Devoted Mother" wrote to say she is heartbroken because her son suddenly has turned away from her and is giving all his time to his father. The mother formerly supervised the boy's play and ordered his studies and his home work. The father didn't interfere. He always said he was busy and couldn't bother. It was her place to teach the children to behave and see that they studied. When business became slack and the man couldn't afford to play so much golf he sometimes took his son on fishing trips. The two became great pals. This hurt the mother's heart, she said.

I'd say it dented her ego. She should be glad that the man is making a pal of his son. There's nothing like a camping or fishing trip to make father and son understand and be truly fond of each other.

I advise the mother to join a woman's club and have some outside interests, and in doing so she need not neglect her home or her family. If she doesn't like a club, why not take up dramatics or gymnasium work or horseback riding?

Many middle-aged women become too possessive when their men folk start showing they are interested in some fad such as fishing, golf, hunting or football.

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A wife wrote to say her husband became furious always when she spoke of political situations, international affairs or scientific matters. He wanted to do all the orating on those subjects. He declared that women's minds never could understand such matters.

Well, then, why doesn't she prove herself a diplomat of the first order and let papa rave on and expound? Maybe he is unusually bright and she is not so smart. Or perhaps he is just an everyday, commonplace fellow and her mind is keener than his and he doesn't wish to admit that she is superior in any way.

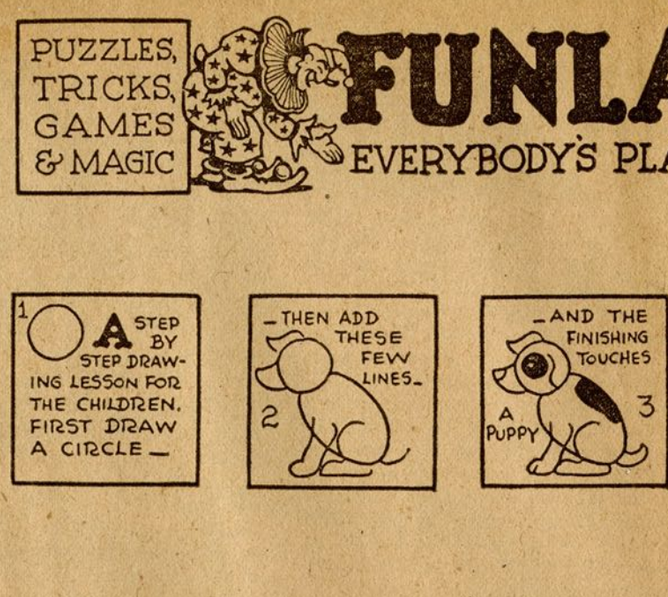
Maybe women should be in politics and maybe not. But most brilliant-minded girls would rather stick to the social side and be king makers rather than try to rule. A business woman may be extremely smart about business and she may be of great and valuable assistance to the manager of the concern, but she doesn't tell him he's not the most wonderful man in the world.

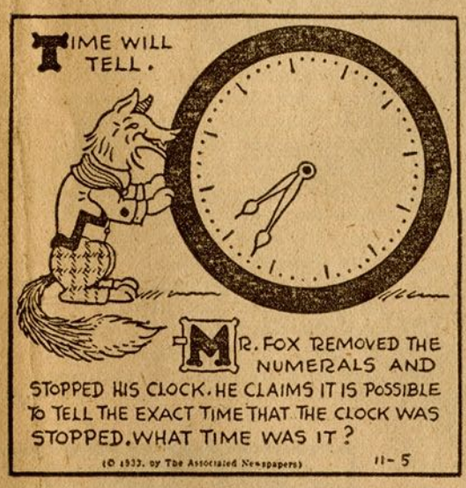
This woman who wrote to me should listen to her husband attentively. Outside she can study, read and be well informed. Why not join the League of Women Voters? They study and they know about the affairs of the nation and of the world and they are intelligent and interesting women, charming, too, but they don't talk politics all the time. Maybe that's the big lesson to be learned by all of us—to know when to talk and when to keep quiet.

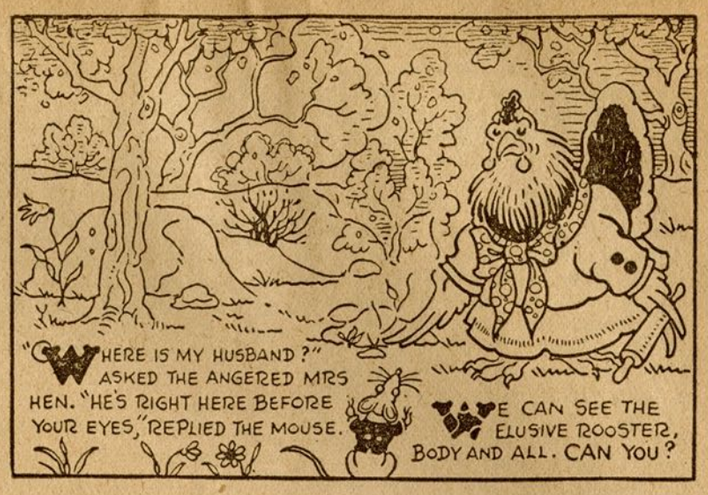


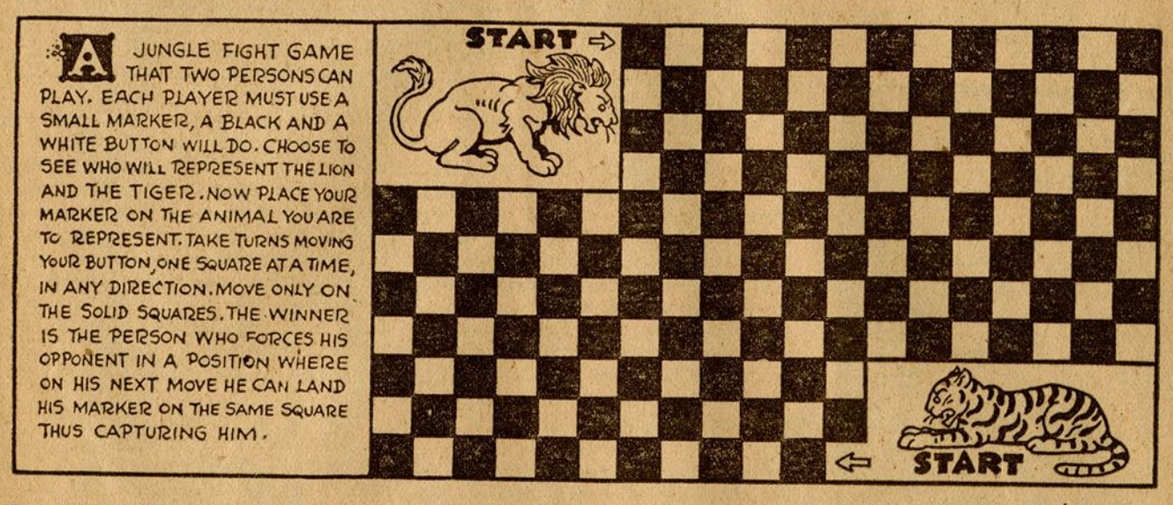
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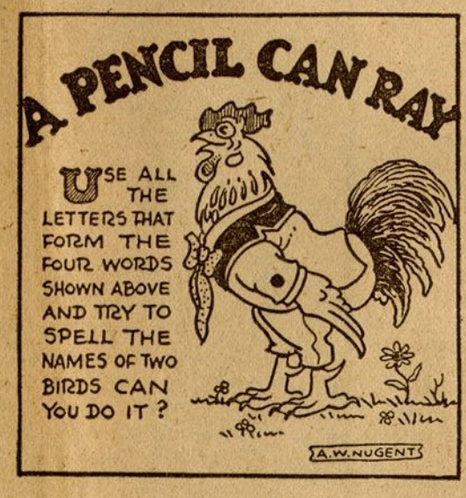
PUZZLES, TRICKS, GAMES & MAGIC — EVERYBODY'S PLAYMATE — BY A.W. NUGENT THE WORLD'S LEADING PUZZLEMAKER

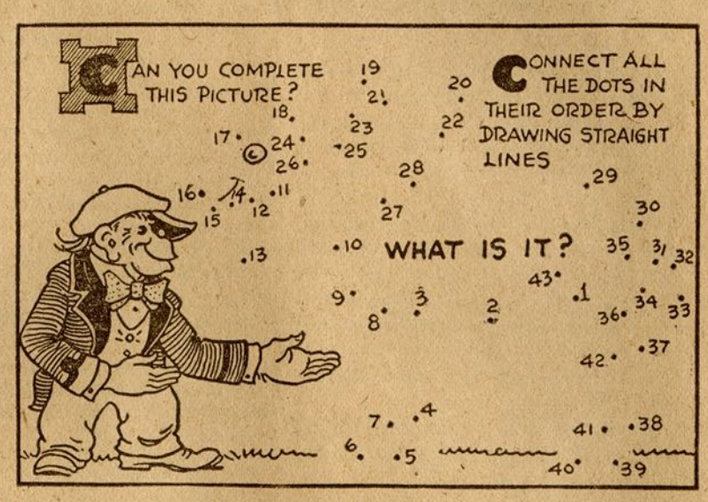


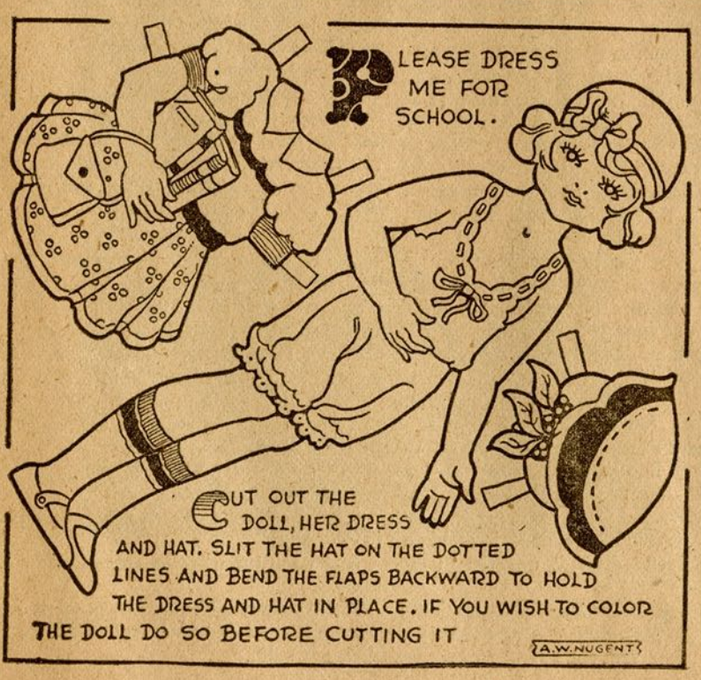




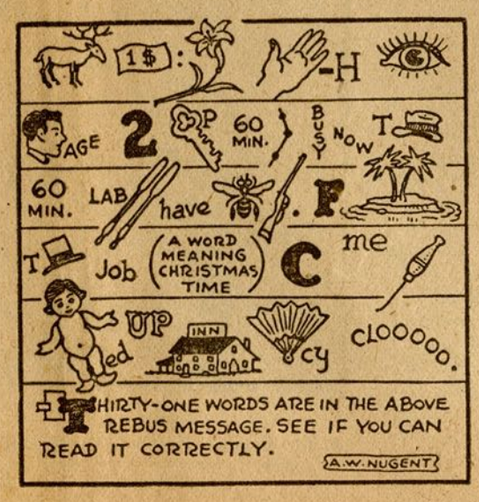












LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE SOLUTIONS.

PICTURE PUZZLE ANSWER — THE PICTURES REPRESENT THE FOLLOWING FOODS — BEANS, CABBAGE, BUTTER, CATSUP, FLOUR AND SPINACH.

HALLOW, HALLO, HALL, HA, ALLOW, ALL, AL, LO, LOW, O.WE, WE, WEE AND WEEN ARE THE THIRTEEN ENGLISH WORDS OF TWO OR MORE LETTERS THAT CAN BE SPELLED BY READING THE LETTERS IN THE WORD "HALLOWEEN" ACROSS FROM LEFT TO RIGHT.

TURN THE PICTURE UPSIDE DOWN TO SEE THE HIDDEN DOG. ITS ENTIRE BODY CAN BE SEEN BETWEEN THE OTHER THREE DOGS.

B	O	A
U	R	N
N	E	T

HOW TO FORM THE SIX THREE-LETTER WORDS.

SOLUTION TO THE NUMBER PUZZLE →

½	5½	3	8
4	7	1½	4½
7½	2½	6	1
5	2	6½	3½

11-5

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Auburn—a Ghostly Gold City of Oregon

In 1862 the Lure of Yellow Metal Attracted at Least 4000 Persons to a Skull-Cracking Clearing Near Baker

BY JIM HAYES.

IF YOU will stroll through Baker, Or., and ask folks about the vanished city Auburn 90 per cent of the citizenry will conclude that you are a bit dizzy. A few residents around the threescore mark may brighten with interest and yet reply somewhat vaguely:

"Auburn? Yes. It was a mining camp, a real big one. Now, let me see—wonder who could tell you just where that was."

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After you visit the site of Auburn, observe its desolated and faintly traceable streets where scarce one stone stands upon another, the innumerable windrows of clean rock from which gold was washed in civil war days, the forgotten graveyard and the one remaining hewn log cabin, you will want to write about it. What a story it would make, to be sure! And, unaware of plagiarism, you might, quite appropriately, write:

"I visited the once flourishing town of Auburn and found it more dilapidated than I had imagined."

Strangely, those very words were written in 1864, less than three years after the first magic whisper of "gold" began to populate the valley of Powder river. They were written by "Crayon," wandering wilderness reporter of The Oregonian, who saw this boom town rise and fall.

Before "Crayon," in two brief, flavorful dispatches, reveals the bewhiskered, turbulent, wealthy, short-lived town that was Auburn, let us view the place as it is today.

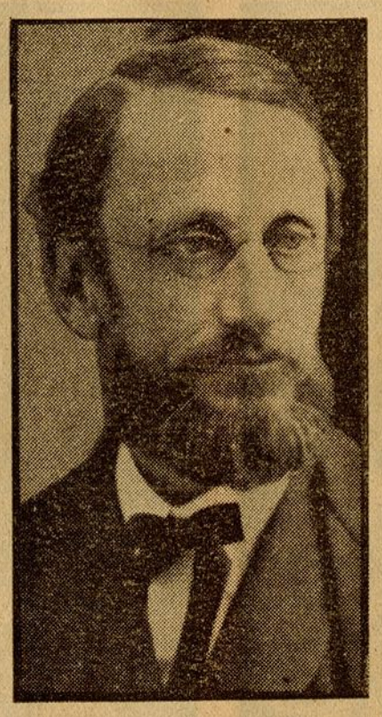
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About eight miles west of Baker the traveler leaves the highway, following a disused but rutted trail. Leaving the car, he climbs down the steep bank of Blue canyon, steadying the descent by clutching at the stunted pinon pines as he slips and stumbles in loose shale. He penetrates through brambles, crosses a brackish stream, climbs toilsomely over long "hog backs" of stones from which pay dirt was once washed and comes out upon an almost barren clearing.

Here the city of 5000 inhabitants once stood. As the writer steps thoughtfully over the flattened strip that proclaims itself the ghost of Auburn's "Main street" he is walking through the now invisible walls of saloons, blacksmith shops, stores and churches, and even an opera house, wherein the "Nymphs du Paree," according to "Crayon," displayed their histrionic ability. There are a few domestic yellow roses still growing in the downtown section. The ground is littered with partially imbedded fragments of china, broken parts of tools and domestic utensils and the necks of ancient whisky bottles. Here is the skeletonlike handle of a six-gun that was not, in its day, an ornament, and here protrudes a little rust-eaten wheel that must have belonged to a toy. Through the crumbling rock wall of a basement of what was, perhaps, the general store you can see a band of sheep nibbling around a ruined log cabin on a neighboring hillside.

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When you gain the roofless cabin you will find that the logs were squared by hand, as the ax marks show. Thanks to a dry climate, the mud that chinked them in the '60s is still intact. In the cabin you observe that it was once papered with figured stuff, under which layers of newspapers were employed to keep out the cold. A slat, fastened to the wall with a square wrought-iron nail, still holds some of these newspapers in place. An enterprising sheep tick leaves his historic home to climb up your sleeve while you discover a page from Harper's Bazaar of 1862 and a fragment of the National Gazette, dated 1863, filled with accounts of civil war battles.



S. A. CLARKE

Pioneer newspaper man, who wrote of Auburn's gold rush.

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Without benefit of telegraph, railroads or even roads worthy of the name, roving correspondents of the time of "Crayon" had a rough time of it. They covered the Oregon country on horseback, by stagecoach and by river steamboat, and were often out "on the beat" for months at a time. "Crayon's" dispatches, though sometimes a week old before they saw printer's ink, were nevertheless the latest and most authentic news when edited by The Oregonian.

In his dispatch of November 21, 1862, "Crayon" gives us a glimpse of the rise of Auburn.

"At last," he writes, "I stood upon the well-remembered ridge and looked down upon the 'City of Auburn'! A few weeks ago I had left it and looked only upon a few scattered tents, picturesquely dotted on the hillside. Now I could hardly distinguish through the thick smoke that filled the gulch of Blue canyon the 500 log houses, some hewed and some unhewed, but many of them well built, two stories high and nicely painted up with mortar made from lime manufactured in the place. When I had a view of the town it looked bright with new hewn timber and new-made shingles and boards, and the clatter and hammer of workmen filled the air. Everywhere new buildings rise. Probably a population that could poll 1000 votes, and that, too, when 1000 to 2000 persons have gone to Boise river from here alone.

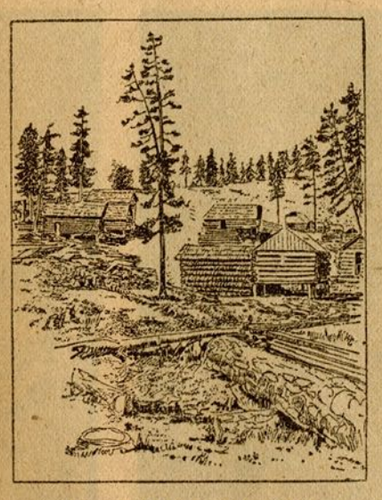
"A city election took place here last Monday, and I am told there was a musical time. Some are ferociously threatening to 'break the charter,' but everything seems to have been conducted in the proper manner. All officers elected were union-loving citizens—mayor, William Morass; recorder, O. M. Rowe (a Californian), and treasurer, Jeremiah Dooly.

"There is a scarcity of water in Auburn and consequently a scarcity of 'dust.' There is no doubt about the richness of the mines, and let the floods come down in the gulches and you will see Powder river 'dust' in plenty.

"From The Dalles to Powder river is 240 miles," wrote this correspondent-at-large, "and barren country. Late as the season was, we must have passed at least 100 heavily loaded teams and many pack trains. I had left the valleys of the Grand Ronde and Powder rivers early in summer and now found notable changes. Today the traveler finds refreshment for man and beast and the never-failing whisky bottle. One signboard along the trail reads: 'Oh, yes! Mince pies and potatoes, bread, butter and milk for sale here. Whisky!' The last item, which is the staff of life on the road, strychnine and all, modestly inserted in the corner."

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In 1861 gold was discovered, or rather rediscovered, in the Auburn district. David Littlefield, Henry Griffin, G. W. Schriver and William Stafford, stopping in Portland that winter, were deflected from their plans to investigate the Oro Fino mines of California by a persistent rumor that gold had been found in eastern Oregon by an immigrant party in 1845. The immigrants had not recognized the precious metal and could not find the creek again after a test, made later on, proved the rock to be gold-bearing.



A PORTION OF AUBURN.

This sketch was made from an old photograph. Buildings were constructed from hand-hewn logs.

Littlefield and Griffin and their party of prospectors, after much futile wandering, found pay dirt in what came to be known as Griffin's gulch.

News of the discovery spread rapidly and farmers in the Willamette valley became gold-seekers over night. There was a stampede of some 150 men to the Auburn district in April of 1862, most of them returning disappointed. The Oregon Steam Navigation company was accused of spreading the stories of the gold finds to stimulate travel up the river. S. A. Clarke, pioneer newspaper man, arrived at Griffin's gulch May 6, 1862, and referred in his dispatch to The Oregonian to "last week's stampede," most of the members of which were returning.

Isaac Hiatt, in his "Thirty-one Years in Baker County," says:

"In 1862, with the arrival of immigrant trains, Auburn began to grow rapidly, and in a short time was estimated to have a population of from 4000 to 5000. Every available spot was claimed, and the town was extended down Blue canyon nearly a mile. Several new stores, blacksmith shops, livery stables and a number of saloons were opened for business. All houses were built of logs."

About this time a man named Leveridge brought a small sawmill to Auburn, and I. B. Bowen Sr., father of I. B. Bowen, who for a half century was publisher of the Baker Democrat, bought a half interest in it. Dr. Rackerby built the city's first hotel and named it the Pioneer.

The summary justice of the noose was written into Auburn's early history. In November, 1862, one of the many "wanted men" and violent characters who always gravitated to new mining camps, "Tom the Greaser," knifed two men to death outside a saloon. The three had been playing poker and Tom was after a "new deal."

The killer was captured in a neighboring gulch and the sheriff, Jim Masterson, possibly related to "Bat" Masterson, two-gun sheriff famous in the annals of pioneer cities of Kansas, took him in hand. A crowd of miners gathered, however, and, after stump speeches were made in favor of stringing Tom up, instead of taking him before a constituted court the frontier system prevailed. He was dragged from the hands of the sheriff and a rope, a tree and willing hands ended his dubious career.

"Among the onlookers," writes S. A. Clarke, "was Mayfield, the Washoe murderer, who had lately arrived here from Lewiston and Florence. Mayfield said this place would get 'too hot' for him and wondered 'where in the name of God' he would go now. Shortly afterward, accompanied by several other notable roughs, he headed for the Boise diggings."

Clarke's dispatches provide an interesting glimpse of Auburn. On November 30, 1862, he wrote:

"There is quite a society here in Auburn, some 15 young ladies and married women in proportion. I am tantalized by all sorts of sounds, calling, fiddling and dancing in the evenings as I pass by the Masonic hall."

Again, on December 8, 1862: "Joe Chalwell, the original Comstock lode discoverer, who sold out to Comstock for $60 and an old horse, is here. He had a good thing in French gulch, but entered in too many ventures and came out, as usual, with nothing."

"On December 29, 1862: "Some 3000 have gone to the Boise gold fields from here. The population was much higher before the Boise exodus. There are 500 houses here, 151 families and 314 children."

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About this time a meeting was held and it was decided to allow Chinese to labor in the mines. Eventually the city of Auburn was inherited by the meek, pig-tailed orientals. Long after the whites found the Auburn area too unprofitable the songs of the transplanted coolies could be heard at evening as they engaged in their one great obsession, gambling. A few decrepit old Chinese were still in the gulch as late as 1915. Opinion is divided as to whether a moderate amount of "dust" or gold of fabulous value was claimed from the earth by the yellow race after the impatience of the white man had led him to abandon the mines. One thing is certain—it went back to China.

When the rocks of Blue canyon refused to pay further tribute the manner of Auburn's

Concluded on Page 4.

The Stamp Collector

BY E. W. CASWELL.

THE approach of the 15th anniversary of the signing of the world war armistice directs the attention of stamp collectors to the recording of this historic event philatelically. It is rather surprising to find that only two of the major participants in the conflict decided on special peace or victory issues, due perhaps to the long-drawn-out negotiations that were necessary to conclude the peace treaties and the uncertainty of peace and victory that hovered over Europe after the armistice was signed.

In February, 1919, the United States put out a 3c violet stamp having for its central design the figure of Victory surrounded by the flags of the allies. and, although there were almost 100,000,000 of them issued, the stamp has enjoyed a steady demand and is today worth several times its face value. This is the stamp recently described here that occurs in such a large number of shades, culminating in the strong red-violet color which has become quite rare. Italy was the other active participant to offer a victory issue, this being a set of four stamps of the same design, issued in 1921. Italy's Goddess of Victory is shown with wings, whereas the U. S. version is minus the celestial appendages. The Italian set was also surcharged "Libia" for use in its African colony.

Japan, a more or less silent partner during the war, brought out her well-known peace dove set shortly after the armistice, in 1919. Four stamps comprise the series, two each of two different designs, making up one of the most attractive sets of this group. Switzerland, a noncombatant, was also responsible for a fine, brilliantly colored set of three stamps released in 1919 to commemorate the peace. The 7½c shows two figures shaking hands across the battlefield, significant of peace; the 10c is an allegorical figure of Peace and the 15c value depicts the dawn of peace to a wounded soldier. Uruguay, another noncombatant, used the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor as the theme for a sort of courtesy issue commemorating the cessation of hostilities. Six well-engraved bi-colors make up the series.

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Although Great Britain failed to indulge in a philatelic paean of victory, several of her colonies took up the idea, and in this group is found the most diversified of this special classification of post-war commemoratives, the 1919 Victory issue of New Zealand. The first of six denominations, the ½d green, shows the figure of Peace resting on the shoulders of the British lion; the 1d carmine is of the same figures in a different pose and the 1½d brown orange carries the portrait of a Maori chief of the type that fought in France. On the 3d black brown appears the grim silhouette of the British lion against the rising dawn of peace; the 6d purple is a full-sized figure of Winged Victory, and the 1s vermilion has a full-faced portrait of King George with the customary lions flanking him. The set is one of the finest of New Zealand's many commemoratives.

The peer of the peace issues, however, is the Barbados victory set of 1920. These large, square stamps, with the black and white figure of Victory against various colored backgrounds and borders, are typical of this colony's beautiful designs and splendid work in turning out its postal paper. The Bahamas and British Honduras also issued short sets of peace commemoratives with side-view portraits of King George and the seals of the respective colonies.

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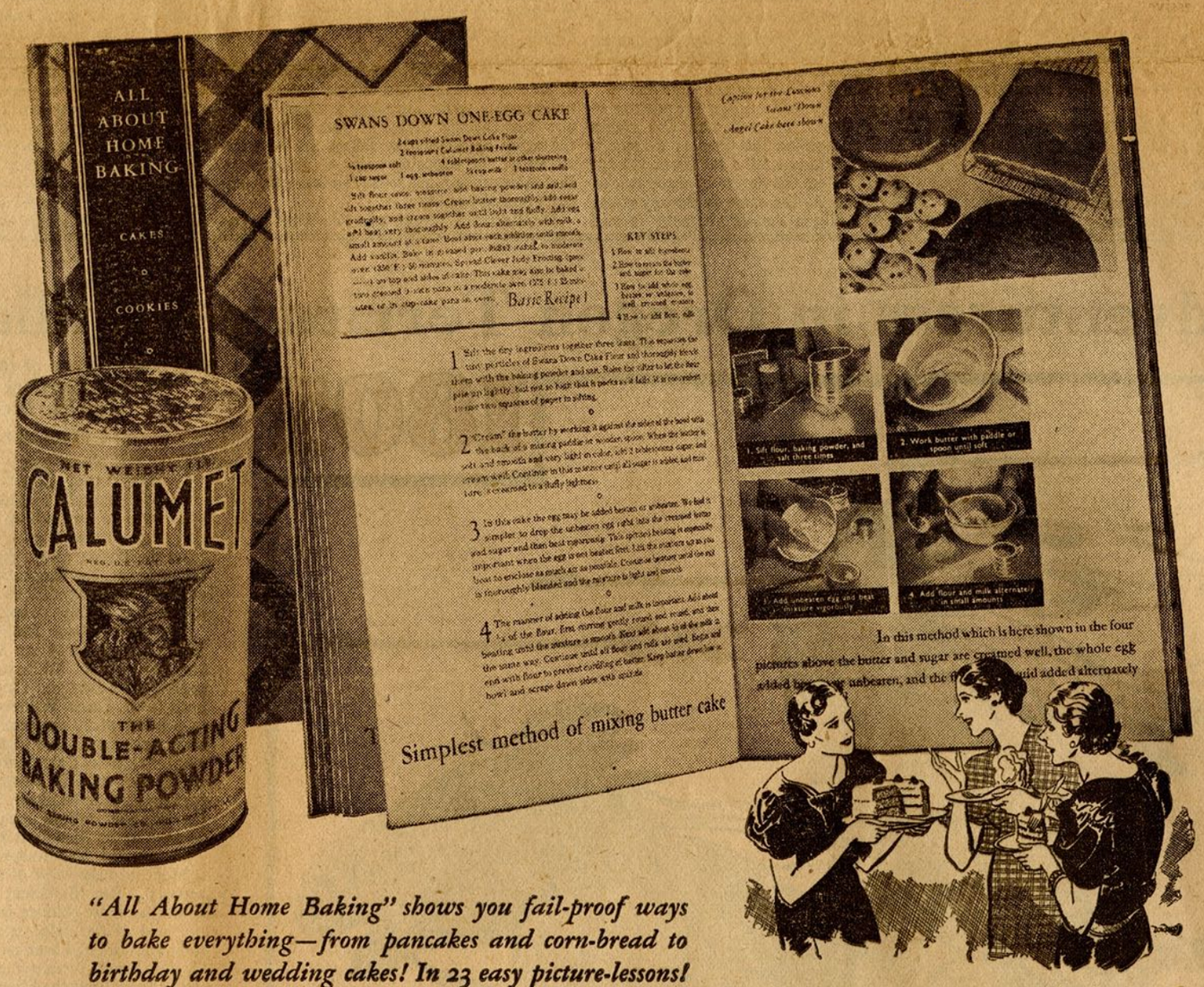
The district of Marienwerder, in West Prussia, issued two sets of 14 stamps each directly after the plebiscite was held there in 1920. The vote resulted in favor of Germany instead of Poland, and the stamps are the only ones emanating from within the present borders of Germany bearing the figure of Victory. The significance of the allegorical design, surrounded by the flags of the allies, becomes somewhat clouded when it is found that the disputed district was returned to Germany. Poland, next door to Marienwerder, made several references to peace in her issues of 1919-21, but they were parts of general issues and not special peace commemoratives.

In addition to these stamps Turkey had a special issue in 1924 commemorating the signing of the treaty of peace at Lausanne, and occasional references to the war and its ending have come during the past ten years from various countries. The latest "peace" issue was the French general issue of 1932-33, showing the figure of Peace with an olive branch. The series is still current.

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The famous Arthur Hind collection goes under the auctioneer's hammer this month. That is, it starts this month. The first unit, consisting of the U. S. collection, will be auctioned off in the Waldorf-Astoria hotel in New York about November 20. The balance of this greatest collection in the world will be sold at a series of auctions terminating in 1935. Walter F. Scott is the auctioneer, and the lots are being arranged under the trusteeship of Charles J. Phillips and W. C. Kennett. It is not possible to make an accurate guess as to what the total sales will be, due to market conditions. The Ferrari sale in Paris ten years ago realized about $3,000,000, and Arthur Hind was the principal buyer, so it can be seen that the forthcoming auction will be one of the most momentous events in the history of stamp collecting.

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When Old Masters Fool Experts—Beware

The Man Who Can Buy a Goya for $200 and Sell It in 48 Hours for $30,000 Is Very Rare Indeed

BY ARTHUR MILLIER.
Art Critic of the Los Angeles Times.

AMONG the better-known games of chance are chuck-a-luck, roulette, tango and Wall street. Less well known but equally hazardous is the game called "old masters."

Buying paintings by old masters is a form of gambling—unless you play it as the late Henry E. Huntington did when he bet $800,000 that the famous "Blue Boy" was actually a painting by Gainsborough.

Buying a picture that every school child knows is an old master and paying that price for it, you can't lose. You may pay too much money for it, but you do get a genuine article.

If you haven't $800,000, but want to play anyhow—watch out! You can easily lose your all. When so-called art experts continually get fooled, what chance have you?

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Of course, if you really know an old master when you see one you can clean up. Julius Weisner of New York city walked into a big auction gallery two years ago and saw a painting on the wall catalogued as "Portrait of an Old Woman," by Rembrandt. Mr. Weisner knew better. He recognized in the supposed old woman the features of the great Spanish painter Goya. Even more important, he recognized that master's very brush strokes on the canvas.

When the auctioneer said to the crowd, "What am I bid for this portrait of an old woman by the great Rembrandt?" the experts and dealers turned up their noses.

"That's no painting by Rembrandt," said they. "We know a Rembrandt when we see one!"

"Quite right," said Mr. Weisner, in effect, as he bought the despised picture for $200, "but you ought to brush up on your knowledge of Goya."

Two days later he sold the painting for $30,000. Quite a neat win in the "old master" game, what?

But if you lack gambling money, the point of this story is not that Mr. Weisner made money. The point is that in the very center of the game—New York city—only one man knew the real article when he saw it.

Obviously you have to have knowledge to play this game.

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What constitutes an old master?

I asked an educated young woman that and she said she thought it meant a Dutch painter! That's as much as most of us know about old masters, if we're really honest with ourselves.

The term old master properly designates any artist of the past whose work is of unusual excellence. More loosely the term is used to describe a painting or other work by such an artist. More loosely still, it is applied to almost any painting over a hundred years old—and some that only pretend to be old.

Genuine works by the best of these old artists bring large sums of money. Art dealers search for them. Art collectors and museums compete for their possession. Many old paintings have a clear history from the day they were painted down to their present location. About these the question of genuineness is seldom raised.

Other paintings by old masters have dropped out of sight and turned up again centuries later. Often there is no known record to prove their authorship.

Such works when found may have been painted by one of the justly esteemed great artists—in which case they are worth plenty of money, or they may be the work of a lesser artist influenced by the great master's style—which makes them worth a much smaller sum. They may be old or recent copies of a greater or lesser master. They may be out-and-out fakes made to deceive gullible buyers. neither class of picture having any money value.



ONE THE EXPERTS MISSED

This painting was offered as the "portrait of an old woman" by Rembrandt, but an expert saw Goya's famed hand in it, bought it for $200 and sold it 48 hours later for $30,000.





THE DISPUTED MANTEGNA WHICH DR. TROSS ESTABLISHED AS A FAKE

On the left is the Mantegna which was proven false by applying science and knowledge. On the right is a portion of the Mantegna as the X-ray revealed it, showing the canvass and backing to be genuine and no picture underneath the one represented. The trouble was that when the alcohol test was applied, the supposed 16th century paint came off immediately.

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Here is where the "art expert" enters the game. He is an analyst of old paintings who knows what kind of materials artists used in each century, how Titian painted the lobe of an ear and what was the shape and nature of a brush stroke painted by Rembrandt. He must also know what paint, wood, canvas and varnish were used in various periods of art and how these things react to time and climate. Besides these things he must have the history of art at his finger tips and be "on" to all the dodges of the makers of fakes.

Have you ever noticed how the surface of an old painting is covered with fine cracks somewhat resembling the lines of a spider's web? Art experts can tell a lot about the age of a painting from the nature of those cracks.

Modern science has come to the aid of the art expert. Where earlier students formed their opinion of a painting's authorship principally from their knowledge of an artist's "style," the expert can now scrape off bits of pigment for chemical analysis, peer underneath the top surface of paint by means of the X-rays, submit the picture to the rays of the fluoroscope which reveal hidden changes and differentiate between old and new paint.

In the past a faker could sometimes fool connoisseurs by selecting an old painting of no particular value which dated from the time of the old master he proposed to imitate and simply paint his fake right over it. If the imitation was a good one in its style and the faker had been careful to use only such pigments as the master himself used it was easy to demonstrate that the canvas or wood panel on which the picture was painted was of the proper age and kind.

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The X-ray has done much to stop this type of fake by revealing the original old painting underneath, while chemical analysis of the new pigment will reveal its lack of age. But the army of old-master fakers are as wide-awake as the opposing army of art experts, sometimes even more so, as the following true story demonstrates.

Dr. Ernest L. Tross, who now lives in Los Angeles, is a graduate art historian who has made a life study of old masters, and is, in consequence, frequently called upon for his opinion in regard to the authorship of old paintings.

Not long ago Dr. Tross was called to New York to catalogue a private collection of paintings, the gem of which was a "Madonna and Child" by the great Italian master, Andrea Mantegna, one of the most important artists of the renaissance.

The collector had purchased this picture from a reputable firm of art dealers after it had been examined in Italy by the art expert who has made a special study of Mantegna's works, and whose opinion, accordingly, is usually accepted as final.

Despite this indorsement Dr. Tross suspected that the picture was really an unusually clever fake of modern origin. He decided that it offered a wonderful opportunity to show that art experts who depend upon some special type of test can easily be fooled, because, like some medical specialists, they are blind to any disorders but the few they specialize in.

The picture had already been reproduced on the cover of one of the leading art magazines. Since the Italian expert on Mantegna based his opinion principally on his knowledge of the master's artistic style, Dr. Tross decided to see if the painting would also fool scientific experts who use X-ray and microscope. With the owner's permission he had the painting sent to a man in New York who has a reputation for his knowledge of pigments and his use of the X-ray, who has, in fact, written an impressive book on the restoration of old paintings and the detection of fakes.

This learned gentleman, examining the surface of the paint with his microscope, found that the formation of the paint cracks indicated that the paint was over 300 years old. Next he took an X-ray photograph of the wood panel, which revealed that there was no other picture underneath the "Madonna and Child." He also tested it with a fluoroscope and then indorsed the picture as "undoubtedly over 300 years old."

The painting was then taken to still another expert, who put in writing his belief that the painting was "an original work of the second half of the 15th century," the time, in other words, of Andrea Mantegna.

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Now for the denouement. Dr. Tross next told the owner to send the painting to a restorer and have it rubbed with alcohol. As he expected, the paint, which was scarcely dry, came off. The dealer who had sold the picture had to take it back and refund the collector's money.

How was a fake made which could successfully fool three or more art experts, an art dealer and an art collector?

The faker's method was simplicity itself. He took advantage of the awe in which modern people hold "scientific proof." It is true he made an imitation which fooled the Italian who knows Mantegna's style of painting, but without "scientific" procedure he could never have fooled so many others.

Here is how it was done: The forger procured a valueless painting on a wood panel of the 15th century. Now, before an artist paints a picture on a panel he must first cover the wood with a "ground," consisting usually of plaster and glue. When a painting done on such a ground grows old the cracks which develop in the paint also penetrate into the plaster ground. Knowing that the X-ray would give him away if he simply followed the old practice of painting his forgery on top of the old picture, this clever faker carefully scraped or dissolved away all the old paint but was careful not to destroy the "ground" and its precious cracks, which, like the wrinkles in a face, reveal the secret of age.

Next, using pigments similar to Mantegna's, he painted his "Madonna and Child" on the old ground, but he was careful to leave all the old cracks open and even to rub a little "dirt of the ages" into them when he had finished.

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Since this was a new dodge, it worked. Undoubtedly the unknown faker got his pay out of it, even if the picture proved a loss to the innocent art dealer. And it certainly proved that "art experts" can be easily fooled.

Several American museums still have in their basements elaborate pieces of fake renaissance sculpture made by a living Italian. When these imitations were finally traced to their source it was found that their author had made little money from them. The faker seldom knows the ultimate disposition of his handiwork, because it goes out into the world through a series of agents, some innocent, some guilty. The art dealer who sells a fake to the final owner usually does so in perfectly good faith that it is genuine.

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Dean Swift said that all sublunary happiness consists in being well deceived. In the matter of old masters there is in every land an army of fakers, unscrupulous salesmen and ignorant or complicit "art experts" all aiming to make you happy.

To this day, unless you have the sort of flair which discovered Goya's self-portrait where others only saw a fake Rembrandt, your best way to avoid this sort of "happiness" is to play the gambling game of "old masters" in the establishment of a reputable firm of art dealers. An honest art dealer will take back an old master if you can prove it is not what it purports to be.

If you can also add to your list of friends an "art expert" who really knows his subject—and the real ones are rare as hens' teeth—you will have a fairly safe system of play to beat the game.

Lacking these bulwarks (and a well-filled purse), you can find a pleasant and useful outlet for your love of art in seeking and buying fine works by living artists. When in doubt as to the authorship of any such picture you can always refer the question to the artist himself, which is more than you can do in the case of Rembrandt, Gainsborough or any other old master.

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In this way you can avoid the many pitfalls not described here—such as the selling of copies of old masters with the aid of genuine certificates written by experts on the back of photographs of the original paintings, or the sale of fakes with forged certificates of authenticity, or the sale for high prices of paintings which famous experts once considered to be by great masters, but which subsequent criticism has proved to be by their assistants or followers.

And while saving yourself from these indignities you will also be helping support a living art instead of extracting social prestige from a dead one.

Adventurers in Oregon Territory—Williams



The frenzied red demons descended upon the white men . . .

Pictorial History of the Original Oregon Territory by E. Karolyn Ries.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THOSE three hardy adventurers, Mackenzie, Lewis and Clark, were greatly responsible for the vast wave of enthusiasm for exploration that followed upon their return from the Pacific slope. Soon the country west of the Rockies was honeycombed with expeditions, then settlements and finally strong forts.

We shall follow Ezekial Williams. Big White, chief of the Mandan tribe and Sacajawea's brother, had accompanied the Lewis and Clark expedition back to St. Louis. Williams, the leader of a party of 20 trappers bent on following the Lewis and Clark trail westward, was to lead the Indian chief back to his own tribe in North Dakota before proceeding on alone. They reached the Mandan village safely and bade farewell to the friendly tribe.

On up the Yellowstone they went, straight into the heart of the Blackfoot country. The Blackfeet feared and hated the white-skinned intruders from the land of the rising sun, for two of their warriors had been put to death by Captain Lewis for stealing horses. And now a third brave had been caught in a sharp-tooth beaver trap set by one of Williams' men. The Blackfeet prepared for war. The furious painted savages danced to the weird beat of the war drums. One hundred frenzied red demons descended upon those 20 helpless white men and five were killed. The remaining men escaped down the Platte. On the Platte five more were killed by the ruthless Blackfeet. The stricken survivors headed for Arkansas, but the wholesale slaughter continued, and the Comanches took the lives of seven more. Three men remained, Williams, the leader, Workman and Spencer. Terror-stricken and desperate, the men now thought only of reaching safety. Williams decided to head for Cooper's fort on the Missouri. Workman and Spencer felt that greatest safety lay in the Spanish settlements to the west. They crossed the Rockies to the Colorado river and came at last to a traveled trail. Soon a caravan traveling from Santa Fe to Los Angeles passed. They joined the welcome company. They remained in the city of "the Angels" for a number of months, accompanying, after a time, a party returning to Santa Fe. They spent the next 15 years in that territory. On their return to their homes in Missouri after a decade and a half they were greeted as men long dead and almost forgotten!

Next week: Adventurers in the Oregon territory—Fraser.

A Ghost City

Continued From Page 3.

passing was graphically described by the peregrinating "Crayon."

On April 20, 1864, he wrote:

"I visited this once-flourishing town on my way in and found it even more dilapidated than I had imagined. Riding a distance of 20 miles through the once-peopled valley of Powder river, I saw no human being but one, and he was the tollgate keeper, eight miles below Auburn. Every house but about one in twenty in the town is vacant and gone to ruin. But few men are residing there and those few are 'on the sell,' a bad omen surely.

"French gulch and Five Bit gulch appear to be the cash diggings of the place, and I heard these names so often reiterated during my brief stay that they disturb my dreams. There are several hydraulics in French gulch, and the companies there stand a chance of making something the coming season. The Auburn Canal company has a splendid supply of water and, if customers can be found, will have dividends to declare this winter. Lloyd Brook, Esq., of your city (Portland) was in town when I left, receiving the consolations of the burg's 'Micawbers' relative to the extent of mining country his ditch covers.

"A new basin, supposed not to be second to this, has been discovered on the headwaters of Gallatin creek, a branch of Hood river, distant about 150 miles from here."

"Crayon's" significant news about the scarcity of 'dust,' the lure of new gold fields and the tumbling of commodity prices was mingled, almost in the manner of Artemus Ward, with a pithy account of Auburn's liveliest social event of the season.

"One man," says the frontier scribe, "bought a cargo of flour yesterday at only 16 cents per pound, 7 cents less than the freight." And then, without drawing breath, "the 'Nymphs du Paree' gave a ball last night in town and the boys generally were round for the amusement. One or two scraps resulted, coupled with the destruction of considerable glassware hurled at offending skulls."

"Y-e-e-e-ow!"

Now, ladies and gents, that we have your attention, remember to see Stark-Davis Co. 824 S. W. Fourth, for certified plumbing repairs.



MARVELOUS NEW HAND BALM

Does everything other skin preparations do, and in addition is instantly disappearing — leaves absolutely no after-stickiness. To introduce quickly, we will send you a jar for only 39c, postage prepaid. Send only 39c in silver or stamps.

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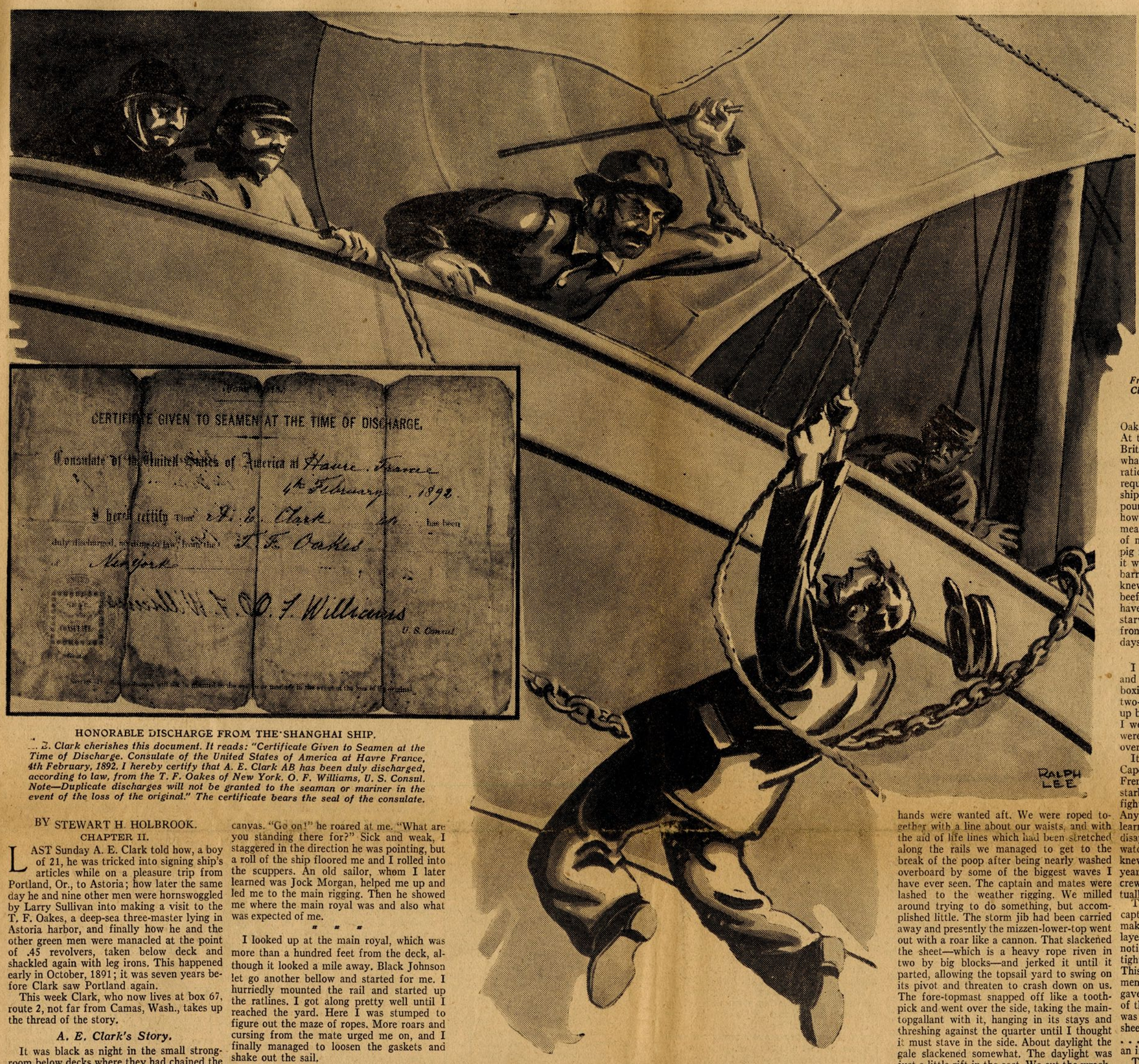
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"I Was Shanghaied"—The Trip to Le Havre

Johnson, the Mate, Heaves a Jap Sailor Into the Sea—and Pays a Heavy Price for the Privilege



CERTIFICATE GIVEN TO SEAMEN AT THE TIME OF DISCHARGE.

Consulate of the United States of America at Havre, France.

4th February, 1892.

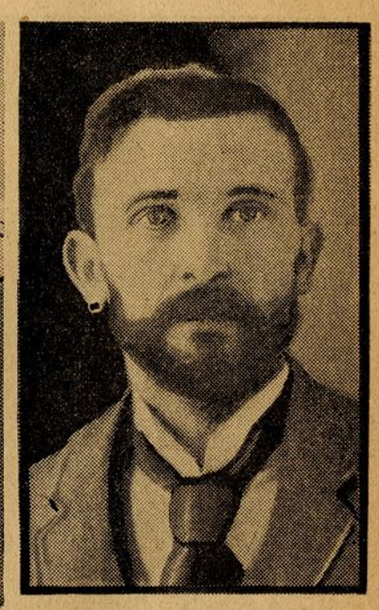
I hereby certify that A. E. Clark AB has been duly discharged, according to law, from the T. F. Oakes of Newport

O. F. Williams

U. S. Consul.

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM THE SHANGHAI SHIP.

A. E. Clark cherishes this document. It reads: "Certificate Given to Seamen at the Time of Discharge. Consulate of the United States of America at Havre France, 4th February, 1892. I hereby certify that A. E. Clark AB has been duly discharged, according to law, from the T. F. Oakes of New York. O. F. Williams, U. S. Consul. Note—Duplicate discharges will not be granted to the seaman or mariner in the event of the loss of the original." The certificate bears the seal of the consulate.



A. E. CLARK.

From an old photograph taken when Mr. Clark had become a veteran of the high seas.

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK.

CHAPTER II.

LAST Sunday A. E. Clark told how, a boy of 21, he was tricked into signing ship's articles while on a pleasure trip from Portland, Or., to Astoria; how later the same day he and nine other men were hornswoggled by Larry Sullivan into making a visit to the T. F. Oakes, a deep-sea three-master lying in Astoria harbor, and finally how he and the other green men were manacled at the point of .45 revolvers, taken below deck and shackled again with leg irons. This happened early in October, 1891; it was seven years before Clark saw Portland again.

This week Clark, who now lives at box 67, route 2, not far from Camas, Wash., takes up the thread of the story.

A. E. Clark's Story.

It was black as night in the small strongroom below decks where they had chained the ten of us shanghaied men; we couldn't see each other even, but we knew we were there, all right, for we were chained together, two by two, by our wrists, and then each one of us was chained by the ankle to a sort of steel stanchion. There was no trace of fresh air in the place and we nearly suffocated before morning. The manacles hurt, especially when one's "partner" would move to get into a more comfortable position.

We hadn't been locked up long when we heard noises above deck which indicated that the ship was getting under way. And pretty soon we could feel the roll as the Oakes met the ocean swell coming in over the Columbia river bar. We learned next morning that the captain, the mates and a crew of six men took the ship out to sea that night; not a very big crew to handle so large a vessel.

Some time during the night the hatch was opened and the captain and bos'n came down. The bos'n hung a lantern up in one corner, out of reach, and put a bucket on the floor in reach of the nearest man. Then they left without speaking a word.

By this time most of us were pretty sick, caused not only by the roll of the ship but by the close quarters.

There was little conversation that evening. We were all strangers to each other, and, as far as I knew, had never met until the day before. Then, too, because of the conditions under which we had got into the fix we were in, we were more or less suspicious. By this time even the dumbest among us realized what had happened and that we were in a bad spot.

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Next time the hatch opened we could see a faint light which indicated morning. This time it was the captain and two or three of the mates. They took the leg irons off the first pair of men and then led them above, still handcuffed together. They banged down the hatch again and left the eight of us as we were.

Pretty soon we heard some new noises on deck, loud voices as if in argument, cursing, the sound of blows and then a thud as if a body had struck the deck. They didn't sound very good. Then all was as before. We could hear the wind whistling through the rigging, the shouted orders, the donkey chugging, accompanied by the squeaking of blocks and tackle as some more sail was hoisted.

Later the captain and mates came down below again and took two others on deck. This was repeated at intervals until all of us were out of the strongroom. My companion and I were the last two to be taken out. As soon as the handcuffs were removed the first mate, who was known as Black Johnson, gave my companion some task I have forgotten and then came up to me. "Loose the main royal," he shouted into my face. I, of course, didn't know a main royal from any other piece of canvas. "Go on!" he roared at me. "What are you standing there for?" Sick and weak, I staggered in the direction he was pointing, but a roll of the ship floored me and I rolled into the scuppers. An old sailor, whom I later learned was Jock Morgan, helped me up and led me to the main rigging. Then he showed me where the main royal was and also what was expected of me.

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I looked up at the main royal, which was more than a hundred feet from the deck, although it looked a mile away. Black Johnson let go another bellow and started for me. I hurriedly mounted the rail and started up the ratlines. I got along pretty well until I reached the yard. Here I was stumped to figure out the maze of ropes. More roars and cursing from the mate urged me on, and I finally managed to loosen the gaskets and shake out the sail.

All this time that tall mast was describing arcs of 25 degrees as the ship answered to the long rolls of the sea. One moment it would seem to me that I was just about ten feet above the green water and then the mast would roll back to erect position. I hung on for dear life all the way down to the deck and didn't realize until I got there that some time when I was aloft I had lost my only hat.

The first mate was busy elsewhere. Old Jock Morgan took me in tow and led me to the fo'castle, where breakfast had already been served. Jock had saved for me a small portion of corned beef hash, two sea biscuits and a dipper of the vilest concoction I have ever tasted in the name of coffee. I wasn't very hungry anyway and was less so when I sat down and faced that grub. While I was attempting to eat I took a look at the crew. There were six of them—two Japs, two Scots and two Scandinavians, and, of course, the nine men and myself who were there not by choice. One of the Scandinavians was lying in a bunk moaning; they said he was suffering from broken ribs received in a fight in Astoria.

Black Johnson threw open the door and ordered all hands on deck. We trooped out and set to work getting that old hooker in shape. We landlubbers would watch the old hands and try to follow their lead as best we could. Captain Reed spent most of the day walking back and forth on the weather side of the poop, apparently completely oblivious to what we were doing. His wife, a big pea-jacket over her shoulders, sat in a rocker in the lee of the binnacle knitting.

At times during the day we glimpsed the Oregon coast, half buried in mist, and occasionally we could see the bold headlands, but that all faded before night. By eight bells—4 P. M.—with the sails all set, decks cleared and hatches tightly battened with heavy tarpaulins, the crew was called to the waist of the ship, just abaft the mainmast. Captain Reed was standing at the break of the poop. He turned to the first and second mates and said: "Gentlemen, you will form your watches."

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The mates took turns at choosing their men, just as we used to do in "choosing up sides" to play baseball. I was picked for Black Johnson's watch, which was the port watch. The captain then told the first mate to turn in his watch, which meant we were off duty until four bells of the first dog watch, or 6 P. M. Going to the fo'castle, Jock Morgan took the lead in getting us fixed up in proper ship's style. He had us move what things we had into bunks, which were all on one side of the black line on the deck which was the separating mark between the watches' quarters. He also found each one of us new men a new tin cup and a cuddy (a small and very shoddy mattress), which he said had been put aboard the night before with the few personal belongings we had left in Larry Sullivan's sailors' boarding house in Portland.

At 5:30 the cook brought and set inside the door a pot of black tea, some more of the cold corned beef and enough sea biscuit for two apiece. This was supper. At 6 P. M. we relieved the starboard watch, who got their supper and then relieved us at 8 o'clock. We then turned in to get what sleep we could before going on watch at midnight. That was the usual routine.

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This Black Johnson, the first mate, was making his first trip on the T. F. Oakes, although he had spent many years on other ships. His idea of discipline was to "put the fear of God" into his crew at the start. And he wasn't long in getting under way. I think it was the second or third day out that one of the young fellows who had been shanghaied with me, a farmer boy named Jerry from the Willamette valley, was kicked in the rear by Johnson. Jerry dropped the rope he was pulling and flew at the mate, knocking him flat with the first blow. Just then the third mate, a big Scandinavian, landed on Jerry's head with an iron belaying pin. Jerry went down and the two mates kicked him on the head with their heavy sea boots. When Jerry came to they made him go to work again.

It couldn't have been more than a day or so when the first mate and Jerry had another run in. This time Jerry landed on the mate first. Because he would not apologize, Jerry was locked in the dark for three weeks and given one sea biscuit and a cup of water a day.

I owed a great deal that hectic first month to the wise guidance given me by Jock Morgan, the old sailor. He not only taught me a lot about seamanship but he also kept me out of a lot of trouble. But you couldn't always keep out of trouble on that ship, and my first came in about two weeks. I had just come down from aloft. The captain was standing near, and as I got to the deck he struck me back of the ear without any warning and knocked me flat. I sprang to my feet at once, for I thought he'd begin kicking me. But I showed no sign of resentment. "You can't answer one of my officers in a tone like that," he said. To this day I haven't the faintest idea what he was referring to.

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I think it was when we had been out about a month that I noticed the trade winds were getting lighter and the sea more calm. On this particular day the forenoon had been quite warm, and a slight haze seemed to hang over everything. The hiss of the wind sank to just a murmur; it was a lazy day.

A SHANGHAI INCIDENT.

"Someone had to pound his fingers with an iron bar to make him let go. . . ."

At noon the skipper had "shot the sun" and gone below to work out his bearings. This usually took a few minutes. I had just taken the wheel as he went down to his cabin. He was back again in a moment and he was hurrying. He told the first mate to call all hands on deck and to shorten sail. There was no sign of a storm, but I learned that a falling glass had warned the skipper.

All that afternoon the deck was a busy place. Even the cook and "Sails," the sailmaker, and "Chips," the ship's carpenter, were pressed into service. The place was an uproar of shouting, cursing and working at top speed. They forgot that I at the wheel had overworked my trick there and I was glad of it.

The slight wind gradually died to a dead calm, with occasional short gusts from this or that quarter. The haze thickened, noticeably to the sou'west, when a thin black line appeared on the horizon. This grew into a huge black cloud which rose higher and higher. When this cloud got between us and the sun old Sol was immediately blotted out as though by an eclipse and real darkness settled down around us. This was early in the afternoon.

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We had noticed the sea birds making all possible speed to the nor'east—"Mother Carey's chickens," cormorants and even albatrosses. They all were flying very low and they made no sound; just flew for all there was in them.

We had lost steerage way. The Oakes yawed lazily this way and that. The idle gear slapped against each other and little squeaks and moans of the tackle added to the unreality and foreboding of trouble which I had felt since seeing those usually noisy sea birds flying low, swift and silent.

Sails had been lowered, clewed up and stowed away, so that of all the Oakes' proud array of canvas only a storm jib and mizzen-lower-topsail remained in place. The occasional puffs of wind which would come from any quarter got stronger and more frequent. Lights were lit with extra care and all were freshly filled.

At supper that night there was no limit put on what we might eat; that was one time we could fill up to the gun'als. At four bells of the first dog watch I was relieved at the wheel and went down to supper. I was just finishing when the storm hit us. I heard a great roaring and the ship stood up on her beam end. We in the fo'castle were hurled into a pile on the starboard side; the deck was at such an angle that none could stand. I don't know how long we rolled around that way. We could hear water breaking all over the decks.

The bos'n came running in and said all hands were wanted aft. We were roped together with a line about our waists, and with the aid of life lines which had been stretched along the rails we managed to get to the break of the poop after being nearly washed overboard by some of the biggest waves I have ever seen. The captain and mates were lashed to the weather rigging. We milled around trying to do something, but accomplished little. The storm jib had been carried away and presently the mizzen-lower-top went out with a roar like a cannon. That slackened the sheet—which is a heavy rope riven in two by big blocks—and jerked it until it parted, allowing the topsail yard to swing on its pivot and threaten to crash down on us. The fore-topmast snapped off like a toothpick and went over the side, taking the main-topgallant with it, hanging in its stays and threshing against the quarter until I thought it must stave in the side. About daylight the gale slackened somewhat. The daylight was just a little rift in the east. We cut the wreckage overside adrift and went below to move some of the wheat cargo, which during the storm had shifted badly to starboard.

There was no fire in the galley that day nor for the two days to follow. We ate tinned meat and sea biscuit with a drink of rum. For three days the gale continued, and all we could do was to try to keep the ship in shape to weather it. By the end of the third day our hips, shoulders, knees and elbows were a mass of bruises. Our hands, necks, ankles and a good part of our bodies were covered with sea boils.

The fourth day broke fair and calm. We had a big feed of cornmeal mush and lots of coffee. Then we spread our clothes out to dry and started in to recondition the Oakes. New spars from the stock of spares were brought out to replace those lost or broken. New sails were brought up and bent into place. The sun came out again, and in a few days we had forgotten the storm.

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Some of the few old-timers on the Oakes were real characters. "Chips" was all the name I ever knew for the ship's carpenter on this voyage. He was a Scandinavian, close to 70 years old. He had been with Captain Reed for 20 years, going from ship to ship whenever the captain changed. Chips was given to strong drink. Often he would get some spirits of wine from the stores "to remove some varnish." This he would mix with turpentine and drink. After a few jolts he ordinarily would sing a few of his beloved sagas. One of his favorite stunts took place when the captain would go to Chips' narrow quarters and ask him if he were drunk. Chips would make no answer. He simply would place his left hand on a chopping block and spread his fingers. Then he would take his axe and drive it deep into the wood in each space between his fingers. I have seen him do this when he was too drunk to walk.

Sails, the sailmaker, also was an interesting fellow. He was saving his money to retire ashore and buy a saloon; buying a saloon was his chief subject of conversation. I remember Sails made a pair of pants for me out of canvas which looked not bad and fitted remarkably well.

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On the Oakes the officers liked short names. The two Japs were christened Jim and Frank by Johnson. One day down near the equator Frank was down over the bow chipping rust. Johnson went down there, apparently to see that Frank was busy. About that time the cook saw Frank hurtle down into the sea, and he, the cook, gave the alarm "Man overboard!" We never saw Frank again. Johnson reported that Frank had slipped and fell. He had "had it in" for Frank.

Probably the worst feature of the T. F. Oakes was the food, or rather the lack of it. At that time most of the lime-juicers, as the British ships were called, put their crews on what was known as the "pint and pound" ration, i. e., they furnished just what the law required and not a bit more. Few Yankee ships of the time went in for the pint and pound, but fed much better. On the Oakes, however, it was pint and pound, and short measure at that. I'll never forget one barrel of mess pork we had. Only one side of one pig filled that 200-pound barrel to the brim; it was the fattest pork I ever saw. The beef barrels were marked "mess beef," yet I never knew anything to come out of them except beef necks. Since my voyage on the Oakes I have been shipwrecked twice and nearly starved both times, yet I never suffered more from a gnawing hunger than I did those 120 days from Astoria to Le Havre, France.

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I got into one fight with Black Johnson and we both got beaten up. I had taken some boxing lessons in Portland and I had Johnson two-thirds licked, when the third mate came up behind me and hit me with a belaying pin. I woke up in my bunk, pretty sore. But we weren't going to have Johnson all the way over.

It happened one night after we had rounded Cape Horn and were sailing nor'east for the French coast. I had been transferred to the starboard watch after Johnson and I had the fight, so I was in my bunk when it happened. Anyway, when we relieved the port watch we learned that Black Johnson had mysteriously disappeared some time during the second watch. No one had seen him fall overboard or knew anything about it. And it wasn't until years afterward, when I met one of the Oakes crew of that trip, that I learned what actually happened.

That night there was a stiff breeze and the captain had left orders to crowd all sail to make up for lost time. The jib sheet was belayed to a cleat on the fo'castle head. Johnson noticed it was slack and called the watch to tighten it. In half an hour it was slack again. This happened several times. Finally as the men were pulling it Johnson took hold and gave the word to all heave together. But all of them let go at the same time and Johnson was jerked overboard. He was clinging to the sheet, yelling for help at the top of his lungs. . . . Someone had to pound his fingers with an iron bar to make him let go.

That was the last anybody ever saw or heard of Black Johnson.

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After 120 days without more than a glimpse of land on the horizon we sailed into the harbor at Le Havre, France. This was about February 1, 1892. Most of the crew went ashore at once, being taken there by a tugboat operated by runners for a sailors' boarding house. We put up at the place. I can't remember the name of it, but it was run by Americans, and they went after the Yankee ship trade chiefly.

A few days later we were paid off at the American consul's office and were given our discharges. The ten of us who had been shanghaied found that we had paid dearly for staying at Larry Sullivan's boarding house over night and for the "free" pleasure trip down the Columbia to Astoria. Sixty dollars a man was deducted. This was all the advance allowed by law and amounted to two months' pay of an able seaman, who received $30 a month. As for the poor ordinary seaman, who got $15 a month, why, he just came out even, or not quite that if he had had any slop-chest charges against his account on the voyage.

Within a few days the crew had scattered. Where they went I don't remember. But I had taken a liking to life at sea and I thought I'd try another trip. Only this time I made up my mind I wouldn't be shanghaied and pay two months' wages for the privilege. Next week I'll tell you how my second trip, in some respects, was worse than the first.

To be continued next week in the magazine section of The Sunday Oregonian.

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Don't Take Drastic Drugs

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Strange and True Wild Life Line Stories

From Many Parts of the Pacific Northwest Come Narratives of Animals That Seem to Reason for Themselves



DON'T GET TOO CLOSE—I MIGHT SLAP YOU.

National park bears appear gentle enough, but they have been known to betray confidence in them by rising up with the left paw—or the right one—and cuffing or pummeling the person who wishes to befriend them.—Photo by William L. and Irene Finley.



—Associated Press photo.

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION: GIVE HIM A LION.

Why not a nice lion cub for Christmas? These fat little fellows of the Gay lion farm, El Monte, Cal., are all dolled up with Christmas tags ready to go. Lion cubs are suggested as gifts that will live long after Christmas.



—Associated Press photo.

BLACK SWAN DISPROVES WINTER THEORY.

This Tasmanian black swan may have been fooled when she started setting on six eggs at the St. Louis, Mo., zoo early last winter. She apparently acted on the theory that winter would not come. Her ability as a weather prophet, however, was later discounted.

Squirrel Shows Spirit in Tackling Big Job

First Prize Story.

ONE day last summer as my wife and I were walking along an old trail near the shore of Lake Quinault we noticed a squirrel endeavoring to drag along through the brush a narrow strip of cotton. The task was plainly too much for him, the strip being about seven feet long and three inches wide. Also it was rather heavily saturated with oil.

Standing only a few feet away from him, we watched with sympathetic interest the strenuous efforts of the little fellow. This way and that he endeavored to drag the resisting strip, but he could move it only a short inch at a time.

At last a new idea seemed to enter his mind. Using his mouth and fore feet, he began to roll the cotton, dragging it toward him little by little, and at the same time, with a paw at each end of the roll, controlling the latter's formation. And what a job he made of it! Human hands could have done but little better.

As the roll grew, however, it became difficult for the small "hands" to hold it level and for the teeth to grasp it. It began to wobble and the cotton to go on loosely. Finally he could go no farther with it. But did the failure discourage him? Not a bit of it. Promptly he unrolled the strip and began anew. Again he failed and again he tried, only to be once more baffled.

At my wife's suggestion I went forward, and taking up the strip, tore it into three or four pieces. This, of course, frightened the squirrel away, but when I returned next day the cotton had disappeared.

D. E. JACKSON,
409 North Quince St., Olympia, Wash.

Mother Deer Uses Brain to Save Fawn

Second Prize Story.

I RECENTLY witnessed a drama enacted that showed that some wild animals when confronted with a problem can reason out a solution that would be creditable to man if he was in the same predicament. The animal in this case was a Columbia black-tailed doe.

I had just strolled out onto a high point that overlooked several rather deep ravines I got there just in time to see a doe that had been browsing on some scrub white oak jerk up her head and sniff the breeze. Near by a small spotted fawn watched his mother intently. Evidently the wind carried an ominous warning, for the doe and fawn crossed the ravine and fairly flew up the hill. However, when they reached the top they stopped and looked back.

Glancing back to where they had started, I glimpsed a sinister yellow shape gliding through the brush. It was a coyote. Evidently he was hunting rabbits and was unaware of deer until he saw them, for he stood still and regarded them intently.

From my point of advantage I could see it all. When the deer started trotting up the ridge the coyote began to pursue them. When the doe saw the coyote was after them she made a few big bounds to get the fawn started, then she began to slow down.

The fawn was out of sight by the time the coyote had gained the top of the ridge. The doe was trotting leisurely along. She let the coyote get within 20 feet of her before she seemed aware of its presence. Even then she did not appear to be startled, but calmly swung off at a right angle to the course taken by the fawn. For the first couple of hundred yards she barely kept ahead of the coyote, but from then on she began to put on speed and soon left him far behind.

I think this method of outwitting the coyote by distracting its attention from the fawn to herself shows reasoning power on the part of the doe, but little if any on the coyote's part, for he could have easily caught the fawn, for it was quite small.

JIM GILMAN,
Ruth, Cal.

Wild Duck Paddles Behind Tame Ones

Third Prize Story.

EARLY last spring there came to Taylorville lake a small bluebill duck. Mr. Taylor had a few domesticated mallards and we had two large giant pekins. It was around the pekins the bluebill liked to stay.

One morning at a sudden sound of danger the ducks took fright and swam quickly for the center of the lake. I noticed the little bluebill floating along behind the big ducks, only now and then paddling, as he was being pulled by the invisible "towline" which is found behind swift-moving objects in the water.

I have often noticed ferrymen taking advantage of this when a vessel precedes the ferry into harbor, but it was the first time I had seen a bird so smart.

I watched him many times after that and the little bluebill always repeated his clever maneuver.

MRS. HOMER L. EARL,
Westport, Or.

Deer Cuts Bobcat Into Small Pieces

IT WAS high up on Humboldt peak in the Sangre de Cristo range, just at timber line. I sneaked slowly up behind some dwarfed Alpine fir, and, parting the branches, gazed down into the small valley ahead. Sure enough, there stood a big buck, together with two does, grazing peacefully on the lush grass that grew along the little stream that tumbled down the valley, not 50 yards from where I crouched.

Carefully I raised my rifle, already picturing that magnificent head of horns in my den at home. Suddenly there was a commotion in a bunch of brush just above the deer. Out sprang a little spotted fawn, a large bobcat clinging to its back, teeth fastened into the little fellow's neck.

The fawn uttered no sound, but raced toward its elders, eyes wide with terror. As he reached the stream his long legs buckled and he sprawled onto the grass, unable to regain his feet.

No sooner had he hit the ground than the big buck leaped into action. In a single bound he covered the 20 feet that separated him from the youngster and his assassin. With dazzling speed his head flashed down and up, and as it came up the cat was tossed high in the air. No sooner did he hit the ground than the buck was upon him, sharp hooves slashing like knives.

It was all over in a few seconds. The cat lay in a heap, literally cut to pieces (as I found later when I investigated in hopes of mounting him). The fawn, roused by the nudges of his mother, who had immediately gone over to him, slowly rose to his feet, apparently only a little wobbly from the encounter.

Slowly I slid my rifle down beside me as the quartet "mosied" away toward the timber below. To have shot that splendid creature after his magnificent display of courage and intelligence would have been a sacrilege.

RAY HESS,
Hagerman Hall, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Too-Familiar Skunk Finally "Gets Gate"

SEVERAL years ago I spent some time in the mines of southern Oregon. Our cabin had a puncheon floor. There was a loose board by the fireplace and a crack through to the space beneath the floor. One day a skunk came to this crack and chattered noisily. We gave him some baked beans and a piece of cheese, which he seemed to enjoy immensely. After that he came every day and demanded his dinner.

Then one day we pried up the board, and out walked Mr. Skunk into the room. The dog and cat were there, but both pretended not to see him How he would chatter and scold if he were not let up into the room quickly enough! He demanded attention, that fellow.

As time went on he grew bolder, and every evening as dinner was being prepared found him in the kitchen. He would climb onto the table, peek into the dishes and help himself to whatever pleased his fancy. And he had to be treated with respect. There was no pushing or shoving him about.

He did pretty much as he pleased, but when he began dipping his paw into the cream and then licking it off it was a bit thick. We decided that something would have to be done about him. Then he brought home a wife to share his life of ease, and that did settle things. They were caught in a trap, removed to a safe distance—and, well, let's draw the veil

H. WALLACE,
6520 Southeast Sixty-second Ave., Portland.

The Murre Multitudes

BY WILLIAM L. FINLEY.

THE warm south wind blowing its wave of white and yellow flowers across fields and hills also touches lightly the ocean with its message of spring. Off the Oregon shore schools of shad, smelt and salmon feel the urge and the coastal waters stir under the spawning instinct. The flank of every green wave is flecked with birds of seal brown, wearing white waistcoats. These are California murres. Every schooner that plies the trade pushes its way, mile after mile, through these great rafts of sea fowl. Fed fat on the fingerlings of southern waters, with one accord they now take thought of sea-girt rocks, carved by wind and wave, along the northern shores.

The murre multitudes are moving under the homing instinct, pressing north with flap of wing and patter of foot, lifting now here, now there, rising and falling in the trough of white-tipped waves. They move steadily and with purpose, as vast armies move. June awakens to find the murre tribe gathered thick on cliff, crag and pinnacle for 3000 miles of rugged coast line. The very basalt and granite are warmed by the mothering multitude.

Among our diving birds that live beyond the shore line the murre is the most populous species of the sea. One might wonder how there came to be so many of them. The reasons are sufficient. Although the mother murre cradles but one egg a setting, and a duck or grouse may lay from 10 to 15 eggs a season, the latter have decreased rapidly in numbers everywhere, but the murres still remain in something like the numbers of yesterday. They have certain traits and habits that have helped them to grow and flourish, while their cousin, the Great Auk, has lost out in the long struggle.

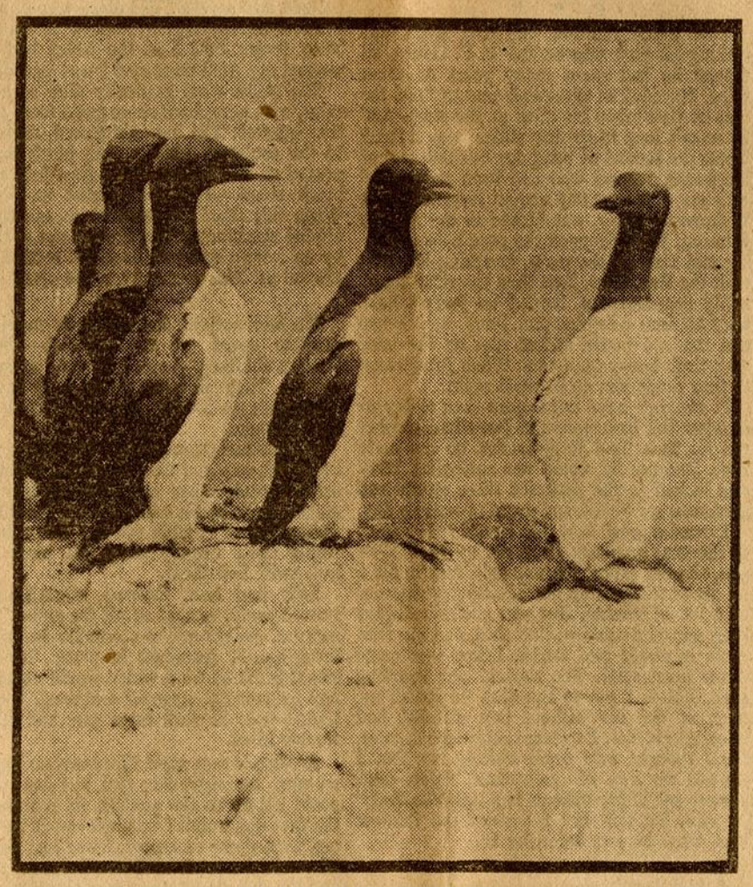
The Great Auk was the only North American bird incapable of flight. Like the murre, he lived on the sea rocks where it was handy to flop into the water and eat his fill of fish fry. All he had to do was to climb back on the rock again and sit around, not even exercising his wings, until another hungry spell was on. Did he formerly have the power of flight and lose it through disuse, or had he never attained the flying stage? It is hard to say. Time passed without his knowing that the age of man was full upon him. Then naturalists discovered that he had been pushed over the edge of the universe and was gone for good. The last records of the species were a single bird killed in 1842 off the Newfoundland coast and a pair in 1844 on some rocky islands near Iceland. All that remains of these flightless swimmers are about 70 skins, 65 eggs and some 25 more or less perfect skeletons. This is just what might happen to the penguin family of the south arctic if the far-awayness from civilization did not protect them. They walk along like foolish people with their heads in the air, without a thought that some day they may have use for wings.

The murre is not so helpless. He is built upon serviceable lines, equipped for the life he leads. Not graceful in flight, like the gull, he cannot poise, turn quickly, drop or rise with ease, but he pushes forward on rapid wings, swift of purpose and bent upon business. He rises from the sea with difficulty, splashing along the surface to get a start. His legs and webbed feet are at the very end of his body, so he walks quite as easily as a man would with his feet tied, but his feet are where they are the most useful as propellers. He needs them more for water than for walking on land. He flies below the surface more expertly than he does above, using his wings like the side flippers of a seal. A stiff tail as a rudder helps him turn and twist quickly in the chase for fry.

Fortunately the flavor of murre meat has not tempted sportsmen as has the taste of our river and sea ducks, yet in many places fishermen and other sea folk are not unmindful of the thousands of murre eggs that lie thick on the sea rocks, for these, when fresh, are fit for food.

On the California coast the product of the murre was commercialized for many years. As early as 1850 the Farallone Egg company was organized to collect eggs and ship them into the San Francisco market. It was estimated that 25,000 dozen eggs a year were taken from the Farallones up to 1873; after that an average of about 15,000 dozen were shipped annually, but by 1897 that number had decreased to 7645 dozen, showing that traffic was more than even the murre numbers could bear. The following year the government prohibited the taking of eggs. Off the California coast was the only place in the west where murres were robbed to such an extent. In many places the murre multitudes have been undisturbed, and it is like going back 50,000 years into the past to visit some of the great murre loomeries, or colonies, along the shores of the Pacific, for there is not the least sign of civilization.

The murre is a tenement dweller because he prefers it. He likes the jostle and feel of the mob. Someone has said he would die of lonesomeness if separated from the flock. A space of but a few inches is all he needs for a home. He makes no nest. When he sits down he looks as if he were standing up. No social settlement worker could visit a big murre colony without complaining of the living conditions. Yet for all this Mother Nature seems to have made abundant provision for her murre children.



THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

California murres or guillemots are the most abundant birds nesting on the sea cliffs from California to Alaska. They make no nest, but lay a pear-shaped egg as large as the egg of the domestic turkey. Where so many birds and eggs are scattered along the ledges, the top-shaped appearance of the egg often prevents it from rolling over the edge. Instead of rolling, it swings around on its own axis and stops. A murre looks as if he does his sitting standing up.—Photograph by William L. Finley and H. T. Bohlman.

Snake Steals Bait From River Angler

ONE Sunday when I went fishing up the Coquille river I picked a good fishing hole well out in the river which looked like a good place to start. I used a piece of fish (sucker) for bait, and for the first hour's prizes I caught two large trout.

I was having rather good luck, when I noticed part of my bait in my bait can was disappearing, especially the small part of fish cut up into small squares. But thinking I had accidentally knocked the bait in the water, I resumed fishing.

About five minutes later I was brought to attention when over by the bait can I saw a large water snake about three feet long, eating the cut squares of fish as fast as he could gulp them down. As soon as he saw me looking he stopped, then quietly slid into the water and headed for the nearest shore. Evidently the snake would eat the amount of fish I had cut, then hide under the log on the dock waiting for me to cut more pieces.

But that ended his dinner, for I closed the bait can after that and kept one eye on the lookout.

TOM STACER,
293 East First St., Coquille, Or.

Martins Show Fight in Building of Nest

SOME neighbors of mine built a cottage at Road's End, a beach settlement. This spring a pair of martins decided to build a nest over the front door. They carried mud in their little beaks until the nest was all but completed. One night rain beat in upon the nest until it was quite dissolved. When they saw their home in ruins they went to work and rebuilt it. Mrs. B. swept it down because Mr. B. wished to construct a porch light there.

No sooner had he finished work than the birds built a third nest in the same spot. This time it was on top the light bulb. As fast as Mrs. B. removed the mud the birds managed to put more there. Finally she covered the light with a tomato can. Then and only then did the birds desist. We are wondering if they will try again.

CAROLINE V. PATTERSON,
4225 Southeast Harrison St., Portland.

Humming Bird Flies Backward in Spray

ONE summer a pair of humming birds had their nest so close to my window that while lying in bed I could look out and watch them. During the day they would be busy among the flowers in the yard. They became quite tame and when I put flowers in my sweater pockets with the stems inside and the blooms showing and stood quite still they would flutter up and investigate.

One day it was very warm and one humming bird flew back and forth as if looking for something. There was no water near, and I thought that might be what the bird wanted. So I turned on the hose with a fine spray of water and held it out on the grass. The humming bird would then fly into the spray of water and when I moved the hose it would follow it to keep under the water. Sometimes it would fly backward into the spray when I moved it. A humming bird is the only bird I ever saw that would move backward when flying.

PAUL COLGROVE,
Bandon, Or.

Field Mouse Proves Wonderful Swimmer

WHILE fishing the upper Washougal river in company with H. A. White of Washougal and N. C. Bowles of Portland I witnessed something that was hard to believe, even though I saw it myself. We were quietly approaching a good steelhead hole by way of a flat rock which extended to within about 25 feet of the far side of the hole when we jumped a field mouse from a little patch of grass.

The point not being very wide, and having heard that a live mouse would entice the biggest ones, I suggested catching it. We spread out and finally cornered it right at the water's edge. When I reached down to put my cap over it so it would not catch me, it jumped into the water and headed across the channel.

Thinking to scare it some more and maybe turn it back, I started splashing water on it. At about the third splash the mouse decided it was enough and dived straight down into the water. The water being clear and still we could plainly see it as it made its way on across. It went down probably 2½ or three feet and stayed about that depth until it reached the other side, where it followed the rocks back to the surface and climbed out.

The distance that mouse swam under water was at least 15 feet and needless to say it was a sorry looking sight as it emerged from its marine excursion. We could easily have crossed over and cornered him again, but since it had given such a rare exhibition of animal intelligence we decided that its freedom had been well earned.

R. J. MEREDITH,
P. O. Box 94, Washougal, Wash.

Rules for the Wild Life Lines Page

The Oregonian awards three prizes for the best short stories of wild life printed on this page each Sunday. First prize will be $5, second prize $2 and third prize $1.

No payment will be made for other stories printed on this page. The Oregonian reserves the right to publish any stories submitted for prizes.

All contributions must be written legibly on one side of the paper. They must be concise and no longer than necessary to tell the incident clearly—not longer than 500 words in any case. Only true incidents will be considered. Preference will be given stories which indicate that the wild life subjects seemingly reasoned for themselves. Incidents that occurred in the Pacific northwest are preferred. Stories solely about domesticated animals cannot be considered.

Every contribution will receive careful consideration, but the editor cannot carry on correspondence with contributors. Lack of space forbids acknowledgment of all communications.

Checks for stories printed will be mailed to prize winners on the tenth day of the month following the month during which the prize-winning stories appear.

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Oregonian Verse

A Column of First-Publication Poetry; Edited by Ethel Romig Fuller.

ALL poems received by the poetry editor, The Oregonian, will be given careful consideration. Because of the large number of contributions received, it is not possible to enter discussions or correspondence pertaining to the merits of verse. Persons desiring the return of unpublished poems should include a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Payment of $1 is made for each published poem.

* * *

Prose can be summarized, explained; the only explanation of a poem is the poem.

JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY.

* * *

As a violin serves as a medium for expression of a type of music, so the sonnet is but a form for the unified development of an idea or emotion. The 20th century sonneteer has proven that without loss of its original dignity the pattern is adaptable to the modern theme.

Banked Fire

I banked the graying ashes in the grate
And covered deep each smoldering spark of fire.
I wondered—would their fading glow expire
Or live till my return—perchance, too late
For fire to be re-kindled . . . long the wait
And manifold misfortunes intervened
Before I opened wide the door that leaned
On broken hinges. Chilled and desolate
I knelt and stirred the embers lying dead,
Then touched a match to firewood made of thorn.
A leaping flame sprang into orange-red
And warmed the empty place. Again was born
An ecstasy of passionate desire
That burned as high as that re-kindled fire!

KATHARINE BUOY,
Grants Pass, Or.

* * *

Who but a poet could compress so much of truth and beauty into a handful of sheerly simple words?

Worship

The ivy knows God is a wall,
Sun-bathed and infinitely tall;

The moss confesses God a stone
That never can be overgrown.

Man in his secret heart discovers
God is the endless love of lovers!

JAMES LEWIS HAYS,
Portland.

* * *

The very spirit of the season—its somberness and deep significance—is caught in these long, slow, lovely lines.

Song for November Winds

The winged seed of the maple drops in the rain-wet grass,
But the brown leaf of the maple drifts on the winds that pass.
The winged seed of the maple has not the strength to rise,
But the brown leaf of the maple lifts to the windy skies.

The winged seed of the maple has borne the heavy freight
Of seed-time and growing implicit in its weight,
But the brown leaf of the maple has felt the kiss of death,
Therefore its heart is light as air-borne breath:

Life weighs heavily, the seed lies prone,
But death goes lightly where the winds have gone.

ELEANOR E. HANSEN,
Corvallis, Or.

* * *

A writer who knows China affords us a glimpse behind its veil of eternal mystery.

Sky Lotus

The white wings of moon butterflies
Flit and flicker through the night.
Brush the dark when the dragon's eyes
Rive wicks of candles flecked with light.
Gray mist steals to the city walls.
The beggar whines, dun shadow falls.

Moon over China floods the hour,
Drear mountain pine trees blow adrift;
Dream-bound sleeps the lotus flower
And heavy-lidded Buddhas lift
Passionless, still, the penitent
To spirit world's endless content.

Hushed by the creeping of the night,
I feel a cadence sweeping free,
Through dim silk veiling finite light
I hear a pulsing melody.
Phosphorescent wings, jade butterflies
Drop one by one from Chinese skies.

MARGARET CARROLL BRADY,
Seattle.

* * *

"Easy is the triolet, if you really learn to make it"—but only those who have tried know how difficult it is to write as clever a one as the following.

"Dear Benjamin"

How shall I start his letter, then—
"Loved One," "Sweatheart," or just "My dear"?
My courage flames, to die again.
How shall I start his letter, then—
"Dear Benjamin," or "Darling Ben"?
My faith is fickle and I fear!
How shall I start his letter, then—
"Loved One," "Sweatheart," or just "My dear"?

ISABEL GRAY CLIFFORD,
Salem, Or.

"Beaver, Kings and Cabins" History

EDITED BY WEBSTER A. JONES

Great Empire Builder Hero of Late Book

Beaver, Kings and Cabins, by Constance Lindsay Skinner. New York: The Macmillan company.

"THE GREAT empire builder of this continent has never received the credit due him. Like many, probably most, of those famous ones who have flung far the outlines of dominion, he is truly social, a home and community builder, a monogamous husband, and he has planted these ideals of his in all the likely creeks of North America. His name is Beaver.

"He founded Canada. He was a powerful influence in colonizing the Atlantic seaboard of these states, and he was a leader in the successive great movement for their westward expansion. He sustained the early explorers. He captained a century of intermittent warfare between French and English on this continent. The Indians gave Beaver first place among fur-bearing animals. . . . Throughout a large part of the Indian country, before the coming of the white man, the beaver pelt was the standard of value in barter among tribes. It became, and was for long, the standard of currency of the fur trade."

All this by the way of a prelude to the glamorous story of the fur trade which Constance Lindsay Skinner has written in "Beaver, Kings and Cabins."

In these paragraphs she has described the important central figure in the commerce and has suggested the principal themes of the book, that beaver helped forward in the development of North America through the fur trade much more quickly than otherwise would have happened, and that the story of the fur trade is inseparable from the history of the conquest of a continent. The beaver skin was the object of the quest of the knights of the woods. It dared and lured them to unbelievable hardships in the van of lines of settlers.

"Beaver, Kings and Cabins" is a complete history of the fur trade, written brightly and briefly. The most significant, dramatic or colorful aspects of the trade have been selected by Miss Skinner for the chapters in this book without any sacrifice of accuracy. She has made the story absorbing by her fresh interpretations and her animated style. It is a swift-moving story of adventure.

Oregon is indebted as much, if not more, than any other state to the fur trade. The early history of this state, as well as that of the entire Pacific northwest, is in reality the history of the fur trade, Miss Skinner shows in the paragraphs devoted to the commerce on the west coast.

In Oregon was acted one of the closing acts of the drama of the fur trade as it began in 1634 at Three Rivers "on the edge of the western beaver lands." No longer was there a western land to explore and trap, so the commerce rebounded from the Pacific ocean to the interior, where it is still conducted with some of the characteristics of the first 300 years.

This story aids in evaluating and placing properly the fur trade of Oregon in the entire history of the commerce.

Action for Boys.

Cougar Pass, by Elizabeth Lambert Wood. Portland: The Metropolitan Press.

Action of the kind which delights the boy reader is packed into "Cougar Pass," the third boys' book by Elizabeth Lambert Wood. It is the story of what three boys did and the things they saw and the escapes they had while on a hunting trip in the Cascade mountains. Their troubles begin when they find that a cougar is following them. After this comes a thrilling chase, with other developments to increase the suspense. How they solve their difficulties, which increase as they progress, is the story.

Scenery of the Cascades, which she probably knows better than any other resident of Oregon, has been pictured accurately and many times splendidly by Mrs. Wood in the background for the rapid-fire action of this story. Also she has described the rich wild life of the area with real knowledge.

"Cougar Pass" is well above the average of boys' books. It will be a treat for many a boy of the Oregon country who knows something about the Cascades and the things she describes.

Mrs. Wood, who is the daughter of an Oregon pioneer, Joseph Hamilton Lambert, who originated and propagated the Lambert cherry, writes boys' books for her own amusement and for the pleasure of helping young readers. We hope she continues to write if they are going to be as worth-while as "Cougar Pass."

This is the second book in the western wilderness series written by Mrs. Wood. The first is "The Trail of the Bear," a story of hunting bear in the Cascades. The third, which will be published soon by the Metropolitan Press, is "The Wolves of the Illahee." "Cougar Pass" is the third boys' book by Mrs. Wood, the first being "Silver House of Klone Chuck," a story of the Tillamook coast.

Merry Children's Story.

Old Man Daantje's Beard, by Leonard Roggeveen. Translated from the Dutch by David Di-Jong. New York: D. Appleton-Century company.

A fat little Dutchman, whose proudest possession is his long, silky beard, the finest in the village, is the principal character in this merry story for boys and girls from 5 to 8 years, written by Leonard Roggeveen, Dutch educator and author. An adventure befalls him in which he trips in a barb-wire fence, with the consequent loss of his gorgeous beard and amusing difficulties thereafter. The story is written in a quick, dramatic and humorous fashion that children will revel in. It is presented in a charming format, with pen-and-ink illustrations by Ise Bischoff.

Atlantic Prize Novel.

Poor Splendid Wings: The Rossettis and Their Circle, by Frances Winmar. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

In the form of a bright and colorful novel Frances Winmar has written the intimate history of the beginning and the first dramatic and tragic years of the pre-Raphaelite movement. The brilliance of the strange company in the midst of staid Victorian England is pictured with real appreciation and in such a way that "Poor Splendid Wings" stands out among the novels of the current season. The awarding of the Atlantic $5000 book prize to



ELIZABETH LAMBERT WOOD
Author of thrilling boys' book, "Cougar Pass," published by the Metropolitan Press of Portland.

Mrs. Winmar for this story out of the 800 submitted was certainly not misplaced.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti, son of an Italian patriot who had lived in England, his wife, John Everett Millais, Holman Hunt, Frederick George Stephens, Charles Collinson, Ford Madox Brown, Thomas Woolner and William Michael Rossetti banded themselves together as the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood because they held that before Raphael there was sincerity and truth in painting and in the arts. They made their surroundings romantic, preached their doctrines and practiced them in their arts. Many other figures in English art and literature enter the scene—Ruskin, Swinburne, Tennyson, Whistler, William Morris, Robert Buchanan and Burne-Jones. Dante Gabriel Rossetti was the guiding figure of the group—the most completely pre-Raphaelite of all.

Mrs. Winmar has re-told well many stories of the lives of these earnest leaders and has skillfully enriched her facts with fiction and her fiction with facts. Altogether "Poor Splendid Wings" is an absorbing and worthwhile novel.

Last of the Herries.

Vanessa, by Hugh Walpole. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Hugh Walpole brings to a conclusion his sweeping social history of England from the Georgian times to the present with "Vanessa," the dramatic story of "the most beautiful woman in England." She is the modern embodiment of the Herries characteristics, with which readers have become familiar in the four previous volumes in the family biography.

Beginning with old Rogue Herries, the haughty, swaggering vagabond gentleman who sold his mistress for 30 pieces of silver, buried a witch in his garden and was the first of his family to make a legend, the Herries prospered and their farms spread through the Cumberland lake country in England. "Rogue Herries," the first novel of the group contains this story. They boasted that there was no family in England like them, while they struggled between themselves, driven by twin strains of restless imagination and steady character. Above them all towered Judith Paris, the daughter of Rogue's old age, cursed with the imagination that made her father a strange and lonely figure, but with the Herries will to power that made her a dominant figure in family affairs not only during her 100 years of living but long after her death. Her biography was written in "Judith Paris," the second volume, and "The Fortress," which carried the Herries through the Victorian period.

Vanessa, the granddaughter of old Judith, is the flower of the Herries clan in the years of its most magnificent flourishing. She belonged to the England of prosperity and great possessions, of glittering balls and pageants and golden jubilees. In her blood ran the wild, romantic strain that had come down to her through her grandmother. It was inherited, too, by Benjie, the rascal of the family, a proper descendant of old Rogue and the only man Vanessa ever loved. This fourth volume of the Herries saga is their story.

Needed: A New Life.

We Move in New Directions, by H. A. Overstreet. New York: W. W. Norton & Co.

Findings of today's economists, educators, jurists and social scientists are drawn on by H. A. Overstreet to build up the concrete conception of a social responsibility" outlined in "We Move in New Directions." Again Professor Overstreet demonstrates the faculty of analyzing abstract theories and applying them to everyday life, which had made him America's most popular philosopher, a claim substantiated by the fact that his three previous books "Influencing Human Behavior," "About Ourselves" and "The Enduring Quest," have reached a sales total of more than 75,000 copies without benefit of book clubs. He has summed up the philosophical implications of the new deal and interpreted its trends in this book. "There come times in the history of life when, with changing conditions, old conceptions suddenly reveal themselves as inadequate, or misdirected, or actually destructive of life values, and when new ideas blow in to take their place," he writes. "In such periods new civilizations are born." He believes we are living today in such a period. In this book he described the new ideas whirling about us. A revaluation of values is urgently needed. We must teach people to substitute socialized motivation for unsocialized motivation. We need a new conception of wealth, new forms of education, new ways of employing leisure, a new philosophy of law.

Chaos Follows Chaos.

The White Armies of Russia, by George Stewart. New York: The Macmillan company.

One of the most dramatic stories in history is that about the attempts made by white Russians to overthrow the bolsheviks, who had ridden into power after the downfall of the Kerensky government. Counter revolution had followed revolution and the activities of the white armies followed as a revolution to take the spoils of the counter revolution. This story is sketched boldly and with remarkable restraint by George Stewart in "The White Armies of Russia." He begins, properly, by giving a swift sketch of the background of the activities, describing the Kerensky fiasco and the rise of Lenin. He then plunges into the story of the strife between the white armies and the reds and follows their struggles from 1917 down to 1922, when the far eastern republic joined the reds. He presents a wealth of information about the famed leaders Kaledin, Kernilev, Denikin, Wrangel, Kolchak and Semyonov in particular. None of the dramatic possibilities of the story has been lost. With fairness he writes of the atrocities of the white armies as well as those of the red forces. It is an accurate and well-written review.

The Unrelenting East.

Mr. Darlington's Dangerous Age, by Isa Glenn. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Mr. Darlington, as the title of this book implies, is the principal character in this somewhat weird story of Manila. He was a successful banker, who never had been tempted as most men are—or as his younger brother, for whom he had been a father.

Life had been pleasant for Mr. Darlington—pleasant and placid. He never had lost his bearings and never expected to, especially since he had reached the age of 45. But while on a business mission to China he heard ill rumors regarding his younger brother, who had been sent out to Manila for seasoning. That trip through the China sea softened him, but it was nothing to what Manila did.

It is a dramatic psychological study this story of the baffling, unrelenting and maddening east, with a climax that is astounding because of its unusualness.

Courage and Faith.

Life's Highway, by Edgar A. Guest. Chicago: Reilly & Lee.

Edgar A. Guest, sometimes described as the "poet of the people," has written 11 books of verse and probably countless columns of verse in newspapers. He is undoubtedly the writer of verse in America best known to the millions. There are no pessimistic notes in his verse and he does not share the aloof cynicism of the greater number of poets. He is homely Eddie Guest and he writes homely verse without any airs. "Life's Highway," the latest volume, includes verse on the subjects of courage and faith in particular.

Robert Ripley's Realm.

Strange Animals and Their Ways, by Ralph and Fredrica de Sola. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Some of the strangest animals in the whole world are described by Ralph and Fredrica de Sola in this attractive and unusual book, which will delight and startle parents as much as children. Stories, with pictures by Norman Borchardt, of 25 of these creatures of the realm of Robert Ripley are included in the book. The descriptions are accurate and scientific, according to Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars of the New York zoological park, who has written a preface to the volume.

Emotions of Brown Men.

Footnote to Youth, by Jose Garcia Villa. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Here is something new under the literary sun. Mr. Villa, born and raised in the Philippines and now living in this country, has brought to his adopted land for the first time a glimpse into the character and emotions of these little brown men who are often an enigma to Americans.

His book is a group of short stories which takes its title from the first in the volume. His dedication says: "This book is for Edward J. O'Brien and my father and mother." Mr. O'Brien writes an interesting introduction.

Any attempt to dissect Mr. Villa's writing



FRANCES WINMAR
Author of "Poor Splendid Wings: the Rossettis and Their Circle," winner of the Atlantic $5000 book prize.

is difficult. He not only fuses two widely divergent cultures but equally divergent style and viewpoints. Some of the stories are adolescent. Some are mature and sophisticated. All of them contain a wistful and evasive beauty. Many of them are deeply moving.

The reader senses that much of "Footnote to Youth" is biographical. The author evidently came to America as a youth, entered a university and later settled in New Mexico. He was sensitive, fanciful and at times almost feminine in his emotional reactions.

Three of the volume's stories, "Untitled Story," "White Interlude" and "Walk at Midnight," reflect this phase of his migration. He numbers each paragraph. Here is No. 23 from "White Interlude":

"I went to Fourth street at noon and stood at the corner of the park waiting for a ride. When I got tired standing I sat down on the curb and watched the red ants on the ground. They kept emerging from a hole as if there were no end to them. When an ant met another they kissed like lovers, only they were not ashamed if the others saw them." And then: "I crushed with a foot a pair of lovers because I got bored waiting. . . . The sun was hot. I rolled my shirtsleeves and killed more lovers."

"Kamya," "The Son of Rizal" and "Valse Triste" are examples of the author's more mature writing. Like his others, they hold a singular appeal for inarticulate characters haunted by deep feeling.

"Kamya" is the story of a beautiful girl beloved by two men, Mabi and Isagani. Mabi is bold and free in his love-making. Isagani, a metal smith, worships dumbly from afar. He fashions an exquisite knife of gold for Kamya. She scorns it and Isagani plunges it into her heart the day she is to marry Mabi. Dying, she says: "I'm not sorry, Isagani. For me—you chose—your beautifulest knife. Of steel—and brass—and silver—have you—but for Kamya—the knife of gold. . . .You love me."

Mr. Villa succeeds in brushing off something of the Filipino character on his readers and it lingers.

JOHN K. TRUEBRIDGE.

Dreamy South Seas.

The Cruise of the Zaca, by Templeton Crocker. New York: Harper & Bros.

Templeton Crocker, the lucky fellow, did just what thousands of people dream about and long to do—he made a long, leisurely cruise on a comfortable, more or less, yacht in the South seas. There is an appeal in the South seas which has increased since the days of Captain Cook. Still the islands on the "line" appear as lands of romance and of beauty despite the blight of civilization. In 11 months and 20 days the yacht Zaca, which left San Francisco with a crew of 15, cruised 27,000 miles. Templeton Crocker saw a lot of the South seas and the islands in that time. First the ship visited Nuka Hiva in the Marquesas, made famous by Herman Melville, Commodore Porter and Frederick O'Brien. From there they sailed to the Tuamotu archipelago, about which James Norman Hall and Charles Bernard Nordhoff have written most strikingly in recent years. Here they saw pearl divers, shrimp spearing, native dances and the King-Kava ceremony. Aiming at the most interesting places, they visited Bali, the present sensation of the South seas, and then Singapore. Templeton Crocker's account of the trip is colorful and vivid.

Pleasant Reading Hours.

There's Always Another Year, by Martha Ostenso. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Martha Ostenso, who first made a novelist name for herself with "Wild Geese," offers a few more pleasant romantic hours with this, her latest book. In "Prologue to Love" she took many western readers to familiar country, the hinterland of British Columbia. The locale of "There's Always Another Year" is the Dakota prairies, where the author spent her girlhood. Romance against stark and sometimes cruel background epitomizes this Ostenso opus. Silver Grenoble returns from adventures in Alaska and Mexico to find love in her native habitat. "To think," she cries to herself on the night of her first dance with Roddy, "to think that when the real thing comes, it had to be wrong, too!" But she and Roddy face their perplexities with hope and the assurance that "There's Always Another Year."

Help for Beginners.

Practical Engraving and Etching, by E. G. Lutz. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Practical instruction in the art of making wood engravings, wood cuts, etchings, aquatints and linoleum blocks is presented by E. G. Lutz in this useful volume. Primarily he writes for the beginner, explaining tools and processes in simple, non-technical language, but the experienced craftsman can gain much of value from reading his chapters. "Relief Blocks for Printing" is the title of one of the two main sections of the book, covering tools, materials, methods, processes and a large amount of information about color prints, chiaroscuro prints and Japan print blocks. In the second part, "Intaglio Printing Plates," he writes of various processes involved in etching from laying the ground to "biting."

Pitkin Writes on Engineering Study of Life

More Power to You! A Working Technique for Making the Most of Human Energy, by Walter B. Pitkin. New York: Simon & Schuster.

DIRECTLY and simply, with no flowery paragraphs and no hokum, Walter B. Pitkin tells how to make the most of one's life as far as the use of energy is concerned. He does not write that a stevedore can become a bank president if he only wishes to and he does not hand out the usual line of flapdoodle about life's possibilities which has been given these many years as the gospel of success.

What he is interested in doing for the residents of this chaotic globe is to show how they can use their energies to the best advantage to themselves and not waste them in visionary striving for the impossible. His book is fundamental; its careful reading should help many a person to bring order into a jumbled existence. "More Power to You!" is an engineering study of life, for he calculates life in the form of energy, so much food, drink, air, sunlight put into the human machine should give so much energy, just as he would calculate the return from a steam engine.

"Life is one long stream of activities, of work done, of energies transformed," he writes. "Whether it is anything more than such a flux may well be argued, but that it is at least this much cannot be doubted. A plan of life is therefore a plan of work. A plan of work is a plan of tapping energies, a plan of transferring energies from one place to another and a plan of changing energies from one form to another for the sake of certain desired results. What you would like to do for the rest of your life plainly depends, above all, on what energies you have in reserve, what you can add to these and how well you can divert the fund to the ends you elect. A wish that lacks its enabling power is a pious wish and nothing more. An ambition deprived of drive is an idle dream."

Under the chapter on the "Power Plant," or the human body, he discusses a multitude of subjects concerned with the storing up of energies, such as diet, exercise, temperature, humidity, work, play, hygiene—practical problems of the well-being of the machine human being. Under the chapter on "Transmission Line" he discusses the methods of tapping and directing flows of energies, and under "The Workshop" he considers the making of energy patterns.

Dr. Pitkin, educator, lecturer, journalist, mechanic, scientific researcher, is the author of many books on psychology. His recent book, "Life Begins at Forty," has been a best seller for months.

Eve Began It.

The Gentle Art of Chiseling, by Boris Randolph. New York: Carlyle house.

"The history of chiseling dates way back to pre-hysteric times," writes Boris Randolph, humorist, of Los Angeles, in this clever book. "Eve was the first chiseler. She chiseled an apple out of the Garden of Eden and Adam out of his peace of mind.

"Besides being a career in itself, chiseling is to other careers what a bed sheet is to Mahatma Gandhi, i. e., without it things would look thin. . . . The need for a textbook along chiseling lines has, of course, long been felt."

Inside information on chiseling, the general term denoting ways and means of obtaining money without working for it, usually practiced by pretty girls on gullible men, is presented in the form of ten lessons, illustrated with maps, diagrams and charts.

Tricks of the Game.

Trial and Error: Writing and Selling, by Jack Woodford. New York: Carlyle house.

If there are any tricks of the writing game which Jack Woodford, author of 2000 stories and articles and seven books, does not know they probably are not worth knowing. He writes about writing in this book, which will be of value to writers of all ages and all degrees of expertness. This is no long-winded, theoretical account of how to write and how to sell by someone who has done neither. It is a matter-of-fact outline of the inside of the writing business. He tells all the methods frankly and wittily. He bares all the tricks formerly held secret by writers. It is the real lowdown on the game which is attracting more thousands each year. Veteran or beginner will find it of interest and value.

Books Received During Past Week

Books are listed as received. Some of them will be reviewed later. Many of the volumes are not yet procurable by the public, on account of delayed publication and distribution.

FICTION.

Ee-Dah-How, by Tracy Coker. Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton Printers.

The Devil's Den, by Lawrence Saunders. New York: Covici-Friede, publishers.

There Are Victories, by Charles Yale Harrison. New York: Covici-Friede, publishers.

My First Baby and Other Ambulance Anecdotes, by The Interne. Philadelphia: Macrae-Smith company.

Jonathan's Daughter, by Lida Larrimore. Philadelphia: Macrae-Smith company.

The Line Between, by Arthur D. Welton. New York: Sears Publishing company.

Fu Manchu's Bride, by Sax Rohmer. Garden City: Crime Club.

The Old Man Dies, by Elizabeth Spriggs. New York: Macmillan company.

Steamboat Round the Bend, by Ben Lucian Burman. New York: Farrar & Rinehart.

Great Fortune, by Gilbert W. Gabriel. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Grid Star, by Ralph Cannon. Chicago: Reilly & Lee.

Elephant Up a Tree, by Hendrik Willem Van Loon. New York: Simon & Schuster.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Beaver, Kings and Cabins, by Constance Lindsay Skinner. New York: The Macmillan company.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Shamrock V's Wild Voyage Home, by Captain Irving Johnson. Springfield, Mass.: Milton Bradley company.

Testament of Youth, by Vera Brittain. New York: The Macmillan company.

RELIGION, POETRY AND DRAMA.

Happy Days, by Ogden Nash. New York: Simon & Schuster.

Ah, Wilderness, by Eugene O'Neill. New York: Random house.

Gold Save the King or Call It a Day at the Palace, by Ralph E. Renaud. New York: Samuel French.

Healthy, Wealthy and Wise, by Charles George. New York: Samuel French.

Leaves of Grass, by Walt Whitman. Selected and illustrated by Charles Cullen. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell company.

Tarbell's Teachers' Guide—1934, by Martha Tarbell. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell.

They're None of Them Perfect, by Sophie Kerr. New York: Samuel French.

Men Must Fight, by Reginald Lawrence and S. K. Lauren. New York: Samuel French.

Pastures New, by Kelvin Johnston. New York: Samuel French.

Kiddie, by Dena Reed. New York: Samuel French.

Rope, by Patrick Hamilton. New York: Samuel French.

JUVENILE.

Nancy, by Ruth Alexander Nichols. New York: The Macmillan company.

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Magazine Section

The Sunday Oregonian

Magazine Section

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Houdini Islands of the Pacific Ocean

Some of Them Are Disappearing Beneath the Sea—Others Are Rising From the Depths; Science Offers an Explanation

BY G. K. SPENCER.

SARAH ANN ISLAND, never important in commerce or history and just a mere dot down along the equator, has suddenly loomed into scientific importance. She is more important, in fact, in her ending than she ever was during her role as a tropical island, for Sarah Ann island, which was designated to be the base for expeditionary observatories to observe the 1937 eclipse of the sun, has sunk into the Pacific. Not even a shoal is left to mark the spot she once graced.

The 1937 eclipse of the sun will have the longest period of totality of any such eclipse in the present generation, and German astronomical authorities were as anxious as our own to locate an expeditionary observatory to make the most of the scientific opportunities presented. They requested the United States naval observatory to make the necessary computations and designate the most feasible base. The naval observatory did so, designating Sarah Ann island and setting the date of eclipse as June 8, 1937.

* * *

Vessels of the battle fleet cruising in the vicinity, about 9 degrees north of the equator, were requested to drop in at Sarah Ann island and make an inspection of the terrain, but when they arrived at the location found the island's "terrain" far below the waves of the Pacific ocean. It had sunk—and sunk "spurlos versenkt," to use an expression made famous by wartime submarine activities.

The hydrographers and chart makers are now busy correcting the pilot charts of the Pacific ocean, but it is nothing new to them, for the Pacific offers an amazingly flexible and active bottom. No less than 30 islands of the Pacific are known to be subsiding and submerging, while a considerable number of submerged peaks are now slowly rising to the surface, soon to become shoals and later islands.

* * *

About 230 miles southeast of Hawaii the United States navy has located two peaks slowly coming up. If they amount to anything they will become American territory, by right of discovery even before they appear above water. This form of territorial discovery is somewhat ahead of that of the early conquistadores. The employment of the sonic depth finder in an organized, methodical way by the United States navy has given it foreknowledge of a number of such developments. It is perhaps as well, and will probably be used by other nations, for it would be embarrassing, to say the least, for a nation to find a nice new island next door to an important naval base, let us say, and that new island perhaps the territory of a competitor.

The Dutch in past years, noticing the gradual lengthening of the beaches in the island of Sumatra, once believed the Pacific ocean was becoming lower. It is now known that Sumatra is one of the fortunate islands which is still rising. Yet just 600 miles away from Sumatra Keeling island is slowly sinking.

* * *

For a number of years the navy has been observing the slow disappearance of an interesting island, Neckar. This island is now



THE SACRED CALABASH.

Natives of the South seas reported that islands had disappeared. Their skill in navigation, aided by the Sacred Calabash, led to the conviction that the natives knew what they were talking about. First Officer W. I. Johnson of the S. S. City of Los Angeles is holding the calabash.

less than a mile in diameter. Stone carvings of an advanced stage of stone art exist on it, and also many stone steps proceeding to well-carved shelters. Many evidences of former human habitation are found, yet not an ounce of fresh water exists on the island, which is many hundreds of miles distant from any other piece of land above water. Naval hydrographers believe Neckar is perhaps the former mountain eminence of a great island or even a continent, and that now far below the surface of the Pacific the fresh water springs pour their pure water into the Pacific brine.

Since many of the Pacific equatorial islands in particular, and some far from the equator, are ringed with coral reefs, this always offers a ready means of proving that land is submerging. Coral insects can not exist or build coral at depths below 150 feet. When naval divers go down and find coral, as they have, at a depth of more than 200 feet, and when naval sounding lines bring up coral from 1400 feet, as they have at Funafuti, scientists then know that the land has submerged at least that far. Fourteen hundred feet seems like a considerable distance, but when it is remembered that the highest mountain or the lowest ocean depth ever sounded—about five miles—doesn't even rank as considerable roughness on a scale model of the world, the depth doesn't mean so much, even though it does seem prodigious to puny man.

* * *

In the navy's annals there is the record of the Presbyterian mission ship, the Dayspring, which about 50 years ago lost her anchor in deep water off the island of Tauna and was loaned another anchor by a cruising naval vessel..

Today the anchor of the Dayspring rests on the summit of a hill which has taken the place of the depths where it was lost.

Also, on the coast of Tauna, there is a spot still called Port Resolution, so named by Captain James Cook, the brilliant scientific navigator and explorer of the British navy of the 18th century, who always had safe conduct from England's naval enemies because of the scientific honor accorded him. Captain Cook described at length the fine harbor at Port Resolution. Today its depths have become so elevated that it is a harbor no longer.

In addition to such islands as Sarah Ann and others there have been thickly populated Pacific islands which have sunk within the memory of living men.

* * *

In 1836 the island of Tuanaki, to the south of the Cook group, disappeared. Up until very recently there were natives and missionaries living who had visited it and lived on it. As a matter of fact, a missionary who relieved a brother missionary was given a full account of the disaster, and he informed naval officers that natives who had been away from the place when disaster befell continually cruised over the spot, hoping to find some trace of the remains of their families.

History records that when the first white men reached the South sea islands they observed several large expeditions of natives setting forth to find lost islands. Since the natives used the sacred calabash, only a little less efficient in native hands than the sextant, for navigating, and also guided by the stars, many of which they had named, it is now believed by seamen that they knew very well what they were doing. It must be remembered that the natives of the so-called South sea islands were doing accurate deep-sea navigation with instruments when Europeans were skirting the coasts in superstitious dread and when Columbus sailed to America with his crude cross-staff, at which the islanders would have laughed.

* * *

Those who hold the theory that the skin of the earth is particularly thin in the Pacific area, due, perhaps, to the mass of the moon having departed from that basin, have much to support their stand. Above water and below water the earth's greatest eruptions occur in this area. That at Krakatos in the strait of Sunda, in 1883, took the lives of 37,000 people, making the loss of the village of Pompeii under Vesuvius pale by comparison. Moreover, 30 cubic miles of material came from the eruption and flowed into the sea! The tidal wave reached the incredible height of 135 feet!

In recent years, as late as 1930, tidal waves reached the Hawaiian and California coasts traveling at the rate of 400 miles an hour. A submarine disturbance off the Chilean coast on the 7th of November, 1837, gave birth to a similar wave which reached Hilo, Hawaii, at a speed of 400 miles an hour. When it is remembered that one of the greatest deeps of the Pacific starts just 50 miles off the Chilean coast, and that just seaward of that deep is a great reef which is believed once to have been the edge of a continent, those who care to theorize may say that the submerged Pacific continent and the risen South American continent mutually irritate each other in some manner.

* * *

On the 13th of August, 1868, a submarine displacement off the coast of Arica, South America, started a wave that reached Hawaii and was clocked at a speed of 357 miles an hour.

In 1925 a tidal wave reached Hawaii and threw the United States battleship Maryland, a heavy new ship, on her beam ends until sea water poured in her upper ports. Moreover, the Maryland was in the harbor and not out at sea.

In 1923 the United States navy dispatched the heavy mine sweeper Conestoga to Hawaii from San Francisco. The vessel was never again heard from and the battle fleet threw out a scouting line 2100 miles from flank to flank searching for her. A few hundred miles from Hawaii an area of ashes and murky water was found, and the supposition was that the Conestoga was near a gigantic submarine explosion, perhaps right over it, and foundered in the tidal wave and ashes.

Pacific ocean soundings, combined with the report of the imperial Japanese navy concerning the subsiding of the island of Yap, a cable station in the Japanese mandated Caroline islands, add support to those who theorize about a once vast mid-Pacific continent. For instance, just as the greatest deep to the east is found off the coast of South America, so the greatest deep to the westward is found just off the Japanese coast. The Tuscarora deep parallels the Japanese trend and reaches downward five miles, just as the southerly deep, found by the survey ship Penguin, reaches 30,930 feet to the south of the Kermadec islands and 300 miles northeast from the East cape of New Zealand, which might mark a southerly boundary of a sunken continent.

* * *

Since it is now known that the earth is just a great magnet, it seems sensible to suppose that, according to the laws of magnetism in a magnetic body, the earth's heavy metals would, during the cooling process, gravitate to the northward, while the metalloids, such as phosphorus, sulphur and carbon, would tend to move to the south. The pressures applied with cooling and contraction would naturally heat the metalloids, form gases and force the gases to ignite and find vents in the form of volcanoes. The light pumice and basalts of the Pacific island volcanoes add still further to the evidence of those who hold this theory. These facts, if they are facts, would also account for the sinking of a vast continent and the rising of pillars and peaks from the sunken mass as molten stuff was pushed out through the volcanic stacks until it reached the surface to form the very volcanic islands which constitute many of the Pacific land spots.

Yet some of the higher places of the lost continent would still barely project above water, just as Mount McKinley probably would if a continental submersion occurred. Here we have the case of the island of Yap, not yet sunk, but going down. Yap lies in the Caroline group, between the equator and the 11th north parallel, some 2300 miles from the Japanese coast, in the line of island peaks which, on a lost continent, would have been comparable, perhaps, to the Rockies.

* * *

Yap is going down; it is not volcanic. In other words, it is the volcanic islands which are rising, the continental peaks which are subsiding and causing still greater pressures below. How far they can sink, no one knows. Perhaps the whole Pacific floor is sinking. Sinking coral on continental peaks points that way. If so, the pressures created below are at least partially released through the volcanoes, and the submarine explosions and eruptions which cause our tidal waves will go on for years to come.

Concluded on Page 4.



POSSIBLY A REMNANT OF A CONTINENT

Ample evidence exists that the South Sea islands are unstable. This photo shows Tahiti with Mount Orohena, highest peak in the South Seas, in the distance. (From Union Steamship company of New Zealand.)



VOLCANISM IN THE PACIFIC.

Scientists attribute restlessness of Pacific islands to volcanic activity. Here is a mile-and-a-half pillar of smoke from a Kilauea volcano explosion, Hawaii. (Pacific & Atlantic photo.)



EVIDENCE OF A PACIFIC EARTHQUAKE.

Temblors in the Pacific are severe. This picture shows a section of railroad track warped and twisted by an earthquake on the island of Hawaii.

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Modern Women Adopt "Double Standard"

Wives Beginning to Take Few Leaves Out of Book of Philandering Husbands—Many a Home Threatened With Tragedy

BY MARIAN MILLER.

SOME women nowadays are trying to have their cake and eat it too. They excuse themselves by saying, "The men have done that way for years. They have had nice homes, good wives, lovely children and have been spoken of as 'prominent and influential citizens' or as 'great leaders in our fair city' and at the same time these men have lived selfish lives, have neglected their wives and have been more generous with outside women than with their own wives." For years, long ago, good women suspected their husbands of certain philanderings and they then and there insisted that the double standard must go. Well, the standard appears to be nearer to single type now—not because the husbands have put away all their pet frailties, fads and customs, or vices—if you wish so to designate them—but because some of these diversions have been taken over by some of the women—of course, not by all, but by some. The behavior of those who got muddled regarding standards causes considerable worry.

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The greatest difficulty seems to be that when a wife takes up with some man other than her husband she is more apt to become sentimental about the outsider, while to the man she's just another woman, a good pal, a cute little dear, perhaps, but nothing to get excited about to the end that the home is broken up or that a dreadful heartache or tragedy overwhelms the man. Fundamental psychological upsets attack the wife who strays but not so the man, usually.

Because I sometimes receive from married women letters telling of the love they have for outside men or from others who tell me that some outside married women are breaking up their homes, I have come to the conclusion that it must be a fact, that women are apt to become romantic over the objects of their fancy. They don't succeed happily in holding home security and outside wanderings. I also have had numerous letters and telephone and personal interviews with women who have begged for sympathy because they said, "I am the other woman of a triangle. I simply can't live without my man, and his wife and children stand in my way. He would adore me if his wife would allow him." Several of these single-standard sisters are getting trouble and heartache as almost the only reward for their determination to capture the man, but they, nevertheless, write poetry to the sound of his voice, the fascination of his personality or the glory of his smile. Usually I want to tell them they are playing a losing game and that by hurting others they can't enrich themselves rightfully, but that'd be wasting breath.

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Aged 40 says: "The next-door man and his wife often come over and call and say they are sorry I am lonely. His thoughtfulness has caused me to lose my heart to him. I feel sure his wife wouldn't call if he didn't bring her. They seem fond of each other, but she can't cook as well as I can. Would it be wrong for me to ask him over for dinner while she is away visiting her mother who is ill? I could find out when his son is to be out for dinner and then ask only the man. I am madly in love with him." I told this woman that she's merely in love with the idea of having someone to care for her and if she invites the neighbor she must also invite someone else at the same time. How would she like someone to try deliberately to catch her man if she had one. Given a lonely man, a pretty, plump, charming widow and a good dinner and you certainly have a good start. I hope the man declines her invitation and introduces her to that old bachelor who works in his office.



"Given a lonely man, a pretty, plump, charming widow and a good dinner and you certainly have a good start."

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Before we go any farther I want to assure my young friends who read my column and articles that these silly women are in the minority. The only reason they get so much notice, I suppose, is because they make so much fuss. Be sure that there are far more good, loyal and true women than there are unfaithful ones. If you could know of the thousands of happy homes, of good wives and fine, honorable men, you who are younger wouldn't take much stock of the middle-aged sillies who are imagining they are misunderstood and mistreated.

To attend a big cooking school and see the profound interest shown by thousands of women who are eager to understand the fine points of housekeeping and cooking would do any one of us good and would restore our faith in womankind and make us realize that sense and decency and good character influence the home life strongly.

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I often think that the country school teachers should be persons of strong character, determination and ability. Yesterday I had a letter from a woman who lives in a rural district and has three little children in school. The teacher has been there a couple of years and she had made an excellent record. She had taught her subjects well and was well liked and respected by pupils and parents. But recently there moved into that district a new neighbor, a mother who has two school-age children. This woman had some teaching experience years ago and she picks on the teacher incessantly. She instructs her darling daughter, aged 14, to sit and take notes regarding the instructor's methods and her use of English, which, by the way, is said to be "correct but not elaborate." Almost every day the teacher receives a letter or a visit from the lady critic. The school directors are pestered daily. One, who never visits the school, wonders what the trouble can be and he says, "Better fire the teacher."

The district is poor and has had a struggle to pay a teacher, and this one who has been so keenly interested in her young charges has worked earnestly and never fussed about her wages or warrants. She has been big-sisterly, motherly, friendly, neighborly, and the folk in that community say she is capable. Maybe she isn't. I don't know, but I do know that criticism can be made in a kindly, constructive way or it can create a turmoil. And that goes for the home, the club, the state or the district school. One thing certain, children shouldn't hear their parents tearing authority or leadership to shreds. Respect for authority, for the office, the government or the head of any educational system, whether it is a small country school or a great state system, should be fostered, one might think. To undermine and nag and wantonly destroy the faith and respect of little children rarely accomplishes any real good.

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A man wrote to tell me he is hurt so often because his wife says to the children, "Your father is so stupid" or "Pay no attention to what he says. He doesn't know half as much as he thinks he does." The children, in consequence, do not obey him or respect him. What shall he do?

Tell the wife plainly that henceforth she must keep her disloyal remarks and thoughts to herself. The children eventually will not respect her if she continues. This man has been too meek. He must assert himself.

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Dear Marian Miller: You have had many problems to solve and your advice is keenly appreciated. Now I want to see the answer to this one.

I am a married woman, white, 36 and have many friends, a good husband, good home and a son 11 years old. I belong to several clubs and believe in God, heaven and hell. I would not do anything to hurt my husband's good name nor disgrace my son. Now, here is the big problem. I am in love with a married man of our set and he with me. He is not a cad nor a bounder. His wife has a lovely home and they get along. So do we. This is not any cheap affair of ours. If we were alone we would wed. We found our love through sickness. It came as naturally as the new day and is several years old. He is a doctor and his calls are never questioned. My husband knows and respects him. But, alas for me, my life is such a turmoil. I do not neglect the least in my home but I am always longing to be with him. It makes me restless. I would not break up his home nor mine if I could. I pity his wife, I pity my husband. I love my little son most dearly. I could say our relationship is purely platonic but it is not. I'll admit this is not honest but it is the situation.

Please take me seriously, Marian, and advise me in Sunday's paper.

A REGULAR READER.

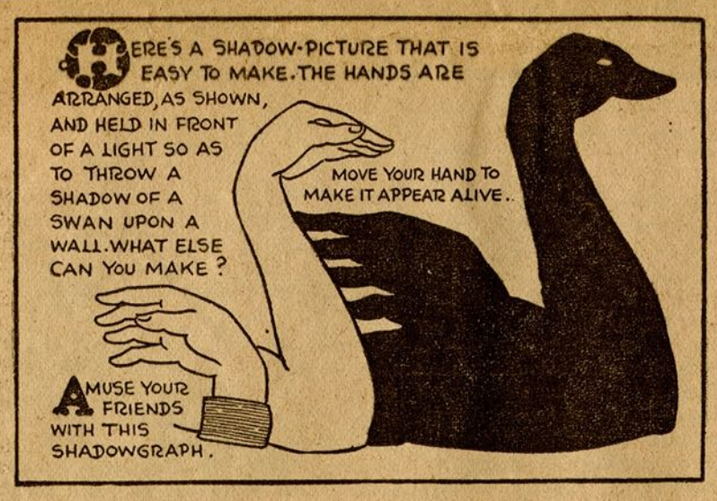
Well, you see how it appears in print. Since you don't seem to have any intention to give him up you probably will continue to go along as is. If your son finds out the true state of affairs, will you regret it? Don't pity your husband or the other woman. Maybe she pities you. Maybe your husband is behaving just as you are. Would you mind that, if you knew? Would you say, "It's all right. I am delighted that he loves someone else and sees her often." I don't believe you wanted me to analyze your case with regard to the moral status. I shall not pass judgment on that score. Just what did you expect me to do for you? Do you think a lengthy and detailed psychological analysis would do you any good? I doubt it. But what I'd like to know is: How do you know the man isn't making love to some of his other girl friends? And, if he calls often, are you supposed to have many ailments? If so, how about the bill? Most professional men charge for their professional visits. You seem to have managed for several years. If you continue don't become too sentimental about it. That would hurt all four of you and the child too.

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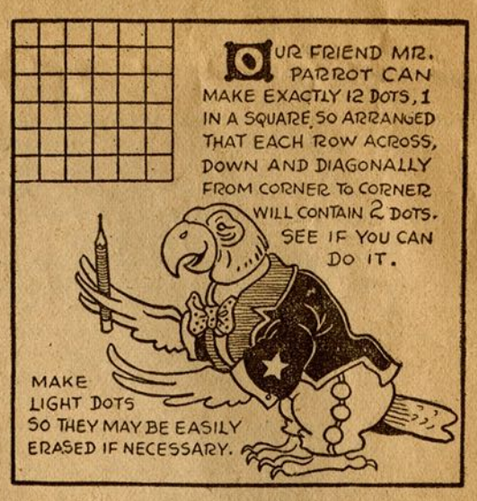
I am so sorry for a poor man on a farm. His wife, who is the mother of eight children, ran away with another man and she has parked the children somewhere and the poor farmer is all alone. She did the same trick once before, and when he wanted his family back he found that there was a bill for $200 for board which she'd charged up to her long-suffering man. Seems to me I'd see a lawyer about that fair lady right away. And I'd not stand any more of her running away. Why not let her stay away for good? Probably she lost her sense of duty and balance because she had so many children in so short a time. The man just recently paid her grocery bill, which was for a substantial sum, and now he can't afford a divorce. Better consult a district attorney and, since the farm is rented, why can't he get someone to help him work it or take it off his hands? There's no use to sit still and bemoan our fate no matter who we are or what troubles we have. You know the old saying, "The Lord helps those who help themselves."

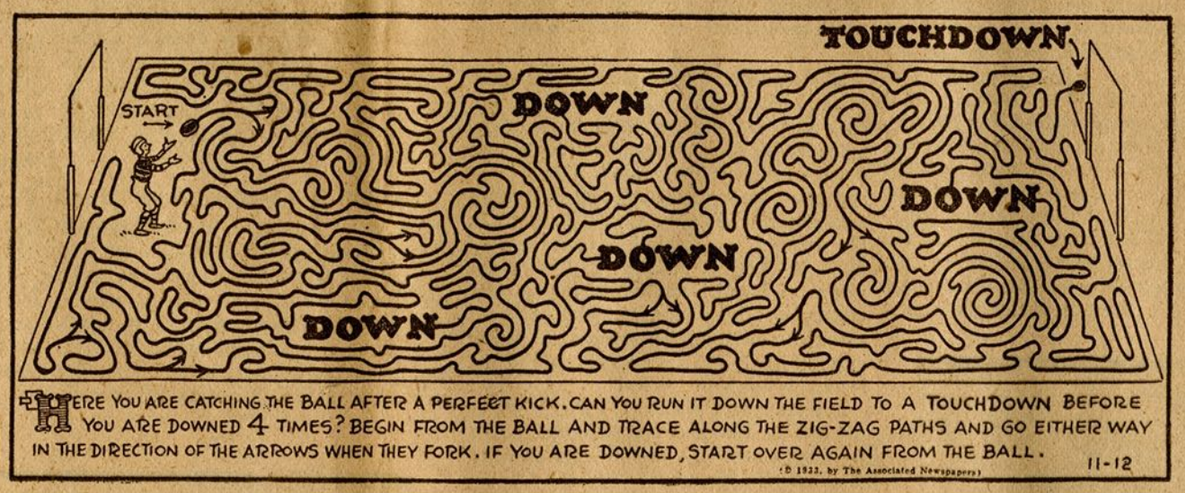
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I remember years ago there often appeared in print words to this effect: "My wife having left my bed and board, I no longer will be responsible for any debts she may contract." That used to bring some of the straying wives to time.



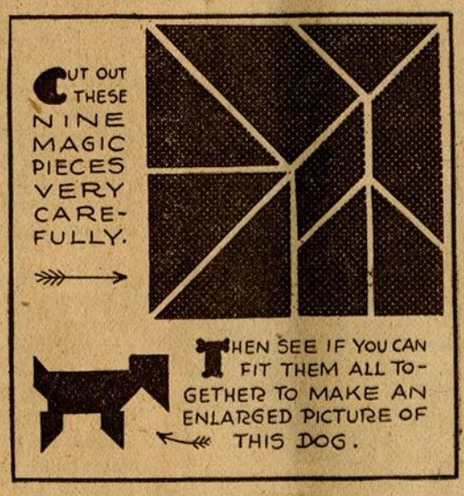


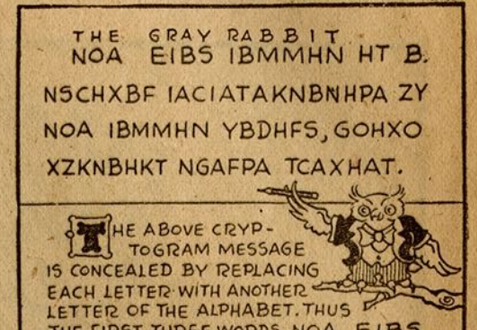


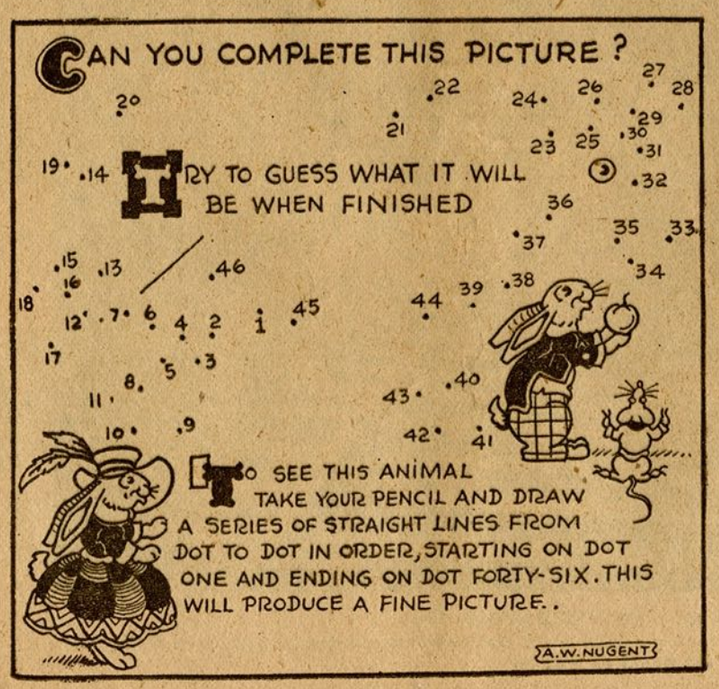


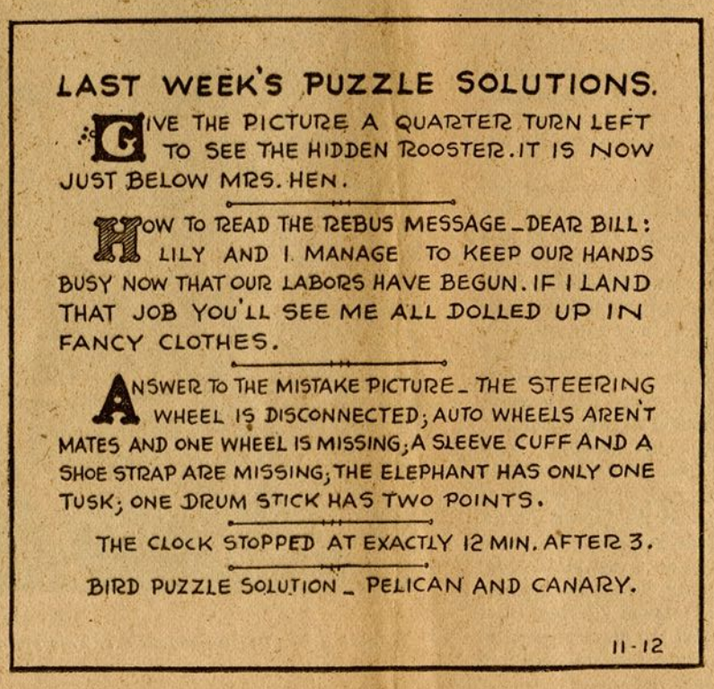




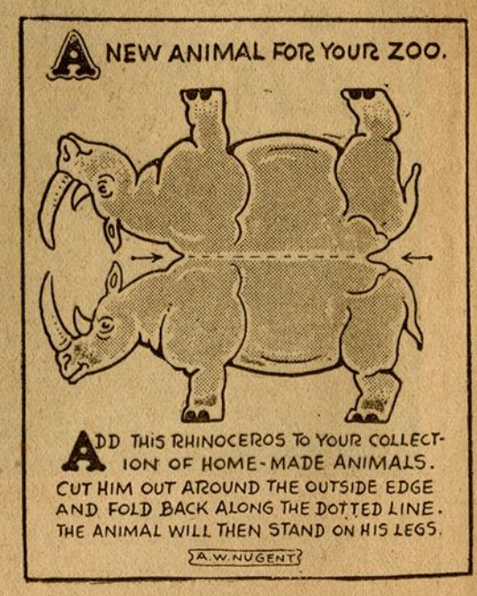












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An Estimate of Opal Whiteley's Claims

Has the Journal of an Understanding Heart Withstood the Test of Time...? Elbert Bede Reviews the Evidence

Elbert Bede, editor of the Cottage Grove Sentinel, knew Opal Whiteley as a little girl in Cottage Grove. He has followed her adventures closely, and, aside from members of her family, is probably more conversant with Opal's career than any other person in the Pacific northwest.

BY ELBERT BEDE.
Editor Cottage Grove Sentinel.

"YOU are in a large measure to blame for the predicament into which Opal Whiteley has gotten herself," is a charge against me in a letter dated May 21, 1920, the first of several I find in my file from a woman living in Los Angeles, the city to which, it will be remembered, Ellery Sedgwick telegraphed for the dispatch post haste of the fragments of Opal's diary, which has since made history.

"You and others," the letter continued, "who fed her craving to be in the public eye, her yearning for public adulation, are in a large measure to blame for the hoax she has put over on Atlantic Monthly." The woman pointed scornfully to a story (thank goodness I didn't write that story) which recorded the death of one of Opal's pets, one of the canine species, "upon which was expended more reportorial finesse, and to which was given more prominent newspaper position, than would have been demanded by a world catastrophe."

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This castigation was in some measure deserved, as will later appear, but this woman was of greatest assistance to me in helping Ellery Sedgwick unravel the mystery of Opal and her journal of an understanding soul, what at first seemed to be the vibrant verbal heart-throbs of a precocious and misunderstood child, the genuine outpourings of one who loved God and everything that was his, a waif of nature who had been thwarted in her efforts to attain higher, nobler and better things.

Rightfully or wrongfully I was credited with having discovered Opal, this several years before that mountain maiden floated airily, jauntily into the office of Atlantic (beacon light of literature) with her sales story well prepared in advance, albeit for another story than the diary. If that credit is due me, it should be no discredit to me as a gatherer of what folks like to read in newspapers to have found a tot who later produced a news story that entrancingly intrigued scientists, editors, psychologists, men of letters, lovers of literature of many continents, a story so fraught with human interest that it has remained more or less alive for 13 years and has again broken with more or less fury. In all those years I have hardly gone anywhere that I haven't been interrogated about Opal and her vagaries.

Fact and fancy so cleverly interwoven as to be almost inseparable, erudite wisdom and naive childish charm in juxtaposition, an impossible story plausibly told—probably never before has such a story been produced—probably never again will such a story be given to the world, for such a story could never come from any source save one like our little Opal, and I do not believe there ever was more than one of her. She is sufficient for a few generations.

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Since I wrote a decade ago what I thought would be the last of importance I should ever write on this subject, a source of information then closed to me, one where I knew information was to be had, has been unexpectedly opened. As a result I have at last reached a person who actually saw Opal's child diary, for the first time definitely establishing the fact that Opal had one that was produced at the time in her life that she claimed was written the one that she presented to Atlantic Monthly.

Heretofore every lead toward one who had seen it resulted in the information that Opal had spoken of such a diary, or that she had read to someone out of what she said was her diary. Also every lead was to a diary written, not printed. Also these portions of the diary were in composition books or in tablets supplied by the father.

But now I have found one who saw a portion of a printed diary. Also it was on pieces of wrapping paper and other scraps. Also it had been torn into bits and was kept in a cardboard box, the nucleus possibly for the diary years later rushed from Los Angeles to Boston. Tears came to the eyes of the wounded creature as she bared the shredded, mutilated record of her early life. This proves nothing, however, as to how the diary may have been torn to bits. Opal seldom was at a loss for some way to arouse interest in herself and sympathy that would redound to her benefit. I do not say that this is what happened, but that such may have happened is not nearly as improbable as some of the things Opal has insisted that we believe. Circumstances were such as to suggest this possibility.

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As corroborative evidence that the statement of this person is beyond being disputed, another person who until a few days ago had refused to discuss the Opal Whiteley mystery with me or anyone else, made the statement that he believed Opal had had such a cardboard box at a certain place at a certain time, and that this box contained the tattered diary. He asked that I confirm this by the person who did confirm it in exact detail. Opal was always storing things in cardboard boxes—clothing, specimens and what not. The boxes that arrived in Boston contained a mess that might have been gathered by a packrat.

The person first referred to here also remembers that Opal printed rapidly and beautifully and had great facility at drawing offhand sketches. This fact should be borne in mind because of its importance in connection with other events yet to be related.

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Having known Opal as I did, I believe that what Opal actually produced as a diary in her younger years, or what we know she could have presented as such a diary, as the beautiful, innocent, sincere unveiling of the heart of a precocious child, that in composition childishly expressive, would have been sufficient to assure her a niche in the gallery of immortals. Had she gone no further, facts so readily susceptible of proof were numerous enough to have given such an air of genuineness that no one would have been heartless enough to attempt to raise doubt as to the authenticity of any portion. It would have been haled as the precocious product of one of genius with the heart of a child.

It is my belief that what was presented to Editor Ellery Sedgwick, at least what he examined before he staked his own reputation and that of his magazine upon its genuineness, appeared to be the kind of diary that I have described as one that would have been accepted. It was an interesting study to note how Editor Sedgwick gradually changed from an energetic champion of exotic olive-skinned Opal to one who was convinced beyond doubt that the diary was far, very far, from what it pretended to be, finally withdrawing his preface, with a sequel, so far as Atlantic was concerned, that may point to what may happen in India.

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When she went from here to Los Angeles, before she attempted any work on "The Fairyland Around Us" or the revised diary, she spent three months trying to get into the movies. To have known that thousands were seeing her daily on the silver screen probably would have satisfied her as well as being a princess of India.

Failing there, something else had to be done. Publication of the diary some time, in some form, evidently was contemplated. What more natural than that a girl with the insatiable desire that has been described should rewrite herself into her diary in the manner which she judged would attract the greatest amount of attention to herself? She didn't wish to be subordinated to Peter Paul Reubens, the pig (was he the one with the little red ribbon squeal?); to Sophocles Diogenes, the lamb; to Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus, who must have been a most distinguished woodrat to have borne such a cognomen; to Lucien Horace Ovid Virgil, who must have been a most dignified toad; to Elizabeth Barrett Browning of the bovine species; to William Shakespeare of the equine species.

But Opal overdid the part and thereby brought investigation.

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How did a tiny tot know enough about history, mythology and the classics to find such names, and a host of others, for a whole circus of pets? And some of them were named for physical characteristics of the persons who gave the names, information possessed by but few scholars who had searched libraries of the world.

There is the journey to the home of the girl with no seeing, a round-trip of ten miles over trails of the woods, all in a part of an afternoon, and the same trip made the next forenoon. Her escorts were two pigs (most persons know how susceptible they are to being led or driven), a dog, a crow, a toad, a field mouse and some other minor livestock and impedimenta. The little one had to contrive to get this menagerie over a footlog on both the going and returning trip.

There is the turkey gobbler, whose ravishing name escapes me at the moment, who was held by the six-year-old girl while she gave a treatment which consisted of pouring kerosene down the gobbler's throat.

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There was that most knowing horse, William Shakespeare (Lord Bacon seems not to have been in good favor with our diarist). Opal was forever riding William. Without saddle, harness or bridle, she rode him standing on tiptoe.

There were the hen and crow trained to ride on the back of the dog. That may have been, but the pig that showed a preference between red and blue ribbons tries our credulity.

These are but a few of the things performed by Opal and her menagerie that raised doubt, but probably would have passed as the actual vagaries of a child of an unusually lively imagination and fond of romancing.

In my first reading of the diary my attention was attracted by the account of the teacher, who, as rapidly as she could talk, hurled eight questions at the six or seven-year-old girl, while our precocious prodigy remembered the eight questions, remembered them in their order and answered them in order in French, the answers being a list of names of animals.

I was puzzled, as undoubtedly every reader of the diary was, by the lists of birds, of animals, of flowers, of rivers and other things, all or part in French. It was these lists that proved the undoing of our diarist and led to proof that the diary was a hoax and a large part of it plagiarism.

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These lists of various kinds were adroitly brought into the diary and the names in each list so arranged that the first letters of each word, or of the important words, form an acrostic that gives the name of Opal's alleged father, name of the father of Opal's alleged father, name of other members of the family, the birthday, or "going away" day, or other intimate information. Here is an example:

"I did sing it le chant de fleurs that Angel Father did teach me to sing of Hiacinthe, Eclaire, Nenufar, Rose, Iris, et Dauphinelle et Oleandre, et Romarin, Lis, Eglantier, Anemone, Narcisse et Souci."

The first letters of the capitalized words spell Henri D'Orleans. In only the first of these acrostics were the vital words capitalized. This led, as the author intended, to discovery of the key. Wasn't that something for a seven-year-old!

Did a tot of five (Opal could have been no older when her alleged transfer to an Oregon logging camp took place) remember these lists of words and, with no one with whom to converse in French, remember them and their correct spelling until such time as she wished to use them in her diary?

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No one has ever been found who ever heard Opal speak a word of French. At Los Angeles she took lessons in French, but was a most awkward pupil with even the most common words.

While spending several months in the home of a Los Angeles friend Opal asked for a copy of "French Self Taught." This book was later found well thumbed at pages where lists of various common nouns appeared. The names of animals which Opal gave in her rapid-fire answer to the rapid-fire teacher appeared in this book in the same order used by Opal in her reply to the teacher.

A girl who could produce books like "The Faryland Around Us" was bound for the fame for which Opal could not wait. Copy for this volume was prepared at about the same time, I believe, the diary was revised. It contains many of the same references found in the diary—to animals with the same classic names—to wasps as the first papermakers, etc.

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Opal was a prodigious reader. As a child in her early teens she obtained books from every known source, and had or made, more opportunities to secure information than were open to the ordinary child or adult. In Los Angeles, for a considerable period, she spent every other day at the public library, which contained a copy of a book by D'Orleans. This was found to have been well-thumbed and its pages marred by notes in handwriting identified as Opal's.

In Boston Opal lost none of her propensity to search for information. I have said that circumstances seemed to arrange themselves to serve Opal's purpose. In Boston, by strange good fortune, so far as her purpose was concerned, she found books by D'Orleans, also a copy of the will of D'Orleans, which gave much intimate information about that author and traveler, as well as names of members of the family. Indicative of what a wonderfully retentive mind Opal had as a child, whole sections from the books by D'Orleans were found to have been taught the child by her father before the tender age of five and were reproduced word for word in the child diary. More wonderful still, things referred to in the will, usually a secret document until after a person's death, were referred to and accurately described in the diary.

It may be easy to guess why Editor Ellery Sedgwick withdrew his preface from the final edition of Opal's diary and why a large portion of the diary was never published.

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Except that I have from one in whom I have the most implicit confidence testimony that she saw the tattered remains of a portion of the child diary, I should doubt whether any portion of it was ever written as a child.

Here is a quotation from a page of Opal's diary written at 14 years of age:

I took Mrs. Scites and Mrs. Hankens Papers to them. Mrs. Hankens is so friendly. She invited me to stay for dinner but as I had ate my dinner before I started I went on my way. Grandpa sent me a lawn dress for May on the train. Supervisor came so did not recite.

Note prosaic recording in matter of fact way of happenings of the day, lack of punctuation, names misspelled, faulty English and no apostrophes, then read this from the child diary, with correct punctuation, beauty of thought and expression, correct English, sustained interest that a person of letters might envy:

But they all wanted to be served at once, so it became necesary to turn over all bread and jam on hand. I broke it into little pieces, and they had a royal feast there on the old fence rail. I wanted bread and jam, but then, Yellowjackets are such interesting fairies—being among the world's first paper makers; and baby Yellowjackets are such chubby youngsters. Thinking on these things make it a joy to share one's bread and jam with these wasp fairies.

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In a series of notebooks of Opal's found after publication of the diary had started, and ordered sent promptly to Boston when their existence here was learned, contained several things of importance to this discussion. One was this list:

Memories of my childhood—to write out.
Evening on the farm.
my first errand.
My menagerie.
Teaching Rex to swim.
School days at Star.
The Pet Lamb.
The cathedral.
My pets—Ginger, Shep, Max, Gyp, Tom, Dandy, the pet chipmunk, the fish.

Was revision of the diary planned when these notes were made? They are suggestive of what appears in the diary. Why the common every-day names for pets that were in the diary given names drawn from literature of the world?

Did Opal as a girl of 20 or more perform the prodigious amount of work that would have been required to produce a story remarkable for its imagery and literary excellence and reduce it to printed letters?

Possibly readers need not have explained what my opinion is as to the authenticity of the precocious diary. The foster-parentage fantasy will be dealt with, I trust, as conclusively.

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Whatever the real parentage of Opal Whiteley, Atlantic Monthly's child diarist, she at least went to great pains to fabricate a background that would make plausible the fantastic acrostics of the diary that pointed in no uncertain way to Henry D'Orleans as her father.

In the final analysis there is nothing but circumstantial evidence to point to either parentage, and I shall give the facts on both sides of the controversy so far as they have come to my knowledge.

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Circumstances that fit into the D'Orleans parentage claim, for which an elaborate background was laid by Opal, both before and during publication of the diary, are as follows:

Henry D'Orleans was of an age that harmonizes with such a parentage. His death occurred at the right time to fit into the story that Opal was sent to Oregon from a far country when her angel father died.

The removal of the family to Oregon from Washington, where the real Opal was born, chanced to be made at exactly the right time to fit into the plans of anyone who might have had a child that they wished to hide away by making the substitution which Opal claims was made. The small family was traveling alone to join the father in Oregon.

Odd heirlooms were sent Opal by a grandmother whom Opal claimed had told her she was not a Whiteley but had not revealed Opal's true parentage. This grandmother oddly never saw Opal, and why all the heirlooms should have been sent to the one child is a circumstance odd enough to encourage exponents of the foster-parentage claim.

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Opal was an odd child and the only member of the family with an unusually developed love for nature, a personal trait fitting well into the D'Orleans parentage.

Opal seems now to have convinced a ruling house of India that she is a member of that family, although French parentage was all that had been claimed up until after Opal sailed to find the fairyland that she claimed as that of her nativity. Her personal appearance and even her name—that of a jewel of

Continued on Page 5.



OPAL WHITELEY

Her diary, "The Journal of An Understanding Heart," published in the Atlantic Monthly 13 years ago, started a controversy that may never be settled. The question: Just who is Opal Whiteley?



A FRIEND OF NATURE

Opal Whiteley, as a young girl at Cottage Grove, Or., and as a student at the University of Oregon, showed remarkable interest and knowledge in the natural sciences. The big fish here is a sturgeon.



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Stirring Yarns Spun by Atlantic Skipper

Captain Randall, Commander of Manhattan, Trim Palace of Seas, Recounts Story of Torpedoing by German Sub

BY DAVID W. HAZEN.
Staff Writer, The Oregonian.

"SO you're from Oregon, eh? From Portland. I know quite a number of people living there. Many Portlanders were passengers with me when I commanded the Leviathan. Let's see, what's the name of that lawyer out there? He's with the gas company or the electric company or some railroad? I remember he sailed on the Leviathan a couple of times."

The speaker was Captain Albert E. Randall, commodore of the United States line. We were leaning at the rail on the boat deck of the Manhattan, the beautiful trans-Atlantic liner, the morning of the day's stay at Havre, France. It was the first stop out from Hamburg homeward bound.

"There are many rich lawyers living in Portland, captain," I replied, "so I can't pick the one you mean. It might have been Arthur C. Spencer or Franklin T. Griffith or John A. Laing or Judge John S. Coke, all of whom are great travelers. Many other attorneys in my home city also journey a good deal, including Colonel Alfred E. Clark, Judge Wallace McCamant and Roscoe C. Nelson."

But Captain Randall couldn't remember, so we fell to talking about the French debt. We agreed on this subject, while a large amount of French cheese was being taken on board for New York.

"Things are a great deal different now than when you first went to sea, aren't they, captain?" was asked in order to keep the conversation going.

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"Good Lord, yes! There's no comparison! I began going to sea in a Yankee bark, the Obed Baxter of Newburyport, Mass. I have her picture hanging in my room, come up and see it," the rather fat skipper replied.

"Are you a Yankee?"

"No, I'm a Long Islander. We natives of Long Island never say we are New York staters, we always tell the world that we are Long Islanders. You know there's no other place just like it, so we boost it all we can."

The youth made two voyages in the old bark, then drifted to other ships that long since went to Davy Jones' locker. He didn't waste much time in sail, but found a berth on a steamer as quickly as he could after he was qualified to get A. B.'s (able seaman) papers. Since then he has crossed the Atlantic so many times that he quit counting more than ten years ago. But he still likes to dream of old windjammer days.

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"Do you think sailing ships will ever come back into general service?" the master mariner was asked.

"I did think so a few years ago, and I told many of my friends that I was sure square-rigged ships would some day be popular again for long voyages with cargoes like grain and lumber and ore," he declared. "Shipping men used to laugh at me and say I was getting old, but this is what I based my opinion on:

"The cost of fuel in time will be prohibitive. Coal and oil are running out faster than many persons think they are. And when it is seen that this fuel is not going to last forever, the prices will start going up without ever coming down. Then shipping men will begin thinking about carrying low-grade cargo as cheaply as possible.

"But since I first had that notion, the world has shown that it is a vast oil bed. Thousands of new wells have been brought in, so there is a much larger store of this liquid fuel than I thought there was. Also, the modern Diesel engine has come in with its small fuel consumption and taking a low grade of oil. Those things have changed my mind somewhat. I don't think that the sailing ship will come back as a general carrier, but it will be used more and more as an auxiliary.

"There are now 20 grain ships, all sail, operating between Australia and Great Britain, and each of them is making money for her owner. Grain shippers and buyers find the ships good and cheap warehouses in which to have their goods stored for a few months, maybe I should say weeks, for it doesn't take the fastest sailers long to make the passage from Sydney to London.

"In years to come maybe sail will be used for such cargoes, while steam will only be on vessels carrying passengers and express. But then perhaps something will be invented by that time that will take the place of both steam and sail. You never know what's going to be invented these days."

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Captain Randall recalled a yarn that was told him when he first went to sea, and with which he has had a lot of fun since he has been skipper of passenger packets. He watched the gulls follow the Obed Baxter all day long, and be up and flying at daylight the next morning. He couldn't figure out where they laid their eggs or when they took time out to rest. He asked the ancient, grizzled sailmaker about the mystery.

"That's an easy one, boy," replied the old salt. "Th' birds lay their eggs in th' lifeboats, and they rest aboard th' packet th' same as me and you do."

The young Long Islander swallowed the yarn hook, line and sinker. And he didn't know he was being chaffed until one day, some time later, when he had become sick and tired on the poor food served in the forecastle. The lad began looking about the life boats.

"Hey, whattin heck yuh doin' prowlin' about them boats? Come down here, and come quick!" yelled the mate.

"I'm looking for gulls' eggs, sir. I thought I would like to have some for breakfast," the honest lad replied.

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He never lived down this joke on the bark. In fact, sometimes an old shipmate reminds him of it. But Captain Randall has been asked many times the same question he put to the sailmaker. The questioners were passengers who were puzzled by the long flights of the gulls. And then the skipper would chuckle as he watched the people looking around the boats for eggs.

But he was asked a question not so many months ago that floored him. He hasn't been able to figure out an answer for it yet. A rather plump, freckled, brown-eyed school teacher about 42 years old was making her first trans-Atlantic trip. She was going to Germany to visit the home of her forepar-ents, but she didn't want to miss anything on the way.

"Will we see any whales on this voyage, captain?" she asked the first day out from New York.

"We may, but I can't tell whether the whales have decided to honor us with a call this passage or not," replied the sailor chief.

"But if we do see them, captain, what side of the ship will we see them on?"

This question was just as puzzling as the one that kept him guessing during the war. He was in the Atlantic convoy service, and night and day officers and men kept wondering, "If we do sight German submarines, which side of the ship will they be on?"

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Captain Randall's most thrilling adventure came during the war. Although he began going to sea when 18 years old and has been master of vessels since he was 22, his life had been rather free from thrills until that summer day on the American transport President Lincoln. At that time he was returning to New York as a passenger, having to go to Europe as personnel officer on a ship that was held there.

"About 9 o'clock on the morning of May 31, 1918, I was sitting on deck talking to a colonel in the tank corps," Captain Randall began. This was two or three days after we had watched the French cheese come on board the Manhattan at Havre. We were spinning yarns in the master's cabin, for the writer has had a few sea experiences that never befell the Long Islander.

"There was a rather heavy sea running," continued the skipper, "and I wasn't thinking for a minute that a sub would be chasing us in such a sea. We were looking over at another ship in the convoy when suddenly I saw something. The colonel saw it, too, and he asked me:

"'What's that over there, a dead whale?'

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"But before I had time to answer him I saw two torpedoes coming towards us, then a third one. The first two shots missed, but the third opened up our engine room. By this time the tank colonel knew what his 'dead whale' was, so I never had to bother answering his question.

"Well, I had to work fast. I knew that German submarine commanders always wanted an officer or two for prisoners, so they could question them on the movements of transports and warships; they also wanted our officers as prisoners in case of reprisals. I didn't want to be taken to a German prison camp, so I yanked off my lieutenant-commander's uniform quicker than you can skin a cat, and got into a sailor's uniform.

"Then I jumped into the lifeboat along with Ensign C. R. Black, a member of the naval reserve who had volunteered for duty at the beginning of the war. The President Lincoln sank 26 minutes after being hit, and 26 lives were lost in the tragedy. As we pulled away the submarine came alongside our boat, and the captain, a man named Remy, took one look at Ensign Black, then called out in excellent English:

"'I don't want you, Black.'

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"The two had attended prep school together in the United States, and had been great friends. Captain Remy didn't wish to humiliate his old schoolmate by taking him prisoner. Remy, of course, didn't know I was an officer, for I was handling the steering oar just like any sailor, although I commanded the lifeboat. But the German captain did take a couple of prisoners, Lieutenant E. V. M. Isaacs and Seaman G. A. Anderson. Remy was anxious to find the captain of the transport, P. W. Foote of the regular navy.

"Remy asked Anderson where the captain of the transport was and the seaman replied. 'He went down with the ship, sir.' But Foote, after handling the situation in a most remarkable and very able manner, saw there was no hope of saving the vessel, so after getting the sick and wounded in lifeboats and after seeing that officers and crew were safe as they could be made to be, was the last to jump from the sinking ship and swim to a waiting boat. He had removed his uniform blouse and cap and put on a sailor's jacket. He was also handling an oar when the sub steamed by his lifeboat."

Captain Randall, as he finished the saga of the sinking, said he expected to go to sea for many more years yet, but that he never wants to be torpedoed again, no matter how interesting it is to tell about it afterwards.

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When the war ended, Randall returned to the merchant service and was in command of various steamers until he was given the Leviathan, which was long the palatial flagship of the American government's merchant fleet. He commanded this captured German Atlantic greyhound 2½ years, but as it was so outlandishly expensive to operate, it was laid up last spring, and Captain Randall given his choice of the line's other craft. He picked the Manhattan and took his old crew with him to that trim and beautiful liner.

"If you see that lawyer out in Portland who knows me, give him my best," remarked the skipper as he excused himself in order to shave.



CAPTAIN ALBERT B. RANDALL.
Commander of the S. S. Manhattan, flagship of the United States Lines.



THE S. S. MANHATTAN.
Here is the Manhattan, giant cabin liner, as she completed her maiden voyage at Plymouth, England, in 1932. The Manhattan is the largest liner ever built in the United States.

Houdini Islands

Continued From First Page.

Now look at Yap, where the Japanese have found great highroads, better built than the Apian way, with huge stone blocks, and stone council houses with lofty, carved pillars and high gables. These could not have been built by untutored savages. Real engineering was applied, and only an imperial government with good control over many thousands of men could have furnished the labor. Moreover, on the east coast of Yap, about 500 miles from Oleai, there is a village called Gatsepar, the chief of which still levies tribute annually on islands hundreds of miles away, including Oleai. The islands which pay tribute say they have always done so, and that it would be unlucky not to do so. They do not even remember how the tribute payments started. Is this a race memory from an old empire? The Japanese navy does not interfere with the custom, since the tribute payers are so eager to contribute their stint to the chieftain on Yap.

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It is interesting to note that some of the Pacific islands, bearing out the theory of segregation in prehistoric times of the metalloids, are known as phosphate islands, of which Makatea, in the northwest of the Paumotes, and Ocean island and Nauru, in the west of the Gilberts, have gone down and re-arisen several times, as proved by geological stratification.

The Gilberts, along with the inner Ladrones Carolines and Marshalls, Ellice and the Austral group, have lost their volcanic energy and are now subsiding perceptibly. The Solomons, however, show a tendency to rise.

In the Gilberts appear great dry-stone monuments and massive walls, with individual stones weighing from two to twenty tons, which could be handled only with engineering knowledge and tens of thousands of laborers, of which there are probably not tens of thousands left in the whole Pacific island area.

The logs of the Pacific navigators of the 17th century contain many allusions to Pacific land masses of large extent now no longer visible. Even today the Hawaiians still have a name for a body of land which is supposed to have existed between Hawaii and New Zealand—in fact, filling up the space entirely, with Hawaii on one end and New Zealand on the other. The name is Ka-houpo-o-Kane, and means "the solar plexus of Kane."

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There must have been something in the Pacific of prodigious size, for it would take a great culture to observe and name the planets and many fixed stars and set up tables of declination for 30-year periods so the navigators could use star after star on a single voyage, as their navigators were instructed to do. They knew where any of their navigating stars would be at any hour of the night in any particular time of the year. Also, incidentally, the invention of the sacred calabash, their equivalent for our sextant, was no mean scientific achievement. A table of declinations is absolutely necessary for using the sacred calabash, just as it is for using the sextant.

In the island of Rotumah stone tombs have been found by naval officers so ponderable in their masses that engineering officers of the navy are at a loss to comprehend by what means they were got into place.

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Juan Fernandez in 1576 went out of his course when sailing between Callao, Peru, and Valparaiso, Chile, and encountered what he believed to be the coast of that great southern continent which so many seamen of his day dreamed of. He saw "the mouths of very large rivers, and people so white and so well clad and in everything different from those of Chile and Peru" that he was amazed.

As late as 1909 the British ship Guinevere reported a reef in about 95 longitude east and 35 latitude south which may be the remains of the continent Fernandez logged.

The English-named but Dutch skipper, John Davis, of the ship Bachelor's Delight sighted in latitude 27 degrees 20 minutes south in the latitude of what is now Easter island, "to the westward about 12 leagues, a range of high land, from whence came great flocks of fowls." The ship had just felt a severe earthquake shock, which later proved to be the earthquake of Callao of 1687.

Thirty-five years later the Dutch admiral, Ruggewein, sailed along the same latitude in search of Davis land, but could discover no signs of it. As compensation he discovered an island on Easter day, which he named Easter island, and it still bears that name. This island, Easter, resembles not at all the land which Davis saw, as Beechy, who visited the island in 1825, declares, so it is positively certain that an island or archipelago of considerable extent foundered in this area of the Pacific at some time between 1687 and 1722.

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The British navy supplies an interesting account of the appearance and disappearance of an island in logs from its ships. In the Tonga group in 1867 a shoal 39 miles west of Nomuka island appeared. In 1877 smoke was observed over the shoal for a considerable time. In 1885 a volcanic island, which was named Falcon island, rose from the sea during an eruption on the 14th of October. Falcon island was two miles long and 250 feet high.

In 1889 it was carefully surveyed by Commander Oldham, royal navy, of H. M. S. Egeria, and found to be at that time only 1.1 miles long and .9 of a mile wide.

In 1892 it was only 25 feet high.

In 1898 it disappeared, leaving a shoal. It is advanced by volcanologists that the island perhaps lacked a strong inner plug or core of lava to support it, and that if it had possessed such a core it might have stood indefinitely. But that is their guess.

Adventurers in the Oregon Territory—Fraser



Pictorial History of the Original Oregon Territory by E. Karolyn Ries.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, first of the nor'westers to penetrate into the country west of the Canadian Rockies, was soon followed by other intrepid adventurers. In 1805 James McDougall was sent on an expedition up the Peace and Parsnip rivers by the Northwest company. He built the first fort in that northern territory, Fort McLeod, on McLeod lake. La Malice, a French-Canadian, was stationed at this remote post following the departure of McDougall. Still later Simon Fraser, fearless and daring, and the man for whom the great Fraser river is named, was sent to take charge of the fort.

In 1793 Alexander Mackenzie had paddled down the stream he believed to be the River of the West, the Columbia. However, as he had left the river and traveled overland on his journey to the Pacific, he had no actual proof of this. Fraser was to prove him wrong. He was the first man to follow the stream to the Pacific.

In 1805 he built the Rocky Mountain house at the eastern end of the Rocky mountain portage, a post that became the headquarters for trappers, traders and explorers from all the surrounding territory—a veritable oasis in the wilderness. In the spring of 1806 Fraser started on the first leg of his long journey. The party set out in three canoes, following Mackenzie's route. In July they reached the Fraser, going downstream as far as the Stuart river. They followed this stream to Stuart lake. On the shores of the lake they built Fort St. James. On Fraser lake they erected Fort Fraser, and the following year, in 1807, they built Fort George.

In the summer of 1808 Fraser was at last ready for his actual dash for the Pacific. Leaving Fort George, the expedition set out. They came to the spot where Mackenzie had left the river to continue overland. Fraser determined to continue downstream in spite of the dire warnings of the Indians. That tempestuous, headlong flight must have been a veritable nightmare. Jagged rocks and raging whirlpools seemed to contrive to crush the three fragile boats.

The date of Fraser's arrival at the mouth of the river is lost to history, for his journal was discontinued during the trip. Fraser presently returned to the east coast and sailed for England, where he published his journal and reaped great fame for his exploits.

Next week: The Nor'westers Seek an Empire.

. . . soon followed by other intrepid adventurers.

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The Stamp Collector

U. S. Has Not Entered Philatelic Exploitation of Her Various Colonies.

BY E. W. CASWELL.

THE United States has never gone in for philatelic exploitation of her colonies; on the contrary the government ordains the use of regular United States postage stamps in the majority of its possessions. This is in striking contrast to the policy of the other major powers of the world, whose colonies all have their own special issues for home use, and particularly in the case of Britain, the colonials often possess much more attractive and popular issues than are found in the parent country. The government might be well advised to give Hawaii, United States Virgin Islands and others their own stamps, at least to try it out with something like the recent Philippine pictorials, and see if the reaction to the idea does not produce a respectable profit for the postoffice department.



E. W. Caswell.

Hawaii, a stamp issuing independent kingdom until 1898, voted in that year for annexation to the United States, becoming a territory of the U. S. A. at its own request, and since then has used the same stamps as are current on the mainland. Going back among the early issues of the islands, one finds a number of very rare stamps, ranging as high as $12,000 in catalogue values; in fact Hawaii's whole list from 1851-99 has always received a popular approval from the great majority of collectors, particularly in the United States. None of the varieties go into the junk classification, but on the other hand the country can be collected almost complete from 1861 on without running up against a lot of impossibly high-priced items.

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The Spanish-American war gave the United States its main group of possessions, which included Cuba, Guam, Porto Rico and the Philippines. The little island of Guam, a coaling station in the Pacific about 1450 miles east of the Philippines, boasts but one set of stamps in its philatelic repertoire, the regular United States triangle issue of 1895 overprinted GUAM. All values from the 1c to $1 were surcharged, and one special delivery stamp was included for some reason or other, but the stamps were only in use about a year when they were replaced by those of the United States. Consequently the set is one of those pesky little things that defies the efforts of about 99 per cent of the collectors who try to complete it.

Foremost among the acquisitions from Spain were the Philippine islands, over 7000 of them over in the western Pacific, where the early stamps of course reflect a strong Spanish influence. Practically the same designs and portraits were used by Spain for her own stamps and those of her colonies from the earliest date of issue until 1898; some varieties are confusing and require a lot of hunting through the catalogue before they are finally spotted correctly.

From 1899 until 1904, the then current United States stamps were obliquely surcharged PHILIPPINES for use in the new possession, and these were used until 1906, when it was decided that new and individual stamps should be issued for the islands, bearing the inscription Philippine Islands-United States of America. There followed a series of issues consisting mostly of portrait designs, and involving varieties of perforations, colors and watermarks that are even more confounding than the conglomeration bestowed on the U. S. A. home folks by the bureau of engraving and printing from 1909-19. The same designs are still in use, though the monotony was broken by the palace of the legislature commemoratives of 1926 and the excellent pictorial series of 1932. It is in the latter set that the famous 18c orange waterfall occurs, supposed to be a representation of Pagsanjam falls in the Philippines, but actually being a picture of Vernal falls in Yosemite national park, California.

Several famous air flights have been commemorated in the Philippines by surcharging regular issues with descriptive overprints; the VonGronau round-the-world overprints on the pictorials are the most attractive and recent of this group.

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Early Porto Rican issues are similar to those of the Philippines, and the 1c to 10c U. S. stamps of 1899 were surcharged for use there. Instead of continuing with their own stamps, however, the postal service has used U. S. stamps since 1900.

Cuba was allowed to set up its own republic after a brief possession by the United States, when the usual surcharges were made for use in the Pearl of the Antilles. The Cuban list should show a very rapid growth in the future, what with the boys taking turns at being president and new revolutions being commemorated. Cuban stamps are not overly popular nationally.

In 1917 the Danish West Indies were "purchased" from Denmark, and a very popular series of issues, terminated as U. S. stamps superseded the more particularly individual designs of the former Danish colony. The name U. S. Virgin islands might suggest an attractive and unusual theme for stamps were this little possession allowed its own private postal paper.

U. S. Colony stamps concluded next week.

"I Was Shanghaied"--A Mad Captain

Clark Skips From a Trial for Mutiny—and Subsequently Boards a Vessel Shunned by the Rats

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK.

CHAPTER III.

IN LAST Sunday's Oregonian A. E. Clark told of his hectic trip as a shanghaied sailor on the T. F. Oakes, from Portland, Or., to Le Havre, France, where he and most of the rest of the crew went ashore and put up at a sailors' boarding house which catered especially to Yankee seamen. In those days American sailors signed ship's articles for a one-way trip only and then were discharged. This system was very unpopular with ships' captains, for it meant the trouble of hiring a crew all over again before returning to their home ports.

Clark was paid off at the American consul's office in Le Havre and found that $60 "advance money" had been subtracted from his wages.

In reality this $60 went to the illustrious Larry Sullivan of Portland, Or., who had placed Clark on board the Oakes at Astoria. When he got ashore at Le Havre Clark made up his mind that the next time he shipped aboard a vessel he would do so on his own volition and not pay $60, or two months' wages, for the job.

This week Mr. Clark, who now lives at Box 67, Route 2, not far from Camas, Wash., tells what happened to him after he landed in the French port.

A. E. Clark's Story.

I think I stayed in Le Havre about four weeks. I was given a square deal at the boarding house. The St. David, an old blister of a ship which had seen 40 years' service before the trip I took on her, needed some men and I signed on. In appearance I can best describe her to those who have seen the United States frigate Constitution as similar, except that the St. David's superstructure was reduced in height by leaving out the gun decks. but she had the same bluff bows and heavy rigging.

This time I signed on under my full name, Aquilla Ernest Clark. You know, mates were much given to giving a seaman some short, common name easier to remember, possibly, than his real one. Well, when I was shanghaied on the T. F. Oakes the mate named me "Jack." I soon learned that Jack was so easy a name to remember and, most important, quick to say, that the officers were given to calling "Jack" for this or that job at all times. So when the mate of the St. David asked me my name I looked him plumb in the eye and said "Aquilla Ernest Clark."

However, the mate tried to name me something else, I've forgotten what, but I'd never pay any attention until he called "Aquilla." I guess that was a pretty difficult name for most of the mates I worked under, but they got so they would use it, and I think it saved me lots of work I would fall heir to if I had been "Jack" or "Pete."

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We were bound for Philadelphia in ballast, but there wasn't enough ballast even for a light sea, and we hit into a real gale. The skipper was Captain Frost. He had been master of the St. David for 20 years. After we got clear of land we stood off to the north on a long tack, as close to the wind as she would hold. After a week of this the skipper gave it up as a bad job. He took the other tack and headed south, and finally we got into warmer and calmer weather. But for some reason I don't know he changed again to the other tack just as we were getting into the Sargasso sea, and then we hit into more trouble.

Here was where I saw waterspouts for the first time. I counted some 15 or 20 close to us at once. When a big one would burst and fall, even though a mile from the ship, it set waves in motion that broke clear over the St. David's decks. We had no cannon on board, but many ships used to carry a small one to handle waterspouts. I thought it was just a seaman's tall yarn, but it is a fact that a cannon shot, or even a rifle bullet through the small part of the funnel of a waterspout will break it and cause the spout to collapse. I guess we dodged around among those spouts for more than a week.

But the waterspouts weren't anything to worry about compared to Captain Frost. He had been showing signs of insanity, or something closely akin to it, when we had been out about three weeks. He got so he would not speak to anyone except to shout and curse. I don't remember of ever seeing him on the main deck. We would often hear angry voices coming from his cabin where he was quarreling with and abusing his officers, and where he spent most of his time, night and day.

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One night when I was alone, doing my trick on the fo'castle head as lookout, the pilot, who was making the trip 'way across with us because the pilot boat had failed to meet us and pick him up before we left the English channel, came to me, and, after speaking guardedly for quite a while, brought up the subject of the captain's mental condition. He said he was sure that Captain Frost had gone stark mad. He also asked me to sound out other members of the crew and warn them to be prepared for anything.

It was only a few days later that we all learned for certain that the captain was crazy. I was at the wheel at the time. Some of the crew were up the mizzen, furling a sail. The captain came out, and, looking up at the men in the rigging, he began to curse them. One of the men answered something, I don't know what, and the captain rushed into his cabin and came out in a moment with a rifle. "I'll fix you, you ——— ———!" he shouted. I let go the wheel to grapple with him, but not in time. He shot and one of the men in the rigging—it was Abel Johnson—dropped into the sea.

We disarmed Captain Frost, put him in irons, and two sailors were detailed to stay with him in the cabin for the remainder of the trip. He was not in irons all the way, but was kept under careful watch. The first mate took command of the ship and we reached Philadelphia three weeks later, just 60 days after we left Le Havre.

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Mutiny on the high seas was a pretty serious thing in those days, regardless of what the captain might have done. We anchored in the stream at Philadelphia and a guard was put on board to see that no one left except the mate and pilot, who took the skipper ashore with them. I really had nothing more to fear than lying in jail awaiting the hearing, which I was sure would give all of us a clean bill of health, but I didn't like jails. So I found a guard who for $2 allowed me to "go over the side" and into a small skiff, which put me on board a Belgian tanker, bound for Bordeaux. She was just ready to leave and was short-handed as most ships seemed to be in those days.

It is getting away from the story somewhat, but this is the place to say that years later a friend showed me a clipping from a Philadelphia newspaper which gave a brief account of the trial of the St. David's officers and crew. It stated that Captain Frost had been committed to an asylum and the officers and crew exonerated. This news item appeared nearly two months after we landed in Philadelphia, so I judge that the witnesses had a good long wait in jail.



"He shot and one of the men in the rigging—it was Abel Johnson—dropped into the sea."

For the life of me I can't remember the name of that Belgian tanker. Oil transportation was in its infancy then. They had not learned the tricks of real tanks and bulkheads, but pumped the oil directly into the hold against the skin of the ship with not so much as a partition to keep the oil from slushing back and forth.

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This tanker was round on the bottom and she rolled something awful. She was loaded low in the water; turtleback deck fore and after, with a good, substantial deckhouse amidship, above the engine. She was the first steamer I shipped on. The trip across the Atlantic was not pleasant.

In the bay of Biscay the sea got rough, as it usually is there. It was so rough that water went down the funnels and put out the fires, severely scalding three of the firemen.

We sighted the La France, largest passenger steamer then afloat. She was making heavy weather—waves breaking clear over her. We later learned that she foundered in that same storm, with the loss of several hundred lives.

We on the tanker got a sail hoisted on her with stub foremast to keep her head before the wind. We drifted for about 24 hours before we could get the fires going again. After they got the steam up we hit it off pretty well and soon were in the Gironde river, where we docked a few kilometers from Bordeaux. As soon as we had tied up all of us of the crew were taken to the house of Jaquious Jaquifills. This spelling is not guaranteed; that was the way the name sounded to my ears, and it was well known to sailors.

I never saw that Belgian tanker again. But I did see the smoke from her. It was a week or so after we were in Bordeaux that we heard a terrific explosion down on the waterfront. I hired a cab and started down there. All I saw was a cloud of black smoke, and the Belgian tanker backing out into the stream, where she sank.

The explosion was such that one of the ship's hatches was impaled on a church steeple more than half a mile away. A few days later we—the crew—were taken to the Belgian consul's office and given clearance (not discharge), with double pay to the date of the explosion.

After a few days in Bordeaux I signed on a German bark, the Oclam, which was going in ballast to Swansea, England. About the only memories I have of this voyage are of bread and fish; that's what we had to eat. The bread was rye, mouldy and came in loaves four feet long; the fish was albicore and there was too much of it.

When we got to England I decided to stay ashore for a while. I visited Staffordshire, where my mother was born, and spent a month or so at Stoke, Coventry and the neighborhood.

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After my "tour" of England I went back to Swansea to find a ship. This time it was the Lancaster Lass of Glasgow, loaded for Sydney, Australia. What you newspaper men call the grapevine telegraph had got going about the Lancaster Lass. It was a "low-down" rumor to the effect that the rats had been leaving her. . . . You know what that means to sailors, when the rats leave a boat? So, the Lass was having a hard time of it getting a crew. I took no stock in superstitions, so signed on. But the rats were wiser than the crew, as was definitely proved a few months later, about 200 miles west of Cape Horn.

The Lancaster Lass was an old wooden bark of around 1600 tons. The skipper was Captain McDougal, a part owner in the ship. He was around 55 years of age, fat, red-whiskered and of few words. The first mate was Mr. Norris, a Bluenose from the maritime provinces of Canada. The second mate was Mr. McNab, a nephew of one of the owners of the ship.

We hove anchor while we sang, "Ho, for California, O," played by Chips, the ship's carpenter, on a fiddle, with all hands joining in on the chorus. This was a two-hour job, heaving the anchor, with the bunch of us walking around the capstan.

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The Lancaster Lass was my first British ship. The first thing I noticed was the ration fed us. There was a lot of mutton in it, but the biggest item was lime juice. From the time we got near the equator we had lime juice put in every drink we had. Lime juice was said to ward off scurvy. It was a feature on every British ship, so those ships became known as lime-juicers.

Life on a British ship was much easier than on a Yankee boat. There was no extra work when off watch except during storms, and there was no dolling up the ship. But there was no back talk to an officer. The manner in which the crew got back at the officers was a polite form of sabotage, although we had never heard that word then. The sabotage was just little things—a tar bucket tipped over, vinegar on the brasswork and other small tricks.

We had pretty fair weather, and not much happened until the cook, a man named Swanson, took ill. Swanson had been 40 years at sea. He had brooded over the fact, or rumor, that the rats had left the Lancaster Lass after he got aboard.

One day I was helping Swanson get some supplies up from the booby-hatch. He set the hatch cover on edge and it slipped down to the deck, upside down. He turned white and then green because of his mistake. I picked him up and took him to the galley. He muttered something about a shark following the ship and said that the shark was after him. We nursed him the best we knew, but he steadily got worse. With a terrible fear showing in his eyes, all he would say was, "Is he still there?" meaning the shark.

There were plenty of sharks following the ship, but we told Swanson there were none. Nevertheless Swanson died, and we buried him on a Sunday morning, sewed in a heavy canvas and with heavy weights around his feet. The crew gathered about and the skipper read the beautiful burial service of the Church of England as the body went overboard. . . . I can still feel a lump in my throat.

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Then we got into the "doldrums," that bank of intense heat, with calms and sudden squalls, where all hands were needed day and night to take advantage of every little breeze. It was so hot that we coated the bottoms of our feet with tar so they would not be burned on the hot deck. I tell you, the deck of that ship was so hot that tar boiled up between the seams. . . . You ask any old-timer who has made the tropics.

We finally got through the doldrums and hit into the trade winds and were rolling down to the river Platte when we got into a storm. The foremast snapped about 12 feet above deck and went over the side, taking the jib-boom, main-top mast and mizzen top-gallant along; all this gear was hanging in the rigging alongside. But the blow was a short one and we got all fixed up, although we had to drift, stern first, until the wind died down and we could get some "jury-rigs" up.

By this time we were nearer Rio de Janeiro than the river Platte country, so the skipper decided to head north for Rio. I think we were about four weeks making Rio.

I wish I were able to describe that port. The first thing I remember of it was "Sugar Loaf," a monolith 2000 feet high and wide in proportion. Approaching from the south this completely dominates the harbor. Skirting this great rock you come to the entrance of what looks to be an artificial canal cut through banks 2000 feet up. The first you see of Rio is a hotel on top of one of the cliffs. Going on, we came to a fort, low down on the waterfront, which almost blocked the channel. A turn around this and we came into the main harbor and then we got a real look at the city.

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The business section of Rio occupied a small flat on the very edge of the bay and could be reached only by barges. Another thing I remember about Rio was that there were no suburbs; the jungle itself came right up to the last house on the edge of the city. A short 100 yards further on appeared as though no one had ever been there.

Apparently some sort of plague is always going the rounds in Rio. At the time I was there, there was both smallpox and typhoid fever. In Rio harbor the Lancaster Lass was put into quarantine. By this time I had made up my mind to quit a ship which had no rats.

But we were closely guarded. Lighters bringing new spars and supplies came under guard of police launches, which stood by to see that no one passed from either lighter or ship. Nothing was allowed to come on the Lass except supplies, and all of them were checked as they went into the slings. We couldn't have a letter delivered, even.

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While we were lying in the bay I saw one of those encounters between sea monsters that you read about in fiction magazines Because there has been so much hooey written about these fights, I hesitate to mention this one. It was started by a big ray and a giant squid, but the scrap soon became a battle royal. Barracuda were flashing here and there, making the actions of the sharks—who are always near any sort of trouble—seem slow in comparison. Then, there were some smaller fishes hanging around, although they kept out of the main battle.

The water heaved and heaved. The fighting fish darted here and there. I saw a dark spot, deep down, which grew and grew. Then I could see what must have been the tentacles of a giant squid; they looked to be 20 to 25 feet long, although that doesn't seem possible. Anyway, it came close to the surface and one of the tentacles came out of the water. It turned over and I could see his white bottom plainly. As he turned over I saw a barracuda, about six feet long, clinging to his throat.

We never knew how that part of the fight came out, but somebody won. Just as it grew dark we could see fins slicing the water and we knew that the sharks were cleaning up on what was left.

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To indicate how full that Rio bay was with sharks, I'll tell you that a day or so after we saw the squid battle, a cattle boat was loading near us. A big steer struggled out of the sling and fell into the water. He started to swim, but he had only got under way when the sharks hit him and he was torn to pieces.

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By now I had made up my mind to get ashore. Because of the sharks, I had given up the plan of swimming, but I wanted to get off that ship.

The city of Rio, as well as the entire state of Brazil, was boiling for insurrection. Admiral Mello, it was rumored, had taken over the Brazilian navy and was going to take the government to boot. The admiral was short of good seamen, I had heard, and by this time I figured I was a good seaman. I was young, too, and I wanted to get into the trouble that was brewing. I certainly did.

I'll tell you next week how I got off the Lancaster Lass and joined up in the Brazilian navy. I guess you've heard about getting out of the frying pan and into the fire? Well, that's what I did. I learned about firing squads in Rio and learned about the wisdom of rats.

To be concluded next week in the magazine section of The Sunday Oregonian.

Opal Whiteley

Continued From Page 3.

mystery and magic—fit well into the role our little Opal now is playing.

In so many ways was Opal different from members of the Whiteley family that, without strong supporting evidence for the Whiteley parentage, her story might easily be convincing.

The concerted action of all except one close relative, after once giving their version, to say nothing more about the foster-parentage fantasy, may have been easily taken as basis for belief that there was more to tell.

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Most telling evidence in Opal's favor is the story, which seems to be fairly well authenticated, that the mother of D'Orleans actually countenanced Opal and financed a trip to India, probably the trip which resulted in her gaining entry to the house of the maharajah where she is now said to be established.

Those who wish to bolster the foster-parentage claim would find something significant in letters received by me from widely separated sources that tell an almost weird story of how Opal was being watched and cared for by those deeply interested in both her welfare and in keeping her real parentage from her. The writer of one of these letters, who claimed he was unknown to Opal, would have been an excellent companion for her mentally. He claimed to be able to prove that Opal was the reincarnation of a character from "Alice in Wonderland." Even our little Opal did not invent anything as fantastic as that.

I have never seen any historic record that Henry D'Orleans ever married. That fact might be used as explaination of why a child of his would be sent to a far land at the time of death of the father.

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Now for the other side of the story.

So far as I know, Opal never claimed that the odd heirlooms in her possession were other than those of the Whiteley family. One member of the family spoke freely of these and of the odd circumstance of all being sent to the one member of the family who had not been seen by the one who sent them.

Opal may have been different from other members of the family in personality, but if physical characteristics tell any story, either Opal is not a princess of India by right of birth or else Oregon is the home of several others with the right to claim relationship to the land of glitter and glamour. Pictures of Opal, of the one I believe was her mother and of others I believe her sisters are so similar that they might easily be taken for pictures of the same person at different ages.

The refusal of relatives, after once telling their story, to say anything more may easily be

Concluded on Page 7.

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acid

The only way your body can clean out Acids and Poisonous wastes from your blood is thru the function of millions of tiny Kidney tubes or filters, but be careful, don't use drastic, irritating drugs. If poorly functioning Kidneys and Bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Acidity, Neuralgia or Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, or Loss of Energy, don't waste a minute. Try the Doctor's prescription called Cystex (pronounced Sisstex). Formula in every package. Starts work in 15 minutes. Soothes and tones raw, irritated tissues. It is helping millions and is guaranteed to fix you up or money back on return of empty package. Cystex is only 75c at druggists.—Adv.

"NO!"

said a man," I don't want any Phenylisothiocyanate, I'm going to Stark-Davis, 824 S. W. 4th, for a new Round Oak furnace."



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FINER FLAVOR, JOAN ... PLUS

6 Extra Health Benefits

added to your Salads by this quality mayonnaise!

PERHAPS, Miss Bennett, you think that the wonderful flavor of Best Foods Mayonnaise is quite reason enough for preferring it to all others.

But there is another reason, too! A reason that intelligent women like yourself, careful of their health and charm, find most important. And because of it thousands every week are turning to Best Foods Mayonnaise —are refusing to serve any other.

For recent scientific research has shown that this finer mayonnaise, made with eggs and fine salad oils, adds *six special* health benefits to all your salads . . six extra food elements in *addition* to those you get from lettuce and tomatoes alone.

What these benefits are

Yes, in Best Foods Mayonnaise you get all six of these very elements so vital to health, so urgently *necessary*—

1. To help build rich blood and strong bones.

2. To offset wear on nerve and muscle tissue.

3. To maintain mental health and alertness, and to furnish energy.

4. To help eliminate toxic products from body.

5. To maintain glandular and organic health.

6. To help maintain normal digestion.

Thus science now gives you an added, vitally important reason for insisting on Best Foods Mayonnaise—always.

You'll prefer its flavor too

Made to a secret recipe, from costly ingredients, millions of women have long preferred Best Foods Mayonnaise for its delicious, smooth, mild flavor alone.

Serve it on salads—one of the most *economical* foods you can buy. Serve it, too, on sandwiches and as a spread for bread.

Best Foods Mayonnaise, the Double-Whipped mayonnaise, is delivered to grocers weekly . . . is always superbly fresh . . . always delicious. Sold only in sanitary, sealed jars, you know it is always pure, wholesome, safe. Get a jar today!

FRESH WEEKLY

Double Whipped

FOR EXTRA FLAVOR



NRA
WE DO OUR PART

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Oregonian Verse

A Column of First-Publication Poetry; Edited by Ethel Romig Fuller.

ALL poems received by the poetry editor, The Oregonian, will be given careful consideration. Because of the large number of contributions received, it is not possible to enter discussions or correspondence pertaining to the merits of verse. Persons desiring the return of unpublished poems should include a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Payment of $1 is made for each published poem.

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Poets are born, not made.—Horace.
Poets are born, not paid.—Oscar Wilde.
Poets are born, but they make themselves.—John Richard Moreland.

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In its cool, delicate phraseology this sonnet indeed holds "an unforgettable moment of delight."

Moment of Delight.

There is a sound of water in my dreams
Forever now, dear, since the time we went
Through the wet woodland in the discontent
Of autumn and stood listening to the stream's
Low-voiced contention on the washen stones,
And heard the alders whisper in the wind
A frail thread of music, sadly thinned
To mingle with the water's overtones.

For suddenly I saw against the dark
And rain-wet roughness of the alder bark
Your delicate features etched in fine relief,
Sculptured with shadow, in the fading light,
And caught from cold eternity a brief
Yet unforgettable moment of delight.

ELEANOR E. HANSEN,
Corvallis, Or.

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We agree with H. G. Merriam, who says "this poet is something of a mystic."

Listening to Music.

Let me go with you, dark-eyed mother,
Where sea and basalt cliffs meet;
Let me be a child, young and restless,
Running before your feet.
For there shall be caves to discover,
Sand floors swept clean by the tide . . .
Yet I will be near when your soft voice
Summons me to your side!

Let me sit with you, dark-eyed mother,
On this white dune in the sun
And dream untold leagues while I fancy
Waves and your voice are one.
And oh, what bright isles to discover,
What fragile surf-boards to ride . . .
Yet I will be near when your soft voice
Summons me to your side!

G. FRANK GOODPASTURE,
Bay Center, Wash.

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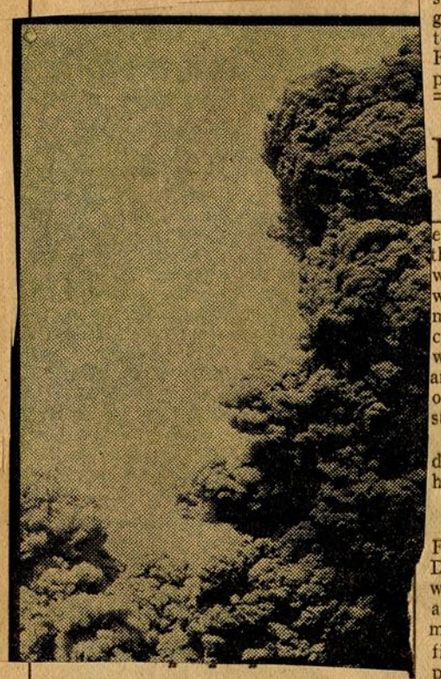
The hunger and the cry in the poet's heart . . . and the dream of attainment at once his hope and his despair.

Petition.

Lord, grant me this—hunger unsatisfied
And thirst denied,
Urging my spirit onward to a height
Never attained—yet never lost from sight;
So flame my mind with truth's immortal fire
It may know the burning of desire,
Ever unquenchable, for that far goal
Which is the loadstar of the poet's soul;
Grant my human heart be not deceived
By the false gods of lesser goals achieved;
Set me a guide to ward my mortal feet
Safe from the fatal quagmire of deceit.

MARY JANE CARR,
Portland.

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Wind played on a poet's imagination and conjured up a ghost long laid.

The Wind Was Eerie.

The wind was eerie: I stood
In the grassy edge of a wood
Where no man is
And listened to its sorceries.
I heard the tom-tom's beat,
Warriors' feet
Rushing to battle,
The Shaman's rattle,
The mourning woman's wild lament,
Somber, savage, turbulent.
I heard the souls of Indian braves
Stir in their graves,
Heard them spring, full-armed, from the burial mounds
To muster for heaven's hunting grounds.
Single-file I heard them pass
In the wind that wailed above the grass.

LAURA MILLER,
Portland.

New Germany Visioned by Hitlerites

EDITED BY WEBSTER A. JONES

Nazi Movement Its Means and Purpose Aired

Germany: Twilight or New Dawn. Anonymous. New York: Whittlesey House.

FOR the general reader whose interest has been aroused by the swift developments in Germany in the last year, this book will be of immense value. It is a dispassionate review of the significance of the German upheaval of 1933 and some of the causes leading up to it. The author, a German of high standing in his profession, has been able to give a fair and complete appraisal of the nazi movement under the protection of anonymity. He has written no brief for the Hitler regime; he has written no brief for Jewish or other anti-Hitler groups. His is a sane balanced outline, brief and clear, of all that Hitler represents. More profound studies have been written recently, but few have as much meat in them and few are as easily assimilated as this sketch. Hence its appeal will be to the curious general reader.

"We are all too near the events to see clearly where they are leading, but the possibilities involved are so immense, and they touch so vitally upon the life of all western nations, that no one can afford to ignore them on the ground of personal or political objections," the author writes. "What Germany is doing is not only of tremendous importance to the peace of the world; it is also an experiment which ought seriously to be studied by all those who feel in their hearts that civilization has reached a point at which some change of direction is inevitable.

"Germany is in revolt. She is not merely in revolt against the humiliation caused by the treaty of Versailles and its interpretation during the last 14 years; but in revolt also against despair, resignation and the inertia with which the western world is watching its civilization crumble. The German people, far beyond the confines of the national socialist movement, are trying to work out an experiment in national planning which they believe will reveal a way out of the present world deadlock. It may be that their idealism will be defeated by the rigor of logical consistency and the fog of mysticism which are the curse of many German enterprises. For such prediction it is too early in the day. If, on the other hand, Germany should succeed in establishing a new type of social and economic order which may help to overcome the present state of poverty in the midst of plenty, the end might justify the means."

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The rise of Hitler with the success of his nazi, or national socialist party, was the inevitable result of the sufferings of the German people in the 14 years after the armistice, the author believes. "If, however, some move of national assertion was inevitable, it was not inevitable that it should take the form of a national socialist dictatorship. For that, Adolf Hitler, the creator and leader of the national socialist movement, was solely responsible. . . . The future of Germany is now inextricably entwined with the character of this man. After building up the most powerful mass movement Germany has seen since the heyday of socialism; after keeping his strangely mixed party together for 14 years through many crises and internal conflicts; after leading his organization to power and establishing for it a position of supreme control over the national life of his country, Adolf Hitler will either become a statesman and go down in history as the savior of the German nation, or he will perish, dragging Germany with him to utter ruin."

After a review of the events which led to Hitler's assuming the dictatorship, in which the weakness of the powerful opposition parties and their failure to block his progress is the most startling feature, the author continues with a careful description of the factors which made the triumph possible.

Most significant of these is the fact that the treaty of Versailles made Germany an outlawed country. "National socialism (which is the nazi party) was born at Versailles," is the slogan of nazi speakers. President Wilson's 14 points of the armistice were disregarded at the peace negotiations. Opposition to the treaty rose throughout Germany. The French occupation of the Ruhr, the seizure of part of upper Silesia by Poland, the Polish corridor which isolated a part of Germany, the staggering reparations, and the vindictiveness of the victors aroused in Germany a fighting spirit and kept it smoldering until Hitler, with his nazi plea for equality among nations, fanned it to arouse support for his party.

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Next in importance was the "youth" movement in Germany, millions of young men believing and yearning to believe in the finer destiny for their nation—a form of intense patriotism. They believed in the Spartan life, military shows and sacrifice for the new Germany. These were swept into the nazi ranks by the youthful program of Hitler and by his personal magnetism. He gave them the hope of a greater Germany in his nationalism and the opportunity for display and discipline in the brown shirt battalions.

Failure of the leaders in power to handle the complex conditions and crises of Germany, or to foresee that the old methods would not work and would not appeal, led to the general dissatisfaction and disillusionment which swelled the nazi forces.

Also, as a factor, was the careful building of the nazi party, and the fostering of principles which brought it support. Hitler as its greatest orator was the spark, but the great work was done by Captain Hermann Goering, Dr. Joseph Goebbels, Rudolf Hess, Dr. Wilhelm Frick, Lieutenant-Colonel Ernst Roehm, Alfred Rosenberg, Dr. Gottfried Feder, Walter Darre, Dr. Ernst Hanfstaengl, and Gregor Strasser. Some of the best paragraphs of the book—and the most brilliant—are in the brief sketches of these leaders.

The tragedy of the Jews in Germany is rehearsed. The author has been remarkably fair on this part of the nazi program. He has given the German viewpoint without overlooking the essential cruelty and probable uselessness of the program of persecution.

One of the most illuminating chapters is on Germany's foreign relations. Rebuffs in England and Italy and the criticism elsewhere has changed the nazi attitude toward foreign affairs. Hitler is more conciliatory now, less aggressive for territorial expansion, and more committed to playing the game according to the rules.

This is an honest attempt at describing the nazi movement. It will help many persons in this country, where biased propaganda has been so cleverly mixed with fact, to understand the real conditions in Germany.

Full of Human Interest.

Is That in the Bible? by Charles Francis Potter. Garden City, N. Y.: Garden City Publishing company.

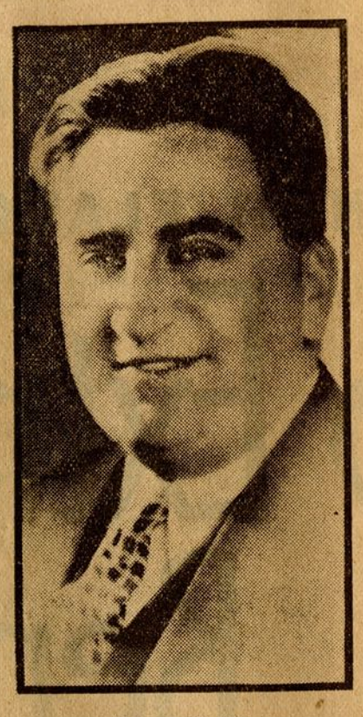
Collecting notes on the odd and amusing and unusual items in the Bible has been one of the hobbies of Dr. Charles Francis Potter, author of "The Story of Religion." Recently he found time to classify them properly and this volume is the result. It is a truly amazing book because it is the first in which the Bible has been treated as a compendium of odd or amusing notes.

Dr. Potter believes that the "human interest" element of the Bible is the real reason for its being the world's best seller and that the religious and literary aspects of the Bible seem to be losing their appeal. He has presented the human interest side of the Bible in this collection of items.

"And the Bible is the richest collection of human 'case histories' and observations on life that was ever bound between two covers," he writes. "It is full of drama and melodrama, of blood and thunder, of intrigue and hate, of greed and hot lust. It throbs with life, bizarre and beautiful, sublime and ridiculous.

"When one first reads the Old Testament in the Hebrew he is astonished at its roughness, its saltiness, and its rabelaisian humor, which it so successfully concealed for the most part in the English versions."

In 360 pages he has presented the unusual part of the Bible in the form of questions and answers.



ILO ORLEANS

Who has written a delightful children's story of Mother Goose's husband in "Father Gander."

Food for Guessers.

The Puzzle of the Pepper Tree, by Stuart Palmer. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Imagine a murder in the crowded cabin of a passenger plane en route to Catalina island from the California mainland without a witness to the crime. That is the situation around which this writer of mystery tales has concocted this sinister puzzle of the pepper tree.

Miss Hildegarde Withers, school teacher by profession, but with the blood of a man-hunter running in her veins, tackles the baffling problem, a problem made all the more difficult because of its political aspects. Inspector Oscar Piper from New York's homicide squad comes in for the final scenes. And there is Catalina's merchant chief of police and his assistant to provide a tinge of local color.

As for the other characters, they are about as contrasting as one might expect to find anywhere in the course of travel. The author makes them real enough to be alive and struggling to avoid the ever-shifting finger of suspicion.

Not all is gruesome. There is humor as well as pathos. The action is lively enough to maintain interest until the final solution, which follows an extra-measure murder. And the solution to the mystery is surprising and it will require a good guesser to pick the guilty one before the last chapter is reached.

Vital Part in Life.

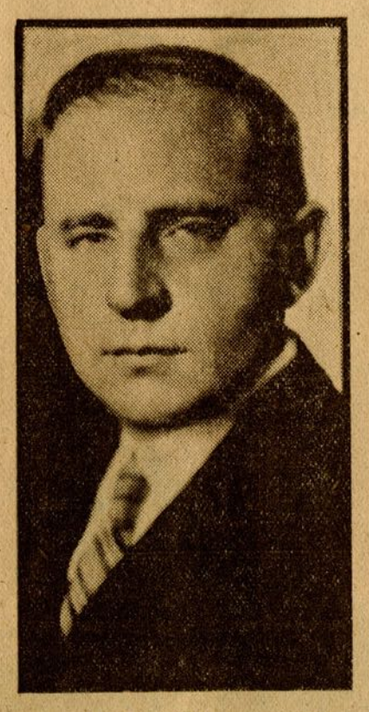
How to Speak English Effectively, by Frank H. Vizetelly. New York: Funk & Wagnalls company.

"Speech plays such a vital part in life that a person without the intimate knowledge of how to pronounce words correctly is heavily handicapped," writes Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly, managing editor of Funk & Wagnalls' New Standard dictionary, in this valuable handbook. He presents practical rules for pronouncing words and gives a complete resume of the faults to be avoided. The book was developed from a series of papers constituting addresses delivered to the members of the announcing staff of the Columbia broadcasting system. Such a great number of persons, adults and children, listen to the radio every hour of the day and night that the importance of announcers properly pronouncing their words is only too evident. Dr. Vizetelly was called in to polish their speaking. It is a book for everyone, with special value to clergymen, public speakers, teachers of elocution and English, lawyers, salesmen and educated foreigners who are learning English.

Character Portrayal.

The Apple and Eve, by Jo Van Ammers-Kuller. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

So excellent a bit of translation has been effected by Mrs. C. B. Bodde that the book has lost nothing of the famous Dutch writer's genius for genuine character portrayal. The problem presented in "The Apple and Eve" is one of vital interest to every man and woman—the woman who wanted a career even when it interfered with her husband's advancement. Henry van Doeveren, a young Dutch engineer, is forced to give up a splendid position in Sumatra because Elizabeth can stand the country no longer. In Paris, still restless, she is faced with the dilemma of choosing a home and family on the one hand or a career on the other. She chooses the career and succeeds in gaining a partnership in the Maison Panatelli, where Parisian fashions are created. In the end comes the question whether the path she has chosen is completely satisfying. Her decision brings a stirring climax.



DR. CHARLES FRANCIS POTTER

Who has collected the human interest features of a great book in "Is That in the Bible?"

Orthopedic Oracle.

New Feet for Old, by John Martin Hiss, M. D. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran & Co.

This 140-page book should be on every physician's tome shelf and should be carefully read by every shoe salesman south of the north pole. The author is an experienced orthopedic surgeon, and his book is a result of years of experimentation and study embracing 20,000 cases that include every kind and size of foot trouble. The volume is illustrated with X-ray photographs of actual cases.

"Bunion is not enlarged joint," declares Dr. Hiss, "and is not due to secretion in the joint forming false gristle or cartilage." He avers that "bunion is dislocation of the great toe joint," and he says very plainly that bunion "should not be cut out." He then goes on to say: "The basic cause of foot trouble lies in the displacement of certain bones of the instep arch. The basic correction of foot trouble, therefore, lies in the resetting of these bones."

Dr. Hiss is right when he declares that "the reader with unhappy feet will want to know just what symptoms point toward misplaced bones and broken arches, and the reply must be any or all of the following: Extremely tired feet and legs; aching and cramping muscles under the arch; pains and cramps in any of the toes; pains in the thighs, hips and back; general fatigue, headaches, irritability and nervous exhaustion."

The chapters "Choosing the Right Shoe" and "Aids to Home Treatment" make the volume extremely valuable to the average layman with feetaches.

Vera Brittain Tells of War's Dire Effects

Testament of Youth, by Vera Brittain. New York: The Macmillan company.

VERA BRITTAIN belongs to the "lost" generation. The tragedy and horror and chaos of the world war disillusioned the youth of that period—distorted their outlook so positively that they were unable ever to regain their places in the world. Many have contended that those who died on the battlefield were immeasurably better off than those who returned broken and miserable to face the almost impossible task of reorganizing their lives.

This is the bitter story of that generation. It is Vera Brittain's autobiography used as the thread to hold together her brilliant review of the period between 1900 to 1925 in England. No more effective nor profound novel of that quarter of a century has been published. Dignity and simplicity and understatement have placed this novel above the mass of stories of the post-war generation. Its passionate intensity makes it a real experience in reading. Her detachment in writing of destruction and death and the wreckage of her life and the lives of her relatives and friends only contributes to the general effect of the book. It is an honest account of amazing war years by one who wishes sincerely to understand herself, her times and her fellows.

In the beginning, Miss Brittain was a studious, earnest girl, determined to be a leader in the cause of feminism. The first part of the book is a record of her life at school, her thoughts and rebellions against limitations and restrictions. She fell in love with Roland, a poet, at the start of the world war. He was in the army, so she joined the nurse corps and for the next four years lives in the midst of the frenzy of war. Roland was killed. Her brother was killed. The pattern of her life was destroyed, and she lived in the world of destruction. Her emotional experiences made her one of the "lost" generation. Youth had been blighted. She returned after the war, went back to Oxford, married and became the mother of two children. The story ends with a note of optimism in which she tells of regaining a world after losing the first she had fabricated in the beginning.

Bitterness and despair are features of the novel, but they do not detract from the power.

Although bitterness creeps into the pages of the novel, it is not a bitter story. It is a thrilling story in which romance, pathos, tragedy, high courage, ugliness, action, passion, idealism and beauty are strangely mingled.

Husband of Mother Goose.

Father Gander, by Ilo Orleans. New York: Claude Kengall, publisher.

Ilo Orleans, who is a practicing attorney in New York city, writes books for the amusement of his own children, Judith and Julian. His first was "Funday," which immediately became one of the most popular books for children in this country and was included in a selection of the year's best books for children by the Child Study Association of America.

Now he has written the story of Father Gander, that much-neglected person who has been overshadowed all these years by Mother Goose. "Father Gander" is crammed full of jingles and pictures, one for every day of the year. It has won the personal indorsement of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Angelo Patri and other child educators throughout the world. Through it children will discover a new character which will appeal to their hearts. The format and illustrations are attractive. It is an ideal book for children and every bit as good as "Funday."

Modern Library "Giant."

Quentin Durward, Ivanhoe and Kenilworth, by Sir Walter Scott. New York: The Modern Library.

Among the "giants" of the Modern Library this one-volume edition of three of Sir Walter Scott's most readable and interesting novels should be first. It is another publishing achievement of the Modern Library, which has opened up a new field of publishing in putting out huge standard classics for an amazingly low price—all well bound and well printed. "Quentin Durward" appeared first in 1823, "Ivanhoe" in 1820 and "Kenilworth" in 1821. It is a representative collection.

New Books Received

Books are listed as received. Some of them will be reviewed later. Many of the volumes are not yet procurable by the public, on account of delayed publication and distribution.

FICTION.

Gay Life, by E. M. Delafield. New York: Harper & Brothers.
Winner Take Nothing, by Ernest Hemingway. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
Senator Marlowe's Daughter, by Frances Parkinson. New York: Julian Messner, Inc.
Scandal House, by Madeline Woods. New York: Julian Messner, Inc.
The Enchanted Village, by Edward Shanks. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.
Ben Hur, by Lew Wallace. New York: Modern Library.
The Ex-Detective, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Mrs. Haney, by Foxhall Daingerfield. New York: William Farquhar Payson.
The Monkey Wrench, by Jason Griffith. Boston: The Stratford Co.
Madame Tahiti, by Andre de Wissant and Yvonne de Saint-Cyr. New York: William Farquhar Payson.
Prize Stories of 1933, edited by Harry Hansen. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran & Co.
Gentlemen, I Address You Privately, by Kay Boyle. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas, Inc.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Spanish Explorations in the Straits of Juan de Fuca, by Henry R. Wagner. Santa Ana, Cal.; Fine Arts Press.
The Christian Jewish Tragedy, by Conrad Henry Moehlman, Rochester: Printing House of Leo Hart.
Crowded Hours, by Alice Roosevelt Longworth. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
The Conquest of a Continent, by Madison Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
Timber Line, by Gene Fowler. New York: Covici, Friede, Publishers.
Font's Complete Diary, translated by Herbert Eugene Bolton, Berkeley, Cal.: University of California Press.

RELIGION, POETRY AND DRAMA.

Ulenspiegel, by Ashley Dukes. New York: Samuel French.
The Fountain-Head, by Ashley Dukes. New York: Samuel French.
Why the Bachelor? by Bernard J. M. C. Owen. New York: Samuel French.
Matchmaker's Arms, by Ashley Dukes. New York. Samuel French.
The Oriental Caravan, edited by Sudar Ikbal Ali Shah. New York: Claude Kendall.
Is That in the Bible?" by Charles Francis Potter. Garden City: Garden City Publishing company.

OTHER NON-FICTION.

The Great Offensive, by Maurice Hindus. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas, Inc.
It's Up to the Women, by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. New York: Frederick A. Stokes company.
What I Like, by William Lyon Phelps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
Social Credit, by C. H. Douglas. New York: W. W. Norton & Co., Inc.
The New Party Politics, by A. N. Holcombe. New York: W. W. Norton & Co., Inc.
Adolescence, by Beverley R. Tucker. Boston: The Stratford Co.
The Rationalization Movement in German Industry, by Robert A. Brady. Berkeley, Cal.: University of California Press.

Bede Gives Estimate of Opal Whiteley's Claims

Continued From Page 5.

explained as natural. A significant thing is that when they did talk there was not a crossed wire in the story told by one when compared with the explanations of the others. If one or more of them had been holding a dark secret, certainly a flaw would have been found somewhere when all were interviewed separately, and I did a lot of interviewing in the early days of the publication of Opal's story of an understanding soul.

Lack of record of a marriage of D'Orleans does not fit into Opal's story, for she tells of happy days spent with her angel mother.

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I have previously pointed out how the French Catholic ritual and references to the D'Orleans family got into the diary. That they were inserted just before the diary was printed and while the copy was being prepared is to me beyond question. Letters in my voluminous file from those who were friends of Opal's present facts that seem incontrovertible.

If the proof I presented in support of that point were not sufficient, it takes a severe twist of the imagination to believe that Opal could remember trivial incidents of her life at three years of age, as recorded in the diary allegedly written at six or seven or later years, still at the latter age could not remember her former name or the names of her parents. A person would have to work his imagination for longer hours than the NRA permits in order to believe that Opal did not know the names of her parents, yet prepared the fantastic acrostics that named the father, several other members of the family and told birthdays and days of death. And why was there no reference in the acrostics to the angel mother? Obviously because in no data on the D'Orleans family did Opal find reference to a wife of D'Orleans.

If that were not enough, it would be an odd girl indeed who never once mentioned to any playmate any of the incidents of the diary that she remembered so well.

Opal came here at five years of age. If her story were true she could have been tutored in French. An angel father such as she claimed, with as bright a daughter as Opal must have been, certainly would have taken pride in helping cherub lips form words of the child's native tongue. But never once did Opal ever use a word of any foreign tongue, nor did she have the trouble that those born in foreign lands have with the queen's English. In later life, try as she might, she could not learn even the most simple French words.

Opal attempted to prove her foster-parentage fantasty by the story of two copybooks which she, a girl of four, managed to keep so well hidden that those who brought her over an ocean or two and an entire continent failed to observe them, although the books contained secrets that those persons were trying to keep from Opal. The claim that the books were given Opal by her father is hardly tenable. If Opal were taken away against her father's wishes he wouldn't have been permitted to give her the copybooks. If she were sent as a wish of his he wouldn't have given her the books that contained information that would have frustrated whatever plan he had in mind.

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Opal's diary records trivial things that happened when she was 3 years of age. Why no description of things that should have made a lasting impression, such as death of her father, if she were present for that, or the long trip from far lands, especially the accident that gave the opportunity for substitution of one Opal for another?

If the Opal that arrived here was a different Opal from the one who left Colton, Wash., the second Opal would have known nothing of things at Colton. But the Opal that arrived here asked for a dog Ginger and for a little red chair that the first Opal had at Colton. Incidentally, in a list of pets written in a notebook used by Opal at the University of Oregon appeared the name Ginger, and that was the only odd name given to any of the pets listed. Others had such prosaic names as Shep, Max, Gyp, etc.

To believe Opal's mental vagaries it is necessary to create two unnatural mothers, to believe that two mothers were willing to put a child out of their lives, to leave it to the care of others and never again know anything of it, for Opal does not claim that the other Opal died. In fact, among my correspondence I find a proposal to start a search for the first Opal in order to prove the truth of the story of the second Opal. So the mother in France, or India, sent her loved one, or permitted her to be sent, from a home of luxury to an Oregon lumbering community, and by the most unlikely chance a second mother was found who was willing to send her own child she knew not whither in order that she might mother another child of whose parentage she knew nothing except what was told her at the moment of substitution. Find me a mother that believes anything like that could happen and I'll put in with our little Opal, but still more unnatural yet, the first Opal, according to the second Opal's story, went out of the life of its mother when it fell into water from which it was saved without the knowledge of its mother. Even a father wouldn't leave the scene of a supposed drowning without knowing whether his own child had been saved.

\# \# \#

Opal, princess of India, or whatever she is, is the only Opal there ever has been, even though she has made commotion enough for two. She has had some wonderful experiences, and has traveled far, but my wish is that she may some day have an even more wonderful experience, the most wonderful that may come to any woman, one in which she will travel through the dark valley of the shadow of death, and then she may know how she has hurt those who gave her birth, loved her and cared for her; then she may know that even she could not do the things with which she credits both her own and her alleged foster mother. I'll warrant that no child of our little Opal will be permitted to keep a diary.

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Strange and True Wild Life Line Stories

From Many Parts of the Pacific Northwest Come Narratives of Animals That Seem to Reason for Themselves

Widower Consoled by Faithless Wren

First Prize Story.

IT WAS my good fortune a few years ago to spend a summer in the home of a friend who was a lover of birds. This friend had a large, old-fashioned walled garden with bird houses set back in leafy shrubbery, affording seclusion for the feathered tenants and yet not hidden from the interested eye of the mistress of the domain. Studying the birds day after day, I was moved to smiles and sighs, so often did the tragedies and comedies of our lives find counterpart in those of the feathered kingdom. The following incident will serve to illustrate this observation.

One corner of the garden was devoted to the wrens, and these busy homemakers were a constant source of interest. A new bark-covered bungalow had been placed and a "new" family had pre-empted the house. The other houses were occupied by "first families," long residents of the garden, and the presence of the little new bride and groom (as we called them) was ignored by the older residents.

Little the happy newlyweds cared; in and out they flitted, with soft warblings, untiringly collecting bits of dry grass, strings, etc., for the new nest.

Then came the tragedy. One afternoon when I sought the cool retreat of the garden I saw the erstwhile happy, active little bride's form hanging limp at the door of her home. In some manner strings she had collected became entangled in the rough bark of the bungalow and a loop had encircled her slender throat. Before the gardener could remove her lifeless form the husband appeared. I have never heard a more poignant cry issue from human lips than that uttered by the wee brown wren on seeing the pulseless form of his beloved mate.

Tearfully, tenderly we buried the tiny bride. An hour passed, but still the bereaved bird-husband sat atop the now desolate home, the picture of utter dejection. In the meantime their aristocratic neighbors were busy about their own affairs, coming and going, warbling softly, unmindful, seemingly, of the tragedy enacted so near. Another hour passed and the bereaved husband had not moved from his housetop.

Mr. Neighbor Wren went off alone while his little mate was busy with housewifely duties. After a short time she came to the door and for the first time seemed to be conscious of the grieving neighbor alone on his roof. Over she flew and perched at the edge of the wee house roof, uttering low, sympathetic words. Unrebuffed by the lack of response, she hopped nearer until she was close beside the mourning husband, all the while pouring forth a steady stream of soft, plaintive notes.

Suddenly unhappy Mr. Wren lifted his head, fluttered wings and tail (a gesture analogous in the human male to adjusting his tie!) and responded to his neighbor's warblings in kind. Very close to his kind neighbor pressed the so-lately bereaved husband. At last they entered the little house together.

When they emerged Mr. Neighbor Wren was returning with a supply of building material. Inside his now deserted house he darted; forth he came, and discovered his mate billing and cooing with this stranger!

A peremptory call to his wife brought no reply from the happy couple on the housetop. Over he flew and perched near by, voicing a plaintive plea; still no response; then with an anguished cry he darted at the faithless wife. She ducked her sleek brown head as he flew over, and was lost in the distance.

E. DE VILLIERS,
R. R. 2, Sedan, Kan.

Eagle Takes Prey Away From Hawk

Second Prize Story.

THE following incident occurred about 25 years ago. While fishing on the Washougal river I noticed a fish hawk perched on an old snag close by. Suddenly she swooped down upon a riffle and picked up a good-sized fish in her claws. She mounted in the air with it until she reached a height of about 300 feet.

Then out of a clear sky, or so it seemed, came another and a larger bird, which I judged was an eagle. With a scream it dropped upon the hawk, striking her in the back, causing her to release the fish. The larger bird then plunged after the fish, caught it out of midair, and flew away with the coveted meal.

Madame Fish Hawk doubtless had a good bedtime story for her nestlings that evening, which may or may not have compensated for their going to bed supperless.

H. A. SNYDER,
47 Northeast Eighty-seventh Ave., Portland.

Birds Use Horses as Screen From Hawk

LAST spring while my father was plowing in a large field he kept noticing a bunch of little birds flying around close and some alighting on his team. They kept doing this, and sometimes they would fly away for a short time and then come right back. He didn't think anything about it until finally he looked up into the sky and saw a large hawk flying high overhead.

The hawk would fly away for a little while and the birds also would leave. But as soon as the hawk reappeared the birds would come back to the team, where they knew they were safe.

HUGH McEWEN,
Athena, Or.

Woman Grabs Deer But Lets It Escape

SOME years ago while living in western Lane county I had the thrilling and unusual experience of catching a wild deer by the tail. A party of four of us were trolling for trout on Lake Tsiltcoos. Our boat was leaking considerably and we had gone to shore to empty the water out, when a deer run by dogs splashed into the water and swam out into the lake. We hadn't had much luck fishing and saw a chance for venison, so we hurriedly piled into the boat and took chase. It took hard rowing to catch up with the deer and when we did, had no way of capturing it. Being in the bow of the boat I could put my hand out and touch the deer and suddenly got the idea of catching it by the tail.

After asking the men if it would be safe to do this, as I had heard how powerfully a deer can kick, and being told that it was safe, as his head would go under water if he kicked, I laid flat on my stomach on the bow of the boat and grabbed the tail with both hands. My husband then stood up and using an oar guided the deer towards the nearest shore point.

The deer's gallant struggle for escape so impressed us all that just before reaching shore it was decided we should release it. Without many fish and no venison we started on our homeward trip feeling no sense of loss after the exciting adventure.

MRS. LOLA B. STOKES,
4005 Southeast Thirty-third avenue, Portland.

Crows Outwitted by Clever Coyote

Third Prize Story.

WHEN I was small my people lived on a wheat farm in eastern Oregon. While plowing one day my father watched a large coyote following him, eating the sage rats unearthed by the plow. At noon he went in to dinner, and when he came back the coyote was waiting in the stubble. When father started his team the coyote followed as before.

Two crows came and flew around him, trying to tease him by flying down at him. The coyote started to stagger around. He would stagger a while and lie down, then he would get up, stagger a little farther and lie down again. Finally he ambled over to a fence and lay down.

The crows followed him. They would fly down at him, but he never moved, so one of them flew down on the post and looked at him—thought he was dead, I guess. Anyway, he flew down on the coyote. Then the coyote jumped and grabbed him and trotted off.

MRS. ERNEST SMITH,
Kent, Or.



AND THEN THEY WENT WILD.

At Catalina island, off the coast of southern California, they still ride herd to buffalo. A few seconds after the above photo was snapped, the herd crashed through the fence and stampeded back to its mountain retreat. Note how the large buffalo are in mass formation protecting the little calves. (Associated Press photo.)

Nest Builders Steal Hair From Dog's Back

ABOUT four years ago, I was sitting in the front yard watching our collie dog, Chief. He was a beautiful dog with a collar of white hair. While I was sitting there, a large blackbird flew down from a fir tree and perched on the dog's back. It didn't bother Chief, who was a kindly old fellow. But what surprised me was the bird pulled some white hair from Chief, then flew up to the tree.

Soon another blackbird appeared and the same performance was repeated. Later we climbed the tree and found the nest of odds and ends, but carefully lined with white hair. When the nest was finished the birds often flew on the dog's back or hopped about him, but did not molest him. I think Chief liked having them around.

Each spring the same birds appeared and built their nest, lining it with white hair from the collie's neck. Last winter Chief was accidentally run down and killed, but we have a collie pup who is very playful. When the blackbirds appeared we were anxious to see what our pup would do. The first time they wanted a lining for their nest the pup was asleep. One of the birds flew on his back and pulled hair from his collar.

The dog started and jumped up, frightening the bird, which flew on the fence, twittering madly. Whenever the birds approached the pup would bark and run. So we put bits of cotton on the shrubs, which the birds took for their nest.

MRS. C. A. WOOD,
5116 Garfield avenue, Portland, Or.

Pine Squirrel Eats Birds' Stored Food

The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft agley,
And lea'e us nought but grief and pain
For promised joy.

ONE fall we noticed some chickadees flitting back and forth between the sunflower heads in the garden and the oak tree that grows by our porch. There seemed to be method in their movements, and so there was, as we found by close scrutiny—method and forethought.

At each trip a single sunflower seed was carried to the tree. With quick, nervous motions that almost defied the human eye the seed was driven into the moss on the tree trunk and whacked in with numberless little jabs of tiny bill. To hide it from prying eyes a bit of moss was poked in on top of each seed. The process was always the same. Flit, peck, poke, flit and flit again. Operations were confined to a space about 14 by 24 inches, 10 feet from the ground, where the moss was especially thick on the trunk of the tree. All day long the busy harvest continued until the storehouse must have been packed to the brim.

Some time later a wily pine squirrel, driven from his haunts in the timber by a scarcity of cones, was seen in our tree. What instinct led him to that particular spot we do not know. With his nose close to the moss we watched him intently working over every inch of the chickadees' storehouse. The camouflage of moss is of no avail. His nose knew. Every seed he scented, dug out and ate, then and there.

When, if ever, the chicadees would have returned for their store is a question.

This we know: Mr. Pine Squirrel had a number one lunch that day.

MRS. ALMA PARRISH,
Route 1, Lebanon, Or.

Frying Bacon Lures Ravenous Chipmunk

HAVE you ever camped where the chipmunks were so anxious to eat that they would tip over heavy wooden chairs and also large coffee cans with huge stones on the lids? I have, and more, too.

Several years ago while camping at Suttle lake and waiting for the bacon and eggs to fry, the chipmunks were so ravenous for food scraps that one very small fellow made a mad dash for the stove. The stove, of course, was red hot, but the chipmunk didn't seem to mind. He made one grand leap, obtained a piece of bacon and a badly scorched pouch. All of the hair was singed off one whole side of his body.

B. B. CLEATOR,
1525 Northeast Fifty-fifth Ave., Portland.

Huge Timber Wolf Becomes Friendly

WHILE working in the Crater lake national forest as one of the lookouts during the summer of 1912 I had an unusual but interesting experience with a timber wolf.

In making my rounds to the main lookout, which was a peak eight miles from camp with an elevation of about 2000 feet above that of the station grounds, I had noticed on several occasions the tracks of a lone wolf in the muddy portions of the trail, but thought nothing of it, as I had been accustomed to seeing tracks of all descriptions, until one day after going half the distance to the lookout I decided to postpone my trip until the following day, and had not gone far on my return when I came face to face with a great gray wolf.

Neither of us had noticed the other approaching, on account of the shrubbery that obstructed the view along the winding trail. But I suppose one was as much surprised as the other. The wolf stopped still and stood gazing in wonderment, and of course I stopped, too. At the first glance I thought it was a huge dog. Finally he turned around and trotted back down the trail. It then dawned upon me that this wild creature had been trailing me about through the woods.

Arriving at camp, I saw the wolf again, this time near the cabin. He did not seem to be afraid, although he kept a short distance away.

I thought it strange that an animal of his nature should act in this manner, but he understood perfectly well that I could do him no harm, for I had no gun and never carry one except on rare occasions. I would much rather be a friend of wild animals than molest them, and had no reason for not wishing to be on friendly terms with even the wolf.

Although he looked vicious, kindness was the master of his wild brute nature, and he became less timid each time I saw him. With tempting scraps of food that I threw to him he became quite friendly. Wolves are among the most intelligent animals of our forests, and only during the cold, bleak winter months are they dangerous.

The only companion I had during the remainder of the summer was my newly found canine friend. That is, until the deer season opened and hunters began to come in. It was then again that his intelligence served him well. Cautiously he watched every move they made from his hiding place in the thicket adjoining the cabin grounds, and only when he thought he was perfectly safe would he make his appearance.

On one occasion I thought his life was in danger, but he proved too wary for his human antagonist, who was none other than the game warden, a man who would not hesitate to kill him on sight. Seeing the wolf at the rear of the cabin where I usually fed him, he grabbed for his rifle, but Sir Wolf made a hasty retreat and in an instant was out of harm's way.

The following year he was my solitary companion. Although the forest ranger gave me a gun and asked me to use it, I found no occasion for it.

MELVIN E. LAYTON,
Knab, Wash.

"Bottle-Fed" Robin Becomes Great Pet

LAST May we found a baby robin which had for some reason been abandoned by his parents. I watched him off and on all day, and toward evening every time I came near he opened his mouth as wide as possible to tell me he was hungry, so I got some bread and fed him. About every hour all the next day he demanded food, and after a few days the little fellow was able to fly around some and seemed to think we were his folks.

We knew that bread was not a natural diet for him, so we dug some angleworms and put them in a tin can. This can was kept on the ground at one end of a screened-in porch, and Bobby soon learned that here was where his dinner was kept. He would fly up on the step and call and whistle until someone came in sight and then away he would hurry around to the worm can.

If we didn't follow he would wait a minute, then come back to see where we were. He couldn't swallow a whole worm at once, so they had to be broken into pieces. I didn't much like the job of feeding him the wriggling things. I had seen him pick up small bugs and stones off the ground, so didn't see why he couldn't pick up his own worms, but as long as we would feed him we could. One day I refused to pick it up and put it into his mouth, and after scolding me a little and fluttering around a while he picked the worms up for himself.

Bobby stayed around the yard and in the trees and every hour came to the house to be fed. There was a tennis court across the road, and once when we were away for several hours he went over there and flew up into an automobile and perched on the girls' knees and told them all about how hungry he was.

He was a great pet, would follow us all over the place and was as much at home in the house as outdoors. He spent the nights out in the trees with his fellow robins, but when morning came his was the first voice we heard, calling "Breakfast, breakfast."

NEVA SMITH,
Junction City, Or.

Squirrels Follow Woman to Milking

SEVERAL years ago when we lived in Oklahoma father was out hunting when one of his dogs treed a squirrel in a hollow tree. He caught the squirrel and found that she had two babies. He brought them home and put them in a wooden box. We knew it would be easy for the mother to get out, but every morning found her waiting for her breakfast of nuts. She stayed till her babies were big enough to eat by themselves and then she left for her home in the woods.

One day a storm came and blew down the tree that held the cage and let the two squirrels out. They then made their home in the attic of our house and would come down for something to eat every time they heard the dishes rattle. They followed mother to milk a mile away every morning and would come back when she did like little dogs. The squirrels would climb all over you, but didn't like to be petted very well.

One day a neighbor dog killed one and the other left us soon after.

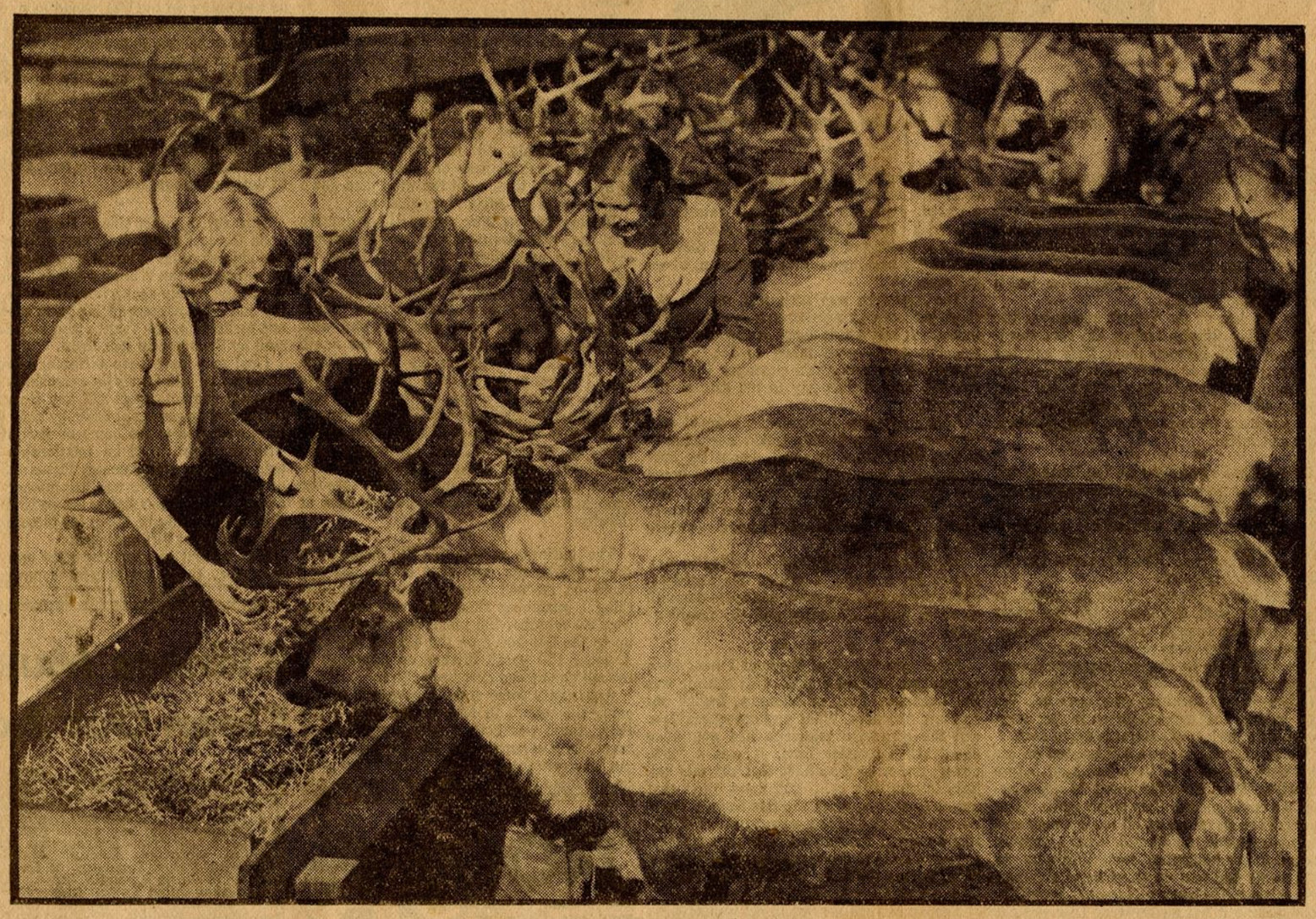
VELMA ALLEN,
2408 West Second St., Aberdeen, Wash.

Frozen Snake Thaws Too Quickly for Joker

A FEW years ago in a logging camp in Montana several of the men were fond of playing practical jokes upon each other. The cook, who had often been the victim, happened one wintry day to find a rattlesnake which appeared to be frozen. Thinking it dead, he picked it up and took it into the kitchen, exulting in the thought of a practical joke with someone else the victim and intending before the men came in to dinner to put it on a chair by the table so that when the chair was drawn out the snake would be found.

Putting it on the floor near the stove, he lay down on a cot for a little nap, but soon awoke to find the rattlesnake crawling over him. The snake had thawed out, but the cook was almost frozen with terror. He knew his safety lay in his absolute quietness, and though to him it seemed ages it was not long until the snake glided onto the floor. When at a safe distance our joker jumped up and quickly dispatched it, realizing the joke was on himself that time.

MINA E. CARPENTER,
4045 Monroe St., Milwaukie, Or.



PREPARING FOR THEIR CHRISTMAS RUSH.

Sometimes extra reindeer must be imported as replacements for the venerable Santa Claus. Here are Alaskan reindeer which were brought to the United States for the holiday season. (Associated Press photo.)

Rules for the Wild Life Lines Page

The Oregonian awards three prizes for the best short stories of wild life printed on this page each Sunday. First prize will be $5, second prize $2 and third prize $1.

No payment will be made for other stories printed on this page. The Oregonian reserves the right to publish any stories submitted for prizes.

All contributions must be written legibly on one side of the paper. They must be concise and no longer than necessary to tell the incident clearly—not longer than 500 words in any case. Only true incidents will be considered. Preference will be given stories which indicate that the wild life subjects seemingly reasoned for themselves. Incidents that occurred in the Pacific northwest are preferred. Stories solely about domesticated animals cannot be considered.

Every contribution will receive careful consideration, but the editor cannot carry on correspondence with contributors. Lack of space forbids acknowledgment of all communications.

Checks for stories printed will be mailed to prize winners on the tenth day of the month following the month during which the prize-winning stories appear.

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Magazine Section

The Sunday Oregonian

Magazine Section

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Treasures at the Bottom of the Sea

Millions of Dollars in Gold, Silver and Jewels Are Contained in the Rotting Hulks of Ill-Fated Vessels; a Resume of the Most Valuable Treasure Ships Awaiting Salvage

BY HARRY E. RIESEBERG



PACIFIC COAST TREASURE SHIP

"The side-wheeler Brother Jonathan . . . bound for Portland, Or., . . . encountered a terrific sea and while putting back to land struck a rock ten miles off Crescent City, Cal."

ROMANCE for centuries have fed the minds of dreamers with visions of crusted bars of gold and heaps of yellow coin lying in their rotting chests in the rusting holds of wrecked ships long gone down to the watery graves of Davy Jones' locker. It is an attractive dream, this shadowy submarine vision of millions in bullion lying no farther, perhaps, below the surface of the ocean than a bass fisher casts his lure. What matter that the former owners of these treasure-laden hulks show no furious persistence about finding these riches. Dreams vault lightly over such hurdles.

Fifty fathoms—300 feet—below the surface lies the deepest of these known prizes. When most of these vessels sank the world had no such diving equipment as that which during the last few years has come into existence. But the bottom of the ocean is still pretty much unexplored territory, and the treasure-troves of the big round globe are against offering a powerful lure to the adventurous.

Millions of dollars in gold! That's a low estimate of the immense wealth yet lying in the hulls of ships rotting beneath the seven seas. It might be well to take a swift glimpse at each of these treasure-laden wrecks which are of authentic record.

* * *

The treasure gold of the Egypt, Peninsula and Oriental liner, lost off the French coast in 1922, has now been recovered—$5,000,000 in all. After three years of heartbreaking labors, month after weary month, between storms, the salvors worked and finally won over the elements. And the Merida—with $1,000,000 in gold, including the crown jewels of Emperor Maximilian, unhappy monarch of Mexico—lies 70 miles off the Virginia capes, encrusted with barnacles, strangely quiet, schedules and time tables no longer to meet; chronometers, dividends and whirring propellers long forgotten.

Operations were under way to salvage these riches from their watery tomb; the treasure was within reach and that strange madness that grips men when gold in untold amounts is at stake permeated the surroundings, then of a sudden ceased, for these hardy adventurers were tied up by court injunctions—and the treasure hunt ceased for the present. Some day somebody will gather this wealth from the Merida's resting place, where it lies grotesquely dressed in a suit of green shell, buried deep in the sandy floor of the Virginia capes.

* * *

Long forgotten by the public and scattered on the ocean's bed from the ravages of time, the wreck of the frigate Lutine still remains a prize for the treasure hunters. On October 9, 1799, this vessel, carrying a cargo of gold from Yarmouth, England, to Hamburg, Germany, with which to bolster up the credit of English merchants in a money panic that was threatening a moratorium in the German city, foundered close to the mainland of Holland.

Records, which are presumed to be authentic, estimate the total amount of gold which the vessel carried to be in the neighborhood of nearly $5,000,000, of which the efforts of half a dozen major and minor attempts have been rewarded in the amount of half a million dollars only.

* * *

Both rumor and tradition claim between $2,000,000 and $4,000,000 in gold and silver coin still lies, in shallow water, within the limits of New York city, but to date no successful attempt has been made to recover any part of this precious cargo. The story of this costly treasure goes back to the days of the revolution when British forces were fighting General Washington's army. The king's frigate Hussar, leaving England with a cargo of wealth in English gold and silver coin to pay off her armed forces for the first time in many months and thereby quiet the complaints and rebellion within its ranks, arrived in New York on September 13, 1780.

The Hussar in passing up the East river and threading her way through the dangerous waters of Hell Gate struck a rock near Randall's island and foundered. Today, although a number of attempts have been made in past years to salvage this vessel, the remains lie within 300 feet of the island's shore. This fact appears strange at this date, but nevertheless it is true, and after a period of 150 years, the cargo having settled deep into the river's muddy bed, is still a tempting bait for salvagers who do not wish to explore far afield but gather treasure right here within the confines of the United States.

* * *

An example of a tempting treasure well worth the cost of a salvaging expedition is that of the old Spanish war vessel, Don Carlos III, completely overgrown with sponge, now lying on a coral reef off the coast of Cuba. This gallant man-of-war in the fall of 1812, carrying much treasure in silver, gold and copper coin, struck a reef and its panic-stricken crew strove madly to save the ship, its treasure and themselves by cutting the cannon lashings and throwing the guns into the sea. In fact, everything movable was thrown overboard, but of no avail, and with hope lost the officers and crew took to the boats, leaving the proud galleon with all its treasure to its ill-fated destiny.

Today native Cuban divers go down, and often return to the surface with a few silver pieces-of-eight bearing dates as early as 1794, but the bulk of the treasure still lies intact and undisturbed, guarded watchfully by ancient muzzle-loading cannons, wheels of gun carriages and piles of iron ballast, all overgrown with coral and sponge—a silent and impressive memorial to the tenacity of the sea.

* * *

A treasure dating back to the olden times is that laid off the coast of the Scottish county of Argyll, near the north end of the island of Mull. Lying in 80 feet of water is the Italian galleon Florencia—another treasure chest with a glamorous appeal to seekers of hidden gold. Many attempts have in the past been made to bring this treasure to the surface, but, due to the fact that the vessel's hull has sunk so deep into the heavy ocean's bed after over 300 years of settling, the best that the salvagers have brought up has been in the nature of guns, stone cannon balls, a few pieces-of-eight with dates of various years in the 16th century, a silver candlestick and an interesting medal of Roman Catholic origin taken from one of the ossified bones of one of the vessel's ill-fated victims.

She was one of the many galleons numbered among those financed and constructed by the wealthy aristocrats of the city of Florence. This particular ship was presented by these citizens to King Philip as a "gift of friendship." She was blown up in December, 1588, while loaded with gold and silver intended for use in paying the soldiers and sailors of Spain upon the close of the invasion of that year. The story, derived from authentic sources, still exists that the enormous treasure stored in the vessel's hold remains deeply buried in the sea's bottom.

* * *

Another both interesting and profitable quest would be the recovery of the French three-masted sailing vessel, Le Jeune Henri, which foundered on the night of December 8, 1820, between the Oleron island and the west coast of France, opposite the mouth of the Charente river.

From the little town of La Vendee in the west of France during the French revolution a nobleman fled to Louisiana, where after a short period he left to reside in St. Pierre on the island of Martinique, French West Indies. There he accumulated a small fortune, and together with the vast wealth he brought from France upon his escape he decided in 1820 to return to his former country and leased the little French sailing vessel, Le Jeune Henri, to make the passage. His fortune, estimated at $3,000,000, was converted into gold coin, gold plate, bullion, silver and costly jewels. With the treasure sealed in hardwood chests, the little ship sailed out of the harbor of St. Pierre on the evening of November 20, 1820. Everything went well until late in the evening of December 8, when between the Oleron island and the west coast of France the vessel, during a terrific storm, stranded on a reef of rocks and sank with the nobleman and her crew of 35 men. Even now on clear days the coral-covered hull may be seen through the shallow water, treasure intact, waiting for some adventurous person or persons to come and wrest the riches from it.

In the rotting hull of the Belgian steamer Elisabethville, loaded with an uninteresting cargo of ordinary trade merchandise from the Congo country in Africa, somewhere among its confines lies an ordinary mail sack in which is a treasure in diamonds—12,000 carats in all! In 1917 while en route from the Belgian Congo this vessel was torpedoed approximately eight miles south of Quiberon point, off the French coast in the Belle-Ile waters, and lies at a depth of nearly 300 feet. It is reported, on very good authority, that a brother of the mail clerk, now residing in Belgium, appears to hold the secret hiding place, which he has kept confidential all these years, due to his lack of financial resources in equipping an expedition to salvage this "jeweled treasure chest."

* * *

In ancient days and now almost forgotten an unidentified Spanish galleon was stranded in the warm waters of South America's west coast. At the time King Charles of England was making his struggle to regain the throne a temporary lull in hostilities between England and Spain was in effect. Spain, forgetting her enmity toward the former country, ordered her richest colonial possession, Peru, to make the aspirant to the British throne a present of some $12,000,000 in gold for use in aiding his cause. The ship selected to transport this princely treasure from Lima is not known, but it is known that she was lost off the coast of Ecuador a few miles north of Guayaquil. Her treasure is still there, buried in the shifting sands of the Pacific in shallow water, and today, after heavy storms, the natives go down to the shore and gather many pieces-of-eight, gold pesos and corroded doubloons.

* * *

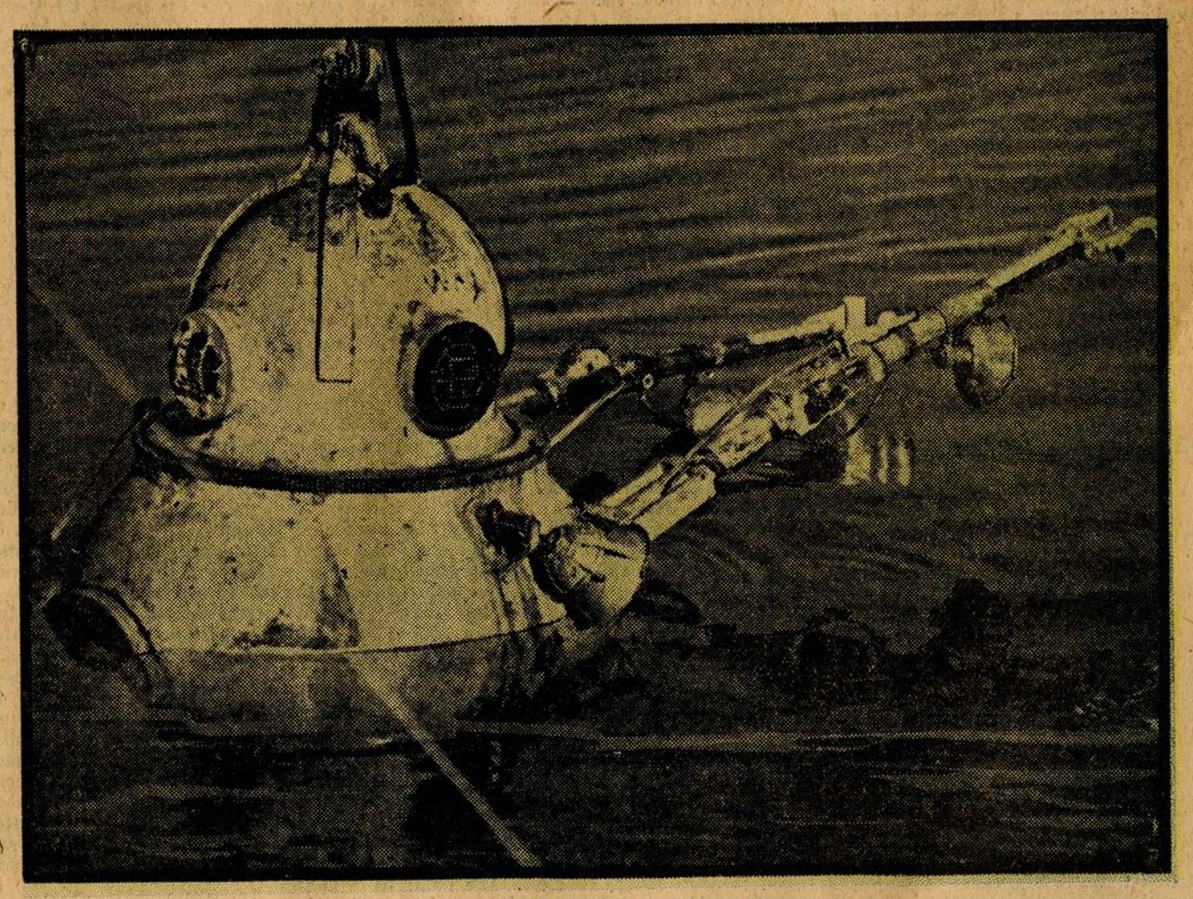
There is another wreck not far off the guano-covered islands of the coast of Ecuador. The Spanish ship Todos Santos, commanded by a renegade Englishman and expirate, one Thomas Gage, was sent to her ill-fated grave by the buccaneer Sieur Raveneau de Lussan, that romantic, picturesque and deeply religious cavalier who plied the South American waters in search of loot. The latter, upon sighting the Todos Santos, with the intention of only crippling the vessel, ordered his gunners to fire a broadside at the galleon's rigging, but the old-fashioned smooth-bore guns were far from accurate and the round of shot, instead of tearing through the rigging, crashed into the ship's hull. Her masts, with sails and yards askew, rising from the water like weird and ghostly crosses, told of her tragic fate. The vessel was laden with several hundred tons of silver bars, gold ingots, pieces-of-eight and other valuable wealth—all of which still lies at the bottom of the passage that became her

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$12,000,000 IN GOLD

"In ancient days, and now almost forgotten, an unidentified Spanish galleon was stranded in the warm waters of South America's west coast."



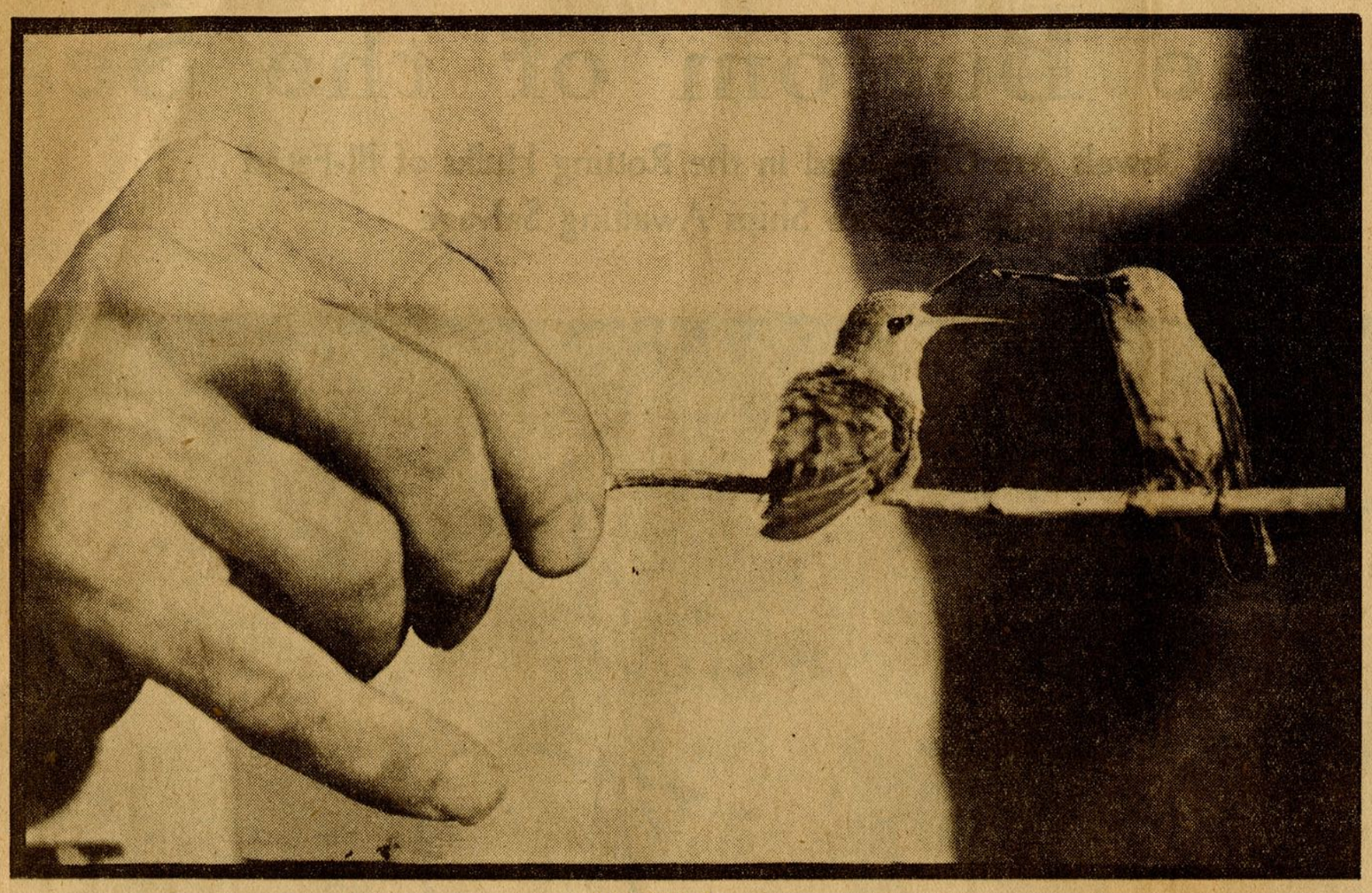
DOWN TO DAVY JONES' LOCKER

A "robot" diving bell that looks like a monster from Jules Verne's marine romances is pictured plunging into the sea. The inventor, E. J. Romano, of Seattle, Wash., makes strong claims for its practicability as an instrument in salvaging ships and submarines.—Associated Press photo

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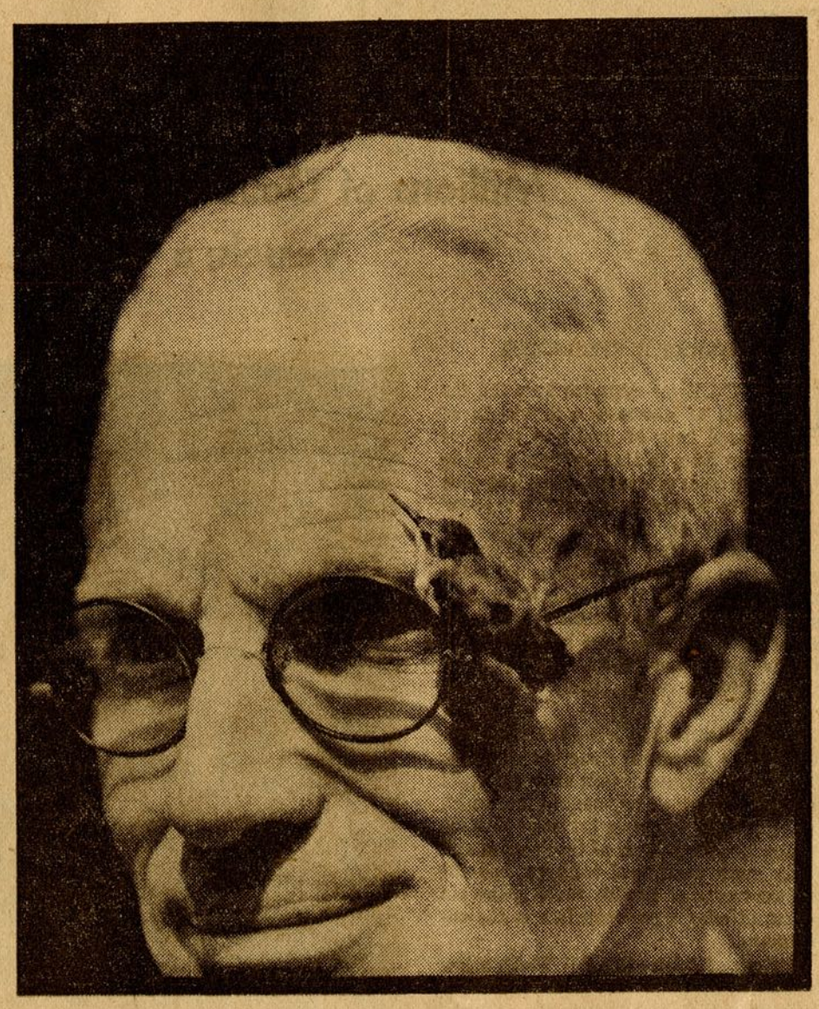
Strange and True Wild Life Line Stories

From Many Parts of the Pacific Northwest Come Narratives of Animals That Seem to Reason for Themselves



DINNER TIME

Baby humming birds are always hungry, and here's a feathered "infant" that's no exception to the rule. Holding its beak wide open, the baby is ready for a repast which its mother has brought. The pair were pets of Dr. J. J. Parsons of Monrovia, Cal., during the weeks they lived in a nest near his window.—Associated Press photo.



JUST PALS

A baby humming bird became friends with Dr. J. J. Parsons of Monrovia, Cal., and even took to perching on his spectacles. The friendship continued until the baby grew up and flew away with its mother.—Associated Press photo.

Mother Woodpecker Gives Brood Lessons

First Prize Story.

FOR several years I was employed by some contractors who were building logging roads as cook of the camp. Being in the woods most of the time, one sees the habits of different birds and wild animals. My most interesting experience was watching a mother woodpecker teaching her young how to earn their living.

Each day she would bring her babies to the garbage can outside the cookhouse door, and while the babies were timidly picking about the mother bird would gather bits of scraps, fly to a post that my clothesline fastened to, which was very badly split with long standing in the rain, and fill each crevice with the food. After which she would fly to some bushes a short distance away, making a queer noise. All the babies would soon follow. Mother Woodpecker would fly back to the post, calling her babies. She would pick here and there, followed by her young until they had found the hidden food.

After several days of teaching she called the baby birds to other trees, where they found less to eat and more work to obtain it. They often came back where they learned their first lesson in self-support.

NELLIE CHALMERS,
Elma, Wash.

Coyotes Lure Calf; Gun Halts Tragedy

Second Prize Story.

SEVERAL years ago I was riding along the road three miles south of Button spring, in northern Lake county, Oregon. There was a herd of cattle just going over a ridge out of a sharp gulch about 200 yards east of the road.

A young calf was lagging far behind and well down toward the bottom of the gulch. At first sight I wondered why the calf was loitering so far away from the herd, and presently I saw the reason.

Two coyotes were engaging the unsuspecting calf in a game of tag. I quickly realized that I was witnessing the opening scene in a tragedy of the range.

What consummate actors those coyotes were! Not a false motion, not a move nor a look that would arouse a spark of suspicion in the puzzled mind of their victim. They played with the artless abandon of two shepherd pups, but the calf was not allowed to advance one foot in the direction the herd had gone.

They knew that the first cry of alarm from the calf would bring the whole herd back in a mad rush, roaring for battle. Even a grizzly would hesitate to face that rush.

Their plan was to detain the calf in friendly play until the herd was well over the ridge out of hearing, then they would tear their victim down and have veal for dinner.

I stopped the career of one of the baby killers with my rifle, but the other one dodged into the sagebrush and escaped.

The calf high-tailed it over the ridge in the wake of the herd.

H. E. DERRICK,
Fort Rock, Or.

Baby Weasel Gives Its Mother Scare

Third Prize Story.

EARLY last summer my daughter and I were camped along the Wishkah river peeling cascara bark. We were doing our cooking out in the open, but had our bed made upon the ground in a small tent.

One afternoon we were driven in from the woods by a hard and sudden rain storm. We reached our tent as quickly as possible. While sitting on the bed removing our wet shoes we noticed a small animal glide swiftly across the floor of the tent and into the bed, seeming to pay no attention to us. When the sleek, brown body came into view over the edge of the bed we knew it to be a weasel.

It appeared greatly excited as it hurried back and forth across the bed, sniffing the air as though trying to locate some certain object. We were close enough to notice plainly the rapid beat of the heart in the slender, white-vested throat.

Finally the little creature crept under the covers near the pillows and came out with its head held high and carrying a tiny dark object, a baby weasel. In about five minutes she returned, searching in the same manner, as though expecting to find another of her babies. When she finally gave up the search I carefully removed the covers, one at a time, to make sure there were no more.

Evidently the mother weasel, upon finding her nest flooded by the heavy rain, thought a feather bed a warm as well as a safe refuge.

MRS. E. L. CHAGNON,
207 North Washington St., Aberdeen, Wash.

Boat Party Escapes Clash With Whale

A RELATIVE of mine who at the age of 17 ran away from his home in the state of Maine and went to sea on a whaler told me of this exciting experience.

They were in the North Atlantic and the man in the crow's nest had sighted a whale. They maneuvered closer, but the whale disappeared, so they waited for it to come up to blow. When they had again caught sight of it they fired a harpoon and then my uncle and another fellow put off in a small boat in pursuit.

By this time the monster was churning up quite a bit of water. Suddenly it "sounded" (dived, to us land lubbers), and while they were waiting for it to reappear my uncle happened to glance skyward and there was that enormous creature right beside their little boat with its flipper poised directly over them. It had come up tail first, and my uncle knew that with one blow their boat would be crushed like an eggshell.

Speechless with terror, he dived overboard, and his companion, who had not seen their danger, had the good sense to jump first and inquire afterward. By a stroke of good fortune the whale swerved the other way and the two men climbed back into their boat.

A. PETERSON,
1624 Southeast Insley St., Portland.

Snake Pulls Bird Into Garden Bushes

A FEW days ago while working in my garden a blackbird drew my attention by several more of the birds swooping down around the one that was on the ground. Upon investigating I learned the blackbird had hold of a small garden snake by the tail. The snake kept crawling and the blackbird kept holding on and the snake kept pulling him.

I was coming closer, but the snake saw me first and kept crawling as fast as he could, pulling the blackbird with him, and finally crawling into the peas, which were quite bushy, he released the hold of the blackbird. I kept watching the snake and he stayed under the peas for safety. Before the snake got loose I was close enough I could have picked the blackbird up.

After the blackbird flew up into the air it called to the other birds and they all circled around trying to find the snake, but the snake was smart enough to stay under the pea vines for further protection.

LEON E. BROCK,
Vernonia, Or.

Mother Quail Gets Brood Off Highway

DO ANIMALS converse? Apparently they do. In times of danger they exchange words of warning, and at many other times they seem to engage in conversation of various nature. The most notable instance of this that has come to my notice occurred this summer while I was traveling by auto along the roads of eastern Linn county.

As we rounded a curve in the road and came to a wooded district ahead of us appeared a mother quail with an exceptionally large brood of chicks. As we overtook them the youngsters were running along behind their mother just to the left of the road. We slowed down our car to avoid striking any of them, but at that moment the mother apparently began to issue instructions to her brood.

It was easy to see, also, that each chick understood the orders, for with one accord they all forsook the mother bird and ran quickly off to the left side of the highway, hiding immediately in the tall, dry grass there. At the same time the fond parent bird crossed the road right in front of the auto and with piteous cries and simulated agony strove to divert our attention, as she limped, fluttered and hopped her way across the highway, under a fence and into the brush. The little covey was successfully hidden and the mother heart was happy.

EVERETT EARLE STANARD,
Brownsville, Or.

Watch Tossed Away by Playful Monkey

MY GRANDFATHER was a sailor. On one of his trips the members of his crew brought home a wild monkey. They also had a tame monkey on board. One day the wild monkey got out of his cage and went into the captain's cabin. When he came out he had the captain's gold watch. He ran to the top of the rigging and threw it overboard. He stayed up there for several days, afraid to come down. In the meantime the tame monkey fed him with food he had stolen from the galley.

Finally when they were in sight of land he jumped overboard and swam for shore. The sailors put out a boat to try to get him, but when they got near him he dived and swam under water. So they gave up the chase. They watched him through glasses and saw him reach shore, where he was greeted by a whole lot of monkeys.

"There seemed to be quite a lot of excitement," said grandpa, "as if he was telling them his experiences."

SHIRLEY WALTON,
104 Bush St., Ashland, Or.

Crow Uses Hollow Tree for Cache

YEARS ago there came into the neighborhood of Centerville, Or., a large family. In the yard of the family's home stood a large dead tree which seemed to be inhabited by a lone black crow, who flew in and out, making himself familiar with the children and surroundings. After a time the mother of the family began missing things, such as balls of yarn, spools of thread, spoons and such things. The children were called to the mat many a time to prove their innocence.

After a time the neighbor decided to improve the yard, and my husband was called over to help fell the tree. While the tree was being cut the crow seemed much distressed, flew in and out with its shrill "caw caw," but when the tree fell the crow was frantic, flew to the top, ran back and forth screaming shrilly and seemed crazy.

The men went up to see what all the fuss was about, and the mystery was solved. There were the lost articles for two years back in the hollow of the tree. The crow left the vicinity and was not seen there afterward.

MRS. MARY JONES,
1606 Southeast Clinton St., Portland.

Pet Squirrel Meets Waterloo in Tobacco

THE following was told to me by a friend as a true story. It is about a pet squirrel belonging to my friend's father. This man was not used to swearing and rudeness about the house, so one snowy winter morning a neighbor whom we shall call "Johnny B.," came stamping the snow from his boots and knocked loudly at the door.

When he entered, swearing lustily about the weather, Billy, the squirrel, quickly ran to him, up his pants leg to his shoulder and down his arm and viciously scratched his hand until he had to be taken off, while Billy's master said: "You'd better not swear in this house, Johnny B. Billy doesn't like swearing. He knows better than that."

The master always carried peanuts or hickory nuts in his pants pockets and Billy knew it, so he would climb up, reach into a pocket, get a nut and sit down on his master's knee, crack and eat it.

He found that a cozy place to sleep was in the man's overcoat pocket, except on colder nights, when he found it more comfortable between two of the younger members of the family. One morning the children awoke to find Billy lying between them on his back, holding a plug of his master's tobacco in his paw in the act of eating—but Billy was dead. Needless to say, there was mourning in that family.

MARY E. GOSSETT,
Route 1, Box 64, Gresham, Or.

Friendly Mother Dog Nurses Fawn

IN 1925 I was living on a ranch in southern Oregon. I will tell you a strange incident that happened there. One day while roaming in the woods looking for blackberries I heard the bay of hounds. They were chasing a mother deer. We found her little fawn and took it home to raise.

At this time we had a mother dog and four little puppies. On frequent occasions we would see the fawn go to the shed where the mother dog stayed. So we thought we would follow her and find out why she went there. On entering the shed we found the mother dog nursing the baby fawn.

M. LODI,
139 East First St., Albany, Or.

Crow Moistens Piece of Bread, Then Eats

AS I was walking through Holladay park a few days ago I noticed a black crow fly past me carrying a white object in its bill. He flew to a drinking fountain a short distance from where I was walking, so I stopped and stood perfectly still to see what he was going to do.

He dropped the object in the fountain, and after a moment or two picked it up and flew to the ground a few feet away, where he ate it.

I then walked to the fountain and looked into the bowl and there was a small piece of French bread which I think had broken off from the larger piece and without a doubt was what the crow had.

Evidently the bread being too dry and hard to eat, the crow had the intelligence to soften it with water so it could be more easily eaten.

CLARA B. MYERS,
1817 Northeast Eleventh Ave., Portland.

Treasure Ships Awaiting Salvage at the Bottom of the Ocean

Continued From First Page.

grave, in the channel between the coast of Ecuador and the islands a few miles off shore.

* * *

In 1686 Captain William Phipps, a former governor of the state of Massachusetts under the king's knighting, forming a salvaging company with the king of England, recovered from one of 16 treasure-laden Spanish galleons which went down in the waters between the Bahama islands and San Domingo on Silver shoals during the latter part of the 17th century, a treasure in gold, silver and precious stones valued at $2,000,000 or more. The remainder of the fleet remains unsalvaged, and the sunken millions still lie in the shoal waters of this locality—a sizable fortune, and with modern methods and equipment it should be fairly easy to obtain.

* * *

Three centuries have passed, but today beneath the clear waters of Cuba's "boca" may still be seen the timbers, gaunt ribs and broken mast stumps of the Spanish ship Santisima Concepcion. Somewhere deep in the aged coral-covered hulk a great treasure of gold, silver and precious jewels that escaped the buccaneers only to sink to the bottom of the sea lies in its watery grave.

Sailing up from Cartegan and Maracaibo came this gallant galleon with tons of silver and gold in her hold—stored in iron-bound chests were hundreds of thousands of minted gold and silver coins, blazing gems and priceless church vessels—while upon her decks were cavaliers, richly gowned dons, grandees and soldiers and tonsured, sandaled friars, for the ship was homeward bound to Spain from the Indies and Panama. She was headed for Margarita island, in the Caribbean sea, there to take on the year's catch of pearls and then to be convoyed to her home country by a fleet of armed men-of-war vessels.

On nearing Margarita island Captain Hernando Ferara, master of the Santisima Concepcion, sighted a strange ship speeding toward them—a buccaneer craft. The pirate ship opened fire and the screeching round of shot mowed down the little knot of friars on the stern galley, who, with uplifted faces, were praying for their deliverance, and tore through the superstructure of the vessel, causing her to yaw against the reefs with a terrific crash. Later Captain Ferara, driven insane by the tragedy of seeing the passengers and crew fighting madly against the sharks which infested the waters, was taken in chains to Spain, and, despite his mental state, he was blamed for the disaster, tried, convicted and beheaded.

* * *

Then, too, there is the Turkish man-of-war Captain Bey, with its 100,000,000 francs in gold and jewels still on board. On October 20, 1827, history tells us, a fleet of English, French and Russian battle frigates sailed through the Mediterranean and up the Greek coast to the harbor of Navarino and there engaged in battle which completely annihilated the 130 Turkish and Egyptian warships and other vessels under the comand of Mouharem Bey, the Turkish admiral. The admiral's flagship, Captain Bey, had on board a huge treasure, amounting to over 100,000,000 francs, together with a total for the combined fleet of $50,000,000. This treasure, which had been obtained by the Turks from looting hundreds of Greek towns and villages, comprised gold plate, gold coin and church vessels of gold studded with precious jewels, all of which went down into the clear, limpid waters of the harbor of Navarino. Today this treasure, too, awaits an adventurous expedition with modern facilities seeking treasure-trove.

The hull of the American Panama Mail liner Colombia, now lying in 50 feet of water 680 miles south of Los Angeles, off Point Tosca, Lower California, in latitude 24 degrees 15 minutes north, longitude 111 degrees 45 minutes west, where she stranded after steaming out of Mazatlan, Mexico, on September 11, 1931, still retains a part of its former treasure. The cargo aboard at the time consisted of 1800 tons of general freight, together with 234 bars of silver bullion, the latter taken on at Mazatlan. Endeavors by the salvage companies during the same year recovered in treasure approximately $100,000 in gold and silver bullion. However, there no doubt still remains a considerable prize as yet untouched.

Another quest of much interest to the adventurous salvagers would be that of the side-wheeler Brother Jonathan, which sailed out of 'Frisco harbor on the afternoon of July 28, 1865, bound for Portland, Or., and Victoria, B. C., with a crew of 54 members and a passenger list of some 109 persons. Two days after leaving San Francisco, on the 30th, the leaky steamer of the California Steam Navigation company, before getting clear of the California coast encountered a terrific sea and while putting back to land struck a rock ten miles off Crescent City, Cal., foundering within the hour. Tradition from west coast seafaring folk estimate her treasure cargo at half a million dollars, although conservative estimates and shipping reports give its value at $350,000. Several trials have been made in the past to bring this gold to the surface with the crude and ordinary methods of the period, but to date it still remains in the clutches of California's calm coastal waters.

One interesting item on this vessel the writer of this article has in his possession is the following letter from a son of one of the old-timers who resided on the west coast at the time of this disaster: "My father saw the Brother Jonathan when it sank. It ran up on a rock, balanced and pitched forward, sinking almost at once. Before his death he took me to the same spot from where he watched and pointed out the exact location of the sinking. He offered at the time to tell searching parties, but they were not willing to compensate him for his knowledge. I would be willing to show the proper persons the exact spot of the sinking of this vessel." So today the resting place of the rotting hulk of the steamer, with its unsalvaged cargo of immense treasure, still remains a secret.

* * *

One of the most persistently sought wrecks is that of the British steamer Islander, lost in the fall of 1901 in Stevens pass, off the end of Douglas island, near Juneau, Alaska, during the days of the Alaskan gold rush. Owned at the time of her disaster by the Canadian Pacific Navigation company, out of Victoria, B. C., authentic reports and documents in the hands of the writer list her cargo in the value of $3,000,000 in gold dust and nuggets which she was bringing to the states from the base of the Klondike prospectors and the trading companies in that territory. Each year some concern makes an effort to be the fortunate retrievers of this treasure.

Fresh in the public's mind is the disaster of the British steamer Lusitania, record-breaker for transatlantic speed in 1908 and sister ship of the famed Mauretania, which lies in its watery grave, 250 feet down, 12 miles off Old Head of Kinsale, since that ill-fated and tragic day of May in 1915. The vessel at the time of meeting her fate was nearing the end of her voyage from New York to England when she was torpedoed by German submarines, sinking within less than 20 minutes and carrying with her 1198 men, women and children.

As to the treasure in gold which she carried, it remains to this day a question, as gold in those days of the war was being transported to the United States for the purchase of munitions and arms and not shipped from the United States, on which return passage the vessel was en route at the time. The official cargo list was written down as "general," but rumor has it that the ship contained much valuable coin which was being shipped to England by allied sympathizers. What in the nature of gold or silver coin was in the vessel's safe is not known, nor is it known the value in funds which the 1100 or more passengers and crew aboard had about their persons. In any case the treasure chests of the Lusitania would not, under any circumstances, repay a fraction of the cost of salvage operations to obtain it.

* * *

Such is a glimpse of some of the most important unsalvaged deep-sea fortunes which are on authentic record and of interest to those of an adventurous calling who desire to "go down to the sea" for sunken treasure ships. With these long-lost wrecks, lying fathoms beneath the waves, rotting hulks and battered hulls tempting lure, engineers are turning to the salvaging of these undersea monuments of disaster and misfortune as a profession and a new means of acquiring wealth.

Rules for the Wild Life Lines Page

The Oregonian awards three prizes for the best short stories of wild life printed on this page each Sunday. First prize will be $5, second prize $2 and third prize $1.

No payment will be made for other stories printed on this page. The Oregonian reserves the right to publish any stories submitted for prizes.

All contributions must be written legibly on one side of the paper. They must be concise and no longer than necessary to tell the incident clearly—not longer than 500 words in any case. Only true incidents will be considered. Preference will be given stories which indicate that the wild life subjects seemingly reasoned for themselves. Incidents that occurred in the Pacific northwest are preferred. Stories solely about domesticated animals cannot be considered.

Every contribution will receive careful consideration, but the editor cannot carry on correspondence with contributors. Lack of space forbids acknowledgment of all communications.

Checks for stories printed will be mailed to prize winners on the tenth day of the month following the month during which the prize-winning stories appear.

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Oregonian Verse

A Column of First-Publication Poetry; Edited by Ethel Romig Fuller.

ALL poems received by the poetry editor, The Oregonian, will be given careful consideration. Because of the large number of contributions received, it is not possible to enter discussions or correspondence pertaining to the merits of verse. Persons desiring the return of unpublished poems should include a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Payment of $1 is made for each published poem.

* * *

It takes two to discover beauty—the poet to utter it and those at his feet to understand it.—Benjamin Musser.

* * *

Editorial comment on the following outstanding sonnet would be superfluous.

New Salem, Illinois.

Lincoln, who loved this swift, mud-bedded stream
As we, knew these bent willows with loose hair,
Dripping and lank; leaves flaming everywhere,
As now in mid-November; and the gleam
Of sandbars laced with silver. Here his dream
Was built in maple silences—despair
Woven with hope, high enterprise with care,
Love with bleak sorrow in the immortal scheme.
How strange to linger on this holy ground
And hear grave farmers gossip of fall hay
And livestock, when beneath the sumac crown
Of this low hillock crumbling stones are found
That housed far visions of transcendent day,
Like the star-visited Judean town.

O. F.,
Portland.

* * *

Autumn, cut cameo-wise . . .

Last Leaf.

Down on the paving stones
The tree
Laid its gold
Reluctantly.
Miserly elm,
Hating to spend
Its fund of summer
At summer's end.
Gripping with fingers
Cold and thin,
One final precious
Sovereign!

PHYLLIS B. MORDEN,
Portland.

* * *

One can forgive a doubter of stars, since he afforded theme material for such a skillfully drawn portrait as

Dark Colvin.

Forth in the twilight, to the marching hill,
As if he might forget earth's level dust
Colvin, the skeptic, trod. With one spare finger
Placed doubtfully upon his brow he thrust
His chin aslant the dark, watching it fill
With golden stars, the whole night, bloom and linger.

Above, the wheeling certainties of space
Turned over earth, a steadfast interlude.
Guessing dimensions of the years outscattered
Among the astral bodies, he peered to trace
The legendary figures, dark renewed—
And doubting less, knew more than legends mattered.

Men in an ancient age, in a needful plan,
Had set their journeys by these same soft stars
And made of the infinite night an earthly guiding.
Lone, on a star-browed hill, a questioning man—
Colvin, the skeptic, thought of doubts and wars—
And thought of stars and saw them still abiding.

HOWARD McKINLEY CORNING,
Portland.

* * *

A word picture too somber were it not for the happy ending.

Mary-Lou Lee.

Mary-Lou Lee with holes in her shoes
With a ragged dress and the blue-blue-blues,

Cried all day, "What will I do—
With a ragged dress and only one shoe?"

Mary-Lou Lee who was out of work
Thought of salads and cold sliced pork,

Walked the streets and couldn't stop thinking
Of rivers and water and choking and sinking.

But on the bridge she met a lad
Who had no more than Mary had.

He fingered a coin and thought, "This time
I'm sure down to my last dime."

But he smiled and said, "Mary Lou,
"I've got enough for a dish of stew!"

And Mary-Lou Lee shivered and sighed
When she thought of how she might have died.

BORGHILD LEE,
Portland.

* * *

And so——

An End.

The motes have settled.
The sun
lies cold across the door.
The fire blackens.
Under our feet the grasses slant no more.

LOUISE JAMES,
Olympia, Wash

* * *

Ethel Romig Fuller conducts an "Oregon Book Chat" every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock, radio station KEX.

Who and How Good Are the Poets?

Oregonian Verse Editor Takes Pen in Hand to Appraise Quality of Northwest Verse

BY ETHEL ROMIG FULLER.
Verse Editor, The Oregonian.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW once wrote a poem called "Pegasus in Pound." Even as today—

It was autumn and incessant
Piped the quail from shocks and sheaves,
And like living coals the apples
Burned among the withering leaves,

when the "poet's winged steed" strayed into the village, where "the wise men in their wonder put him straightaway into pound."

And this in substance is what the Sunday editor of The Oregonian has requested of the verse editor. "Won't you please, Mrs. Fuller, round up the spirit of poesy in an article for our readers?" . . . not too difficult a task, since we do have today in the northwest a genuine and distinctive regional poetry.

Yet the Sunday editor goes a step farther and suggests, once the illusive creature has been corralled, it likewise be appraised, which, in the vernacular, is something else again. For when was the evaluation of an intangible an easy matter? Even Longfellow sidetracked the issue; in the poem Pegasus escaped, "they knew not when nor where."

* * *

One might start with the query: Is the northwest poetry-conscious? Since the poetry editor has been writing and publishing verse consistently over a period of ten years, and has been in constant touch with poets, magazines, bookstores and publishers, as well as contacting the public, she is able to assert with some authority. Residents of the Pacific northwest are poetry-conscious to a surprising and ever-unceasing degree.

Should there be need of farther proof, witness the instantaneous interest manifested by both writers and readers in The Oregonian's recently established column of verse. The whole-hearted response to what might seem a venture into idealism has been a most gratifying corroboration of faith and judgment.

Envelopes of verse—close to 150 a week—already are pouring into the editorial offices. The poetry editor likewise receives messages daily, both verbal and written, of criticism and appreciation. Every walk of life is represented among the writers—business and professional men and women; grade school, high school and college-age boys and girls; ranchers, miners, seafarers, housewives. And while much of the output is amateurish it serves as an indication of a widespread interest in the art of versification.

* * *

With H. G. Merriam, editor of the Frontier, Missoula, Mont., we say sincerely: "It seems nothing short of remarkable that so much finished, penetrative and authentic poetry is being written in this young region."

One reader writes: "Your poetry column is something the like of which Portland has never had before." If this is true, it must be admitted in all humility it is made possible, not from editorial acumen so much as because today we have such a wealth of fine material on which to draw.

Another letter reads: "With others I am hoping that Oregonian Verse will grow, column by column, into a whole page! Not because of the one dollar payment for published verse, but for the building up of an institution devoted to the poesy of the Oregon country."

* * *

Dr. Mable Holmes Parsons of the staff of the University of Oregon, and herself a distinguished poet, was asked to comment on the present awakening of interest in verse writing and reading. The gist of her reply was: "It has been eleven years since the extension division of the university has deemed it advisable to offer a course in versification. That earlier class, as you will remember, Mrs. Fuller, since you were one of its members, comprised a small group, many of whom were taking it only for credits. Others, like Eleanor Hammond, Queene Lister, Semele Barker, Elinor Pilsbury, Leland Davis, Helen Park, Henry Smartwood and yourself, were there to learn to write verse. Interest in the course eventually waned. This fall by popular demand it was offered again. My present class has an enrollment of 38 pupils, who almost without exception are eager to learn the fundamentals of poetry writing with a view to pursuing the art seriously. Of real significance is the fact they are almost without exception conversant with the work of modern poets and familiar with the style and mannerisms of the new poetry to such a degree they are not starting under a handicap of cliches. So both teacher and students may carry on from a common premise."

Mrs. Parsons has discovered already from among the members of the class two or three really gifted young persons, of whom she says, "I predict they are 'comers'!"

* * *

Perhaps one of these days we may have the privilege of introducing these promising tyros in The Oregonian column.

It might be apropos at this point to state the editorial policy as regards verse and to answer a criticism. Someone took us to task over the fact we discriminated unfairly between the professional poet and the beginner, giving preference to the former in the column. This is herewith emphatically denied. Any writer of verse whose work approximates the high standard set for acceptance will find a place in the column. So far the percentage of quality verse has been small; often the editor has been able to glean only one or two poems from a week's mail.

With the readers' interests at heart as well as the writers', an attempt shall be made to run a selection varied to suit all tastes.

* * *

What is true of the University of Oregon's versification courses holds good in colleges the country over. There likewise is an awakening of interest in poets and poetry in women's organizations of all kinds. Where a few years ago poets were accorded but a casual place on club programs today contemporary poets, often in person, are being featured. High school literary groups are studying the modern poets, as are Camp Fire Girls, Girl Scouts and Y. W. C. A. organizations. In surprising numbers the youngsters are making scrapbooks of verse from current books and magazines, many of the collections showing a nice discrimination in choice.

There is a steadily growing awareness of the wealth of poetic output in the northwest among all study groups in Oregon. To even the most casual reader it is becoming apparent we have a "regional poetry"—that is, poetry with its inception and motivation in the traditions of a region, written out of and against a background of indigenous locale. The northwest tradition is a colorful, glamorous compound of Indian myths, trapper legends and pioneer tales, with a fillip of eastern culture added for good measure.

As Mr. Merriam indicates in the excellent foreword to his anthology, "Northwest Verse," "here is every type of country, from the grand to the detailed, much of it molded as nowhere else in the United States. And the events of life vary from the huge and coarsely accomplished to the delicate and subtly performed. Every day the virile people of this outdoor region take their lives gayly in their hands and laugh and curse into the beards of the gods of chance, and every day other people, living sanely and safely, work through lives of complex patterns."

There is a vast difference between local and regional poetry. Carey McWilliams in a Washington university chapbook on "The New Regionalism," sums up Mr. Botkin's points of differentiation as follows: "Regionalism is historical; it rests not on direct observation but on retrospection; it voices new feeling for locality; 'for all its sense of mystery, inspired by legend and superstition, the new regionalism has its feet on the ground and its hands in the soil'; it acquires a detached viewpoint; it does not photograph, as does local color, but brings to the local scene sensitive and critical interpretation."

* * *

Mr. McWilliams concludes: "Because of the foregoing distinctions, regionalism escapes realism and approaches the 'subliminal influences,' and proceeds from the 'common man' to the 'community of the folk.' It thus tends to build up a national background of ideas . . . it unites folklore and literature. It is creating a genuine American myth and is fertilizing the soil for the future American saga and epic."

Professor Glenn Hughes of the University of Washington comments also on local poetry in an article, "Poetry of the Northwest," Braithwaite's Anthology for 1929, in these words: "When the poet attempts art in the midst of untamed nature his product is apt to be strained and overcolored. In a heroic effort to match his environment, which fills him with awe, he has recourse to rhetoric and melodrama. His subject masters him. Paradoxically, when he tries to express the strength of mountains he does so not by creating a strong poem but by creating a weak one. Mount Rainier has not inspired a good poem as yet, for the men who live near it have not escaped from the pioneer attitude toward it. To them it is still a subject for exploration. Fujiyama, on the other hand, has passed into the realm of poetic objects, for it has been mastered by centuries of men. It has evolved from a physical reality to a poetic symbol."

* * *

Genevieve Taggard makes similar observations in a brilliant introduction to "Continent's End," an anthology of contemporary California poets: "There has never been a poem written to an eucalyptus tree. There could not be until this special tree had gone into the experience of many people so long and so deeply that when a poet comes to write about it he has no sense of its novelty, but only a feeling of its everlasting uniqueness."

What is true of Mount Rainier and of the eucalyptus tree is equally so of Oregon's scenic wonders. Ben Hur Lampman recently asked in his inimitable manner, "Do you receive poems on Mount Hood for your column?"

He was assured a certain percentage of all contributions were written around the grand old peak or kindred subjects. To which he replied whimsically, "I wonder, Ethel Fuller, who among us will be the one to do justice to our own out-of-doors . . . "

Probably no one of the present generation of poets; we are still too busy climbing our mountains and exploring our hinterlands; we are too close to our natural marvels for a "subliminal" perspective.

* * *

In spite of which, and seemingly in contradiction, we reiterate that, although the pinnacles of attainment are far from being reached, we do have a regional poetry. The east, a generation ahead of us in cultural pursuits, is beginning to accede us a literary place in the sun. Indeed, an occasional critic even today is prophesying that the northwest with Portland as a pivot is destined to become the ultimate literary center of the country. Already such an authority as John Gould Fletcher claims that New York no longer has a regional culture. "Culture does not exist in New York," he says, "but exists in the void, out of relation to what the rest of the world may say or do or think. It is as unakin to another form of culture going on next door, architecturally speaking, as one skyscraper is to another skyscraper. It has as few roots in the soil as the carefully tended and yet feeble specimens in Central park."

* * *

Whatever may be said of our literary products, of a truth the critics can cast no such aspersions at the fine, vigorous verse of our present day Oregon poets. We admit we have brought forth no meistersinger, yet we do have authentic voices; do have poets who have made Oregon's tradition theirs in the highest sense, that of the spirit; who already have given the world a regional poetry, in such lines as these of Edward McKinley Corning's from his poem, "Green Councillors:

It is not sky that nurtures
The branches of my heart,
Nor the wind's bird whose measures
My own impart,

But earth, whose nervous message,
Soaring in solitude,
Finds in these green ones passage
To sting my blood.

Or Ada Hastings Hedges, who writes:

The desert has its sorrows; dust for dreams
Of mist and trees to soften each contour
Too sharply drawn—of sorrows and of streams
Implacably withheld by some old foe;
And somewhere in these hills must still endure
A hunger such as only deserts know.

Or Ben Hur Lampman—to quote from his beautiful poem, "How Could I Be Forgetting?":

Under a dark cloud sweeping three gulls are driven by—
Given into my keeping until the day I die;
The sheen of a mallard's feather, a blackened tree on a hill,
And a whitened weave of waters where the stream will not be still.

Pick up almost any modern anthology, American or English, and you will find therein poems by our northwestern writers—a narrative by Queene Lister (her lovely "Miranda Morgan" has been quoted over and over again); one of Borghild Lee's Norse-savored lyrics, or Margaret Skavlan's Alaskan sketches; a sea sonnet, perhaps, by Verne Bright, or a character portraiture of Walter Kidd's; a bit of Charles Olsen's terse philosophy; the sheer music of Ellinor Norcross and of Gertrude Robison Ross.

* * *

Montana contributes to the roster such well-known names as Frank Bird Linderman and Grace Stone Coates, together with that of a promising newcomer, Jason Boles; Washington, Helen Maring, Mary J. Elmendorf, Audrey Wurdeman and Glenn Hughes; Idaho, Vardis Fisher—of necessity the list is incomplete.

Inevitably such a background as Oregon possesses must produce poets. No wonder we lay claim to such a galaxy of grand old-timers as Joaquin Miller, Edwin Markham, Ella Higginson, Sam L. Simpson and James G. Clark.

Joaquin Miller did his best to live up to the magnificence of the country, even to dressing the part. "If his art was weak with grandiloquence," as someone has said, if "he was mastered by the mountains; if he reached no pinnacles of thought, because he had his eyes on pinnacles of rock," this, after all, is hardly to his discredit, since he chronicled a day of physical prowess.

Simpson and Clark are loved and revered by Oregonians. But while they sang praises of the state with vigor and charm, they actually were not great poets.

* * *

Ella Higginson, claimed by both Oregon and Washington, was a finished poet. It is said, "Her style is that of the pure lyricist."

Oregon's claim to Edwin Markham is a slender one. Though he was born in Oregon City, and was crowned poet laureate of the state in 1921, California and the east likewise hail him as belonging to these sections. The militant author of "The Man With the Hoe" is too well known to require further comment here.

Charles Erskine Scott Wood is another poet who has brought fame to Oregon shores. He is best known for his masterly volume, "The Poet in the Desert."

Of Hazel Hall, "She was a poet!" reads an editorial from The Oregonian at the time of her death. "The gentle spirit that was hers reached out to life with lovely hands and the calm eyes saw beneath all shabbiness and beauty, straight to the secret hidden there, and of life and its ways she made songs. . . . Poets are so few. Here is one who writes witty rhymes and there is another who weeps incessantly. And yonder is the fellow who has bruised a butterfly and wants the world to see what he has done. There are others who begin their aimless verses, their rhymeless, rhythmless verses with small letters and bare a petty incoherency for all to wonder at. And some posture and some flout God. . . . But true poets are few. Hazel Hall was a poet." And this opinion is one shared by all the world. Though she sang from an invalid's chair, her songs echo around the globe.

* * *

The names of Grace Hall and Anthony Euwer are household words in the northwest country, where they have won countless warm friends through their newspaper connections in Portland—Mrs. Hall for her homespun lyrics, Mr. Euwer for his witty philosophy and his cryptic observations of life.

Mary Caroline Davies, born in Oregon, where she achieved her first success, is pridefully claimed by Oregon, as is H. L. Davis, also a native Oregonian, of whom Marriet Monroe once said, "He is the foremost poet on the Pacific coast."

Although Albert Richard Wetjen is famed for his virile prose, he also writes verse of fine texture, which appears only too seldom in current periodicals.

Other names pricking their way into print over the captions of poems are Eleanor Hansen, Courtland Matthews, G. Frank Goodpasture, Francis Gill, James Lewis Hays, Lawrence L. Pratt, Phyllis Morden and Mary Jane Carr.

* * *

Already new names are beginning to appear in Oregonian Verse. And not only is the column serving to discover young poets but to rouse the flagging energies of certain of the better-established ones, who have grown somewhat discouraged by a lack of markets for their wares. Poets need the stimulus of an audience.

Harriet Monroe avers: "Poetry may be conceived in solitude, but it must be born into the peopled world, for it is essentially a social, almost a convivial art."

So we hail with joy such messages as these from Grace Stone Coates: "You have touched to life my dormant interest in poetry; I was on a dead center," and from Walter Kidd: "There may be a revitalized interest in verse writing in the northwest as a result of your efforts. I for one intend to start plucking the harp again."

* * *

A goodly and representative number of slim volumes of poetry—how disproportionate the size to the work which has gone into their delightful contents!—have been given to posterity through the years by the poets of the northwest country. The latest of these, "Seeds of Earth," makes its debut this month. This is a first book by one of Portland's younger poets and the rare quality of the verse between its charming covers augurs well for the future of Miss Allen's literary career.

Likewise several outstanding anthologies have been made possible by the writers of this section—"Northwest Verse," edited by H. G. Merriam, who is also editor of the Frontier, a magazine devoted to the best in the northwest literature; "Sunset Trails," a recent collection of Oregon verse, edited by Dallas Moore; "Washington Poets," its masterly introduction by Mary J. Elmendorf, edited by Henry Harrison; "Western Prose and Poetry," edited by Rufus A. Coleman of the University of Montana.

* * *

By way of anthologies, Harry Hartman, a prominent Seattle book seller, recently made an interesting observation. "In these times," he said, "sadly enough, books of individual verse are selling scarcely at all, while throughout the depression the sale of anthologies has never ceased."

Any poet will tell you that publishers are wary of launching new books of verse at the present time. But when prosperity does come again to the land several outstanding books of poetry, now in the process of writing, will be coming out of the northwest. Among these—a psychological novel in sonnet sequence; two volumes of narrative verse; a book-length historical poem, and one of which the author says, "I don't know where it is going, but it has gone into a second volume already and looks as if it might run into a third."

We have passed our physical frontiers; we stand today at the borderland of a spiritual frontier. Yesterday we had a local poetry; today we have a regional poetry. Tomorrow, or tomorrow's tomorrow, the regional phase will have blent into a national literature, which in turn eventually will attain the universal. This is our predestined future.

Channel Lanterns

A Sonnet Sequence Written Around the Lightship Columbia, No. 88.

BY ETHEL ROMIG FULLER

I

From Gearhart's curving sand-beach promenade
As dusk draws down the curtain of the night,
One sees a beacon's sudden fingers prod
The dark . . . this, Tillamook's revolving light;
Athwart the estuary in the haze
The steadfast glow of North Head's lantern, high
Above the bay; then Disappointment's blaze,
Alternating red and white against the sky.

The while limned on the fading primrose west,
A freighter, like a black swan winging home,
Plows through the waves in eager haste, a foam
Of spindrift blowing past her ebon breast—
To welcome her, occulting brilliant stars
Flash from the lamps that top a lightship's spars.

II

Through fifty years of vigil on her lone
Position, the Eighty-eight's seen history
In the making . . . modern port towns grown
From trading posts of that far day when she
Was first towed to her station off the bar;
The black flag of the pirate frigate cast
Into the discard with the timbered spar,
And sailormen who shipped before the mast.

Now Diesel engines purr in place of steam . . .
Now ships come into harbor on the wings
Of radio—no under-sea bell rings
Them home, save in some grizzled seaman's dream.
Above wild watery wastes that never change
In calm and storm the lightship's beacons range.

III

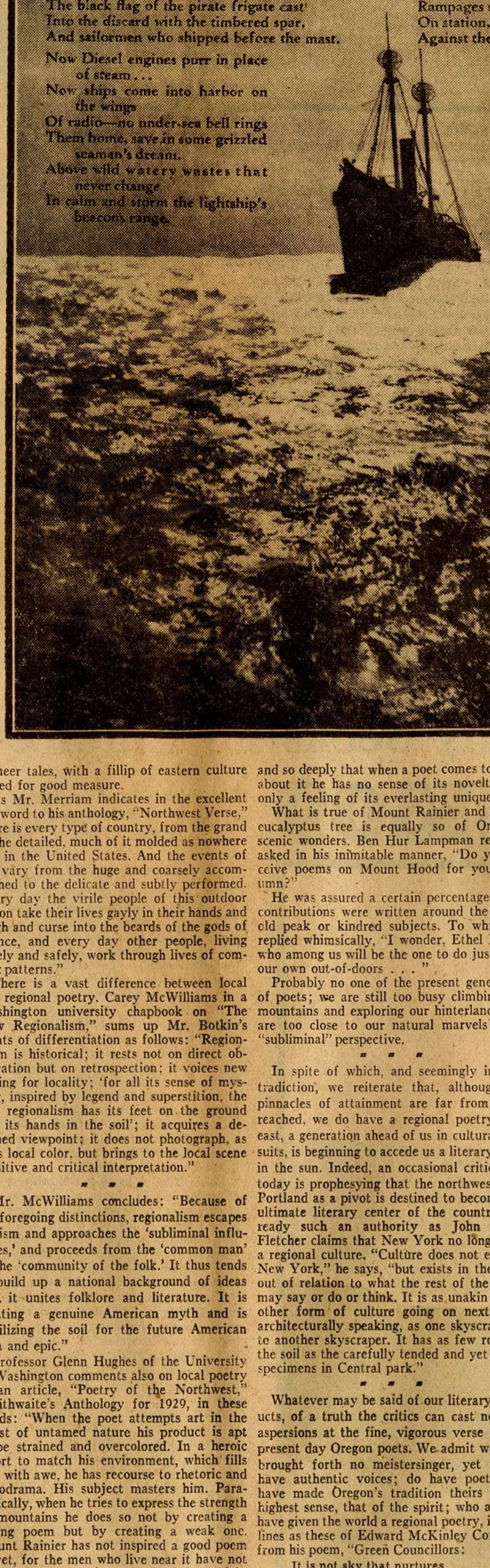
Aye, one who signs on with a lightship must
Be infiltrated, pores and bones and marrow,
With love of sea that's more than love—a lust
Which finds strange satisfaction in the narrow
Boundaries of hardship and of duty—
Or might it be, though inarticulate,
His pulses pound to cognizance of beauty
With fervidness that mounts at time to hate?

Tides alternate in endless ebb and flow;
Gales with interims of calm . . . he is unmanned
With longing and nostalgia for land;
Yet when on leave, anticipation's glow
Wanes swiftly and he knows no rest until
Aboard the light, again he serves its will.

IV

On station! When for April miles, the broom
Is gold along the highway to Gearhart;
When in sea meadows, tiger lilies bloom,
And wild harebells; when red and bronze leaves part
Company with autumn; when roistering winter
Rampages up and down the curving beaches . . .
On station, off the bar where salt waves splinter
Against the turbulence of river reaches.

Forever straining on her mooring chains,
Her anchor dragging on the deep sea turf;
A captive at the mercy of the surf . . .
And there the valiant Eighty-eight remains,
Her officers, her men, her lights intent
On expiation of a covenant.



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"Wooden Shoe"

said a man to his wife, "like a new bath set from Stark-Davis Co., 824 S. W. 4th, for a Christmas gift?" "O-o-o-h, yes," she replied.



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Hitler Drives 10,000 Jews to Palestine

Youthful Germans, Evicted by the Brown Shirts From the Fatherland, Find Welcome in the Holy Land

BY MARION RUBINSTEIN.

TEL AVIV, Palestine.—(Special to The Oregonian.)—The year 5694, which Jews all over the world have just ushered in with ritual and ceremony, promises to be a significant one for Jews everywhere, but especially for Palestine.

For the first time in the history of its rebirth, Palestine is proving its practical value. Up until now there have been scoffers, who said that Palestine and its rebuilding has been a dreamer's dream, an unattainable ideal, a fallacy.

Within the last three months Palestine has become very much of an actuality, different eyes have been focused on it, different opinion has been uttered, for it has become the only practical solution to the German problem, the haven and refuge for the victims of the Hitler regime.

* * *

Overnight it seemed that the common language spoken on the streets of Palestine, on the busses, on the trains, became German instead of Hebrew. The influx of more than 10,000 Germans within three months began to evidence itself.

Overnight it seemed that the prompt question put to the stranger, "Are you from America?" became instead, "Are you from Germany?"

And overnight the most interesting experiment that Palestine has ever witnessed became a reality—the return of the German university boy and girl, the professional man and woman to the soil.

Skeptics said it couldn't be done, but it has. Within the past week I have visited two of the four kvutzahs (communes) in which Germans have settled and saw what people said was impossible.

* * *

Givath Brenner is the larger of the two communes I visited. Naaneh, the smaller. Of the 270 members of the Givath Brenner commune 100 are newcomers from Germany. Of the 230 living in Naaneh 85 are from Germany.

Both communes are built on the army barrack style, with rows of tents which have been put up recently to house the overflow of newcomers.

The spirit and attire of the inhabitants remind you very strongly of that of an American co-educational summer camp. The boys and girls wear shorts, the majority of them are quite attractive and in unusually happy spirits, in spite of the hard work which they do.

The first building I visited in Givath Brenner had formerly been used as a stable.

* * *

Outside of the door was piled several trunks, unmistakably German "koffers," with the words "Hamburg, Germany," lettered boldly on them in black.

A strong swishing sound echoed out of the stable and there in the doorway stood a very pretty blonde girl, barefooted, scrubbing the cement floor, and helping her was a scholarly-looking man.

"She was a high school teacher in Germany and he was a dentist with a good practice," whispered my guide, an American girl from Newark, N. J., after we had passed out of hearing.

From there we came to a long double line of tents. Each tent had two and three beds in it, and the occupants told by their luggage and its contents that they had been accustomed to much more luxurious living than they were now enjoying.

Down the hill to the chicken house, where several hundred White Leghorns scampered for the sprays of feed given to them by a girl who spoke six different languages (in addition to her native German) with great ease.

* * *

Up the hill again to the cow barns, and the two girls who wielded the milking stools looked as if they had done so all their lives, instead of having just recently left chemistry laboratories in Germany. One of the girls had a bit of difficulty in making a cow move where she wanted her to. "Speak Hebrew to her, she doesn't understand Hitler's language," teased a Polish boy who had been at Givath Brenner since its establishment in 1927 by the Jewish national fund.

Across to the shed, where six boys were hammering away at tools and metal equipment to be used by the men in the field and in building.

All six had formerly been medical students in Germany. Already tanned by their several weeks at Givath Brenner, they teased each other about having their photographs in an American newspaper.

From there we visited the nursery, and found a young German mother bathing her baby. When she was finished with the baby's bath she returned to her work of painting equipment for the commune.

* * *

"The German boys or girls find it a bit harder to adapt themselves to the work here than the Polish or Russian, but they do not whimper about anything. They usually are as you saw them—smiling and happy," the American girl who was my guide confided.

The sun was setting; from the fields came long lines of men, with their picks, their shovels and their hoes over their shoulders.

"Some of them work in our pardess (orange grove); others work out in surrounding orange groves that may be privately or community owned. Their wages are turned over to the kvutzah," my American girl guide said.

Each member of the commune turns all his wages to the commune. Food, shelter, clothes are all provided by the commune. A library is maintained.

* * *

Jaunts to town, either in a large group or in a more personal party of two, are frequent. And nearly every good play or opera is patronized by the members of the kvutzah, who go in turn, one group this time and another next time.

Their social life, although it is centered mainly within their own kvutzah, is quite sufficient and rich, because it fairly bristles with the energy of the workers.

I attended a wedding one Friday evening. The benches and tables in the dining hall had been cleared away, so had all the tables and other equipment in the kitchen, and the two adjoining rooms were used for the dancers.

And such dancing!

It made anything one sees in America seem pale and anemic by comparison.

The dancers formed two lines. In each line were boys and girls, their arms entwined about each other; the girls attired in either bloomer shorts and middy blouse or a one-piece jumper.

Then one of the boys, who had a harmonica in his mouth (how he kept it there without holding onto it, I couldn't see), sounded the music, and the dance started, a sort of galloping march, with much stamping.

The bride with her hair down her back, which made her look 14 instead of the acknowledged 19, was dressed in a dark blue jumper and white blouse, and she was dancing merrily at the end of one line, and her groom, who was 22 and looked 17, was perspiring wetly at the end of the other line.

And while the dancers continued the guests, seated informally on tabletops, kept time to the music with their song.

From this dance they went into the "Telaviver," also as lively as the previous dance had been, and from the "Telaviver" into a gay polka that had much whirling of partners.

* * *

Then the music stopped, while the bride and groom were summoned into the dining room, where the benches had been drawn into a circle, and all the guests sat down while a long letter in Hebrew was read to the bride and groom, to the great amusement of the guests.

After the letter was finished the dancing was resumed with as much vigor and gusto as had been shown earlier in the evening, and when I left at almost 12 o'clock the walls of the mess hall shook while the dancers circled around to the tune of "Hora," and danced the national dance, the "Hora of Palestine."

The day I visited Naaneh, which is one-fourth German in population, I was invited to stay for lunch.

Lunchtime in the mess hall sounded as if another wedding was being celebrated.

* * *

Banter was thrown across from table to table, there was shouting and laughing and singing, energetic discussions, flavoring of politics, quips and jests, and to the onlooker it might have been a mealtime at any one of the larger American co-educational camps, there was so much jollity.

Lunchtime over, the remainder of the hour was spent either in tent or dormitory, resting or in talk about the table.

Talk to you about anything, these German boys and girls would, except conditions in Germany.

They would show an intense interest in your camera, your clothes, in asking what kind of a country America was, in asking you over and over again whether you knew their uncle in America, but of Germany they would answer quickly, when you asked them if it was true that conditions were bad in Germany, were they as bad as the newspapers pictured them to be, and the reply would come promptly, "noch shlimmer"—"much worse."

* * *

Their reticence to speak was governed by a fear, an appalling, terrifying fear, that if they told of conditions and gave information their families in Germany would suffer.

"I cannot, fraulein; my mother and father and brothers and sisters are in Berlin. If I talk, then maybe they will find them out and punish them for me," that was the answer given constantly.

But here and there visual evidence was present. A boy with a prisoner's haircut that told of weeks in a concentration camp; a boy with a gash in his forehead caused by whiplashes from a nazi soldier.

"For what?" you ask him.

"For speaking the truth," he answers quickly, and his glance asks you that you do not question him further.

* * *

The problem of adjusting the youth of Germany is not nearly as difficult as the adult problem, explains Dr. Fritz Loewenstein, general secretary of the Hitachduth Olej Germania, the Association of German Immigrants.

"Palestine can take in all the German Jews who will work," Dr. Loewenstein said. "Of those who are especially needed and desired in Palestine right now are architects, builders, construction engineers and men with capital.

"The German Jews who have come here can be divided into two groups," Dr. Loewenstein continued. "The group composed of those who can continue their professions and the other group of those who must change their professions."

Of the latter group, the professional man fares worst. It is no rare thing to find a skilled doctor working in a garage or in an orange grove.

In the first group the "handverker," artisan, fares best, especially if he is in the building trade.

The man who speaks many languages and the man who has capital comes next in this class. And lastly is the lawyer who can pass the Palestenian bar.

* * *

Official figures at the Hitachduth Olej Germania, the Association of German Immigrants, give the number of German immigrants as 6000, those who have arrived here in Palestine from the first of April to the first of September.

"But this is not an accurate number," Dr. Fritz Loewenstein, general secretary of the Association of German Immigrants, explained. "For many come as tourists and then find work or make business connections and stay. They do not come to this office and so we do not have any record of them. So it would be safe to say that at least 10,000 German Jews have arrived here since April first."

This number is conservative, for the day I arrived three ships came in bringing 1500 people, the majority of them from Germany.

A far greater influx of German Jews is expected by Dr. Loewenstein during the months of October, November and December. "We are expecting at least 1000 German Jews a month," Dr. Loewenstein said.

* * *

Of the German immigrants who come here to Palestine the majority of them settle in Tel Aviv, then Haifa comes next and then Jerusalem. Of the kvutzahs or communes they have settled in are the Kibuz Rodges, Givath Brenner, Ben Shemen (for children) and Naaneh.

It is the job of the Hitachduth Olej Germania to help the immigrant from Germany find work.

"Eighty per cent of those who come to us find work in the same week," Dr. Loewenstein said. "Of the remaining 20 per cent are those who are awaiting money from Germany or looking for a partner in whose firm they wish to invest their own money."

The man with capital is turned over to the American economic committee, who gives the investor what trade and market information he might desire.

Until a year ago the majority of the inquiries as to industrial development and its potentialities came from the United States; today 90 per cent of the queries come from Germany.

* * *

Until now the men who came from Germany with capital entered into existing industries in Palestine, but now small factories, of lamps, auto bodies and metal, are springing up, owned by German immigrants.

One other mark the German immigrant has made on Palestine which is not entirely a pleasant one, especially for the traveler. It is almost impossible to get a room, either in Haifa or Tel Aviv. I walked for two hours up and down the hill in Hadar Carmel, the new city of Haifa, and was met with one shake of the head after another when I requested a room.

At last I located a bed in a room with four others. The room opened out onto the veranda, where the guests dined, affording you as much privacy as if you slept out in the middle of the street.

When I explained that I would look elsewhere and if I did not get a room would return the pension hostess shook her head and replied, "It doesn't matter even if you don't."

Signs announcing "Wiener Kuchen," Vienna kitchen, spring up everywhere since the arrival of the Germans, offering the delicacies such an "wiener schnitzel and beer."

* * *

But in the march of the Poalim (the young workers), which held its semi-annual sports meet in Haifa the other day, there was row after row of unmistakable German faces, and their eagerness to sing the Hebrew marching song in spite of their lack of knowledge of the language was in itself an indication that the return to the soil of the German youth will be a successful one.



TEL AVIV POLICE FORCE

All members of the Tel Aviv police force are Jews. Most of the inhabitants of the city, a center for the German exiles, are Jews.—Associated Press photo.



A NEIGHBOR

The Jews from Germany will find many sheiks, such as the one above, for neighbors. On occasions, in late years, the Jews and Arabs have clashed.

WHERE WEST MEETS EAST

A street scene in bustling Tel Aviv, called the "Miami of Palestine" because of its sensational growth from a desert waste of 15 years ago to a thriving modern city of 40,000 persons. It is close to the ancient city of Jaffa.

The Northwest Company Seeks an Empire



. . . on the banks of the river which he believed was the Columbia.

Pictorial History of the Original Oregon Territory by E. Karolyn Ries.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

LEARNING of the invasions of American explorers and traders into the valley of the Columbia, the Northwest company, which had been busy establishing forts in the Canadian country, now hastened to send scouts southward. Hoping to forestall American traders and monopolize the rich virgin trading country in the Columbia basin, they immediately began to establish posts and forts.

Spokane House, near the present city of the same name; Kallyspell House, near Lake Pend d'Oreille, the site of the present city of Hope, Idaho; Kootenae House, near Lake Windemere; Saleesh House, on Clark's Fork river in Montana; and a post near the present Libby, Mont., were all established by the Nor'westers.

David Thompson of the Northwest company was in charge of this ambitious scheme. The official surveyor and astronomer for the company, he was a man of unusual education and scientific knowledge. However, Thompson, with his theories, did not always have the sympathy of his followers. In the fall of 1810, when Thompson was camped high in the Canadian Rockies, on the banks of the stream which he believed was the Columbia, and which he intended to follow downstream, he was deserted by most of his men—only eight remaining. He was not daunted.

After spending the winter in a mountain camp, he and his remaining followers paddled down the entire length of the Columbia, arriving at the mouth of the river on July 15, 1811, thus proving that he was indeed right on that fall day in 1810, when his disgusted men had deserted their leader.

On that journey down through the vast gorge of the majestic Columbia river Thompson carried orders from the Northwest company to claim all desirable fort sites in the surrounding territory, as well as the trading rights at the mouth of the stream.

The ambitious Nor'westers were doomed to disappointment in their hope for control of the Columbia, for when Thompson approached the mouth of the river, his startled eyes beheld the palisades of a strong fort, with the flag of the United States a-top her blockhouse. He had lost to John Jacob Astor—of the Pacific Fur company!

Next week: The Albatross Sails for the Columbia.

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The Stamp Collector

Disreputable Practices in Vending Stamps Raises Ire of Portland Commentator.

BY E. W. CASWELL.

CANAL ZONE just about steals the show from the other possessions when it comes to stamps. The first issues were in 1904, when original Colombian "maps," which had already been surcharged Panama, were given the additional Canal Zone overprint. In the same year the regular U. S. issues of 1902 were surcharged Canal Zone-Panama, although but five values were placed in use, the 1c, 2c, 5c, 8c and 10c. From then on until 1924 the list is made up of the surcharged Panama stamps, as the two main cities, Panama and Colon, remained under the control of Panama. These stamps, however, receive the seal of approval from U. S. collectors, and are generally included by them when collecting U. S. Canal Zone. The more or less joint control of the district makes it difficult to segregate the Panaman from the U. S. surcharges and still maintain a representative continuity in the zone's postal activity. From 1924 on the stamps used are all U. S. surcharges, with the exception of the 1928-31 issue, which was an original Canal Zone printing.

* * *

The American Philatelist for November takes the bull by the horns and faces the fact that the world's greatest hobby is faced by a number of very serious phases of philatelic racketeering. For a long time it has seemed the better part of wisdom to maintain a discreet silence concerning the dirty work that goes on among that class of collectors and dealers to whom the meanings of the words honesty and ethics are totally foreign. Justification for this reticence is based on the fear that many new collectors might become discouraged and disgusted if they were given a quick panorama of what goes on behind the scenes of philately. Consequently experienced collectors and dealers have in most cases allowed the newcomers to discover these things gradually so as not to interfere with the newborn enthusiasm of the neophyte. But this is a poor educational process; it is liable to inculcate the principle of dog-eat-dog into the young collectors, to make them think and act with their stamps like horse traders and to perpetuate a fallacious attitude toward the hobby that should be wiped out. It seems that the time has come to face the situation squarely, to expose and denounce unethical practices, both among individuals and nations, and to give the beginner an idea of how to keep from being gypped out of his money. For this is not altogether a schoolboy pastime; it is fast becoming big business, and millions are involved in the yearly turnover of the stamp business, of which a growing percentage goes to ballyhoo artists, racketeers, cancellation washers, surcharge reproducers, counterfeiters, exaggerating and misleading advertisers, ordinary crooks and a thousand and one other perpetrators of philatelic peculiarities.



Canceled-to-order.

The vast army of stamp collectors has raised stamp dealing to a plane where it can be honestly conducted. It is no longer in the category of the bucketshop and the curbstone salesman But this great and ever-increasing multitude of hobbyists is without protection from the misrepresentations which are moral, if not legal, crimes, and which continue to be practiced at the expense of the innocent collector. It is to be hoped that the government's indifferent attitude toward these evils will be changed to one of active co-operation, as it is realized that stamp collectors as a body are entitled to the same type of legislative protection as is accorded the investing public against fake oil stocks, fantastic gold mining ventures and other similar gyp schemes.

* * *

The stamp racket may be divided into two classifications, one of which might be called the legitimate racket, due to its government sanction and the fact that it is more or less aboveboard, although it brings the taint of commercialism into stamp collecting.

Canceling to order started 'way back in the 19th century, and was originally a very common and proper practice, especially in Europe, where collectors preferred canceled stamps. Neatly arranged covers were brought to the postoffice and requests made that they receive light and legible cancellations. Apparently the postal clerks abroad were very obliging in the early days, as much fine and collectible material is found among Europe's early stamps, as contrasted with the smears and smudges from Great Britain and the United States. But it was not long before many governments began to take advantage of the collectors' willingness to spend money for stamps, and some of the smaller countries soon began to cater to this trade. Thousands of sheets of stamps were neatly canceled and sold, generally to speculative dealers, for a fraction of their face value. Such stamps actually have no philatelic value; they are unused but canceled, they have neither franking value nor record of postal service and their only claim to crash the gates of philately is that before their manipulation they were genuine, government-issued stamps.

Today this practice is rampant throughout the world. Nations, not willing to flood the country with mint stamps and thus lose important postal revenue, cancel them very nicely in wholesale lots and sell them off to jobbers on a basis which is purely artificial. Liberia, Netherlands, Russia and innumerable other countries are turning out quantities of canceled stamps.

Continued next week.

"I Was Shanghaied"—Treason Trial

A. E. Clark Enlists in the Rebellious Brazilian Navy and Finds Himself Slated for Firing Squad

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK.

CHAPTER IV.

THE entire republic of Brazil was stewing for insurrection in 1893 when A. E. Clark, formerly of Portland, Or., barged into the port of Rio de Janeiro on the British ship Lancaster Lass. Clark didn't know about the trouble then, but he was soon to learn about it.

Last week Mr. Clark, who lives at Box 67, Route 2, near Camas, Wash., told something of his trip on the Lass from Swansea, England, to Rio. This week's article picks up the thread of his narrative from that point. From now on it is A. E. Clark speaking.



"The authorities would pick out ten men every morning, march them away, and, after what passed as a court-martial, line the men up in front of a wall and shoot them . . . I was getting pretty sick of insurrections by this time."

A. E. Clark's Story.

We stood in the Rio channel for three or four days. We learned that the political situation, which had been in more or less of an upheaval for two years previously, was likely to blow the top off the present government. As I mentioned last week, I had made up my mind to get ashore.

One of the many diseases going the rounds in Rio at that time was cholera, and I had been told by old-timers that the first symptoms of cholera were indistinguishable from tobacco-sick. I took to the idea and swallowed my cud. It didn't take effect at once, so I took another big chew and swallowed that. By the time the doctor's launch was making the rounds that morning I had as bad a case of cholera as you would want to see.

They put me in the launch and I was taken to a Rio hospital. They took all my clothes away and gave me a sort of nightshirt which buttoned up the back.

* * *

Some time around 10 o'clock that night I saw a chance. The nurse had left the room for a moment. I ducked out and hid in the garden, which was on all four sides of the hospital.

There was a wall some ten feet high around the place. I managed to climb up and get over it. I walked some back streets and presently came to a sort of park. There I met an American who told me he had been beach combing around Rio harbor. I told him what I had done, that I had deserted a ship. He said "Jake," or something like that, and took me to Mike Russel's boarding house.

I knew of Jim Turk, Larry Sullivan, Bunco Kelly and the rest of them in Portland and Astoria. They were novices compared to Mike Russel. Mike had operated in London, Liverpool and Swansea before he went to Rio. One of the reasons he went to Rio was that there were no extradition treaties then.

Even in Rio Mike Russel was working under a cloud. A short time before I met him he had accidentally killed a United States marine by poking an umbrella into his eye. It was rumored that Mike was trying to shanghai the marine. . . . I really don't know.

* * *

Mike was a rugged figure. He had broad shoulders, slim waist, and he was always affable, as many sailors who may read this will remember. And he was a square-shooter. He took care of many of them. After I got off the Lass Mike took me in and gave me a shirt and a pair of pants. These made me thoroughly clothed in that climate; one didn't need shoes, underwear or a hat.

The building Mike lived in had once been the residence of a wealthy family. The stone walls were flush with the street and went up two or three stories. The roof was of red tile. In the center of the place was a recess, ten feet square, guarded by a huge, thick gate. This gate had iron bars and a chain to boot.

The garden outside was surrounded by a high wall, close to 25 feet, I should judge.

* * *

Well, the fellow I had met in the park introduced me to Mike Russel in some joint, and Mike took me with him to this headquarters place. We entered through a shrine—very common in that country—and this was the only entrance and exit I used while I was there. I stayed about two weeks in Mike's place and was treated very well. I only went out at night, and then I wore the sort of Brazilian type of clothes Mike had given me.

At this time the brewing insurrection was getting hot. Floriano Peixtoto, a marshal of the Brazil army, was trying to do a Mussolini and become dictator of the republic.

Mike told me that Admiral de Mello of the Brazilian navy was going to buck the marshal, and that he, De Mello, was going to start in by capturing the city of Rio. Mike also said the admiral was short of men and that here was an opportunity for a bright young man, even though I knew only a few words of Spanish. I had nothing to do, and the idea appealed to me. Mike said he would put me on the admiral's flagship.

* * *

The next night after we talked this over Mike took me down to the beach, a mile or so from the wharf, and put me into a rowboat manned by bluejackets of the Brazilian navy. They put me on board the flagship, the Aquidaban, about midnight. She was standing in the harbor broadside on to the city. There were a number of other boats of the navy there, too. They weren't much as battleships go, but they had guns on them, and I was in the Brazilian navy.

Next morning the admiral made a few changes in the positions of his ships, and then sent word ashore that the government was to surrender or he would bombard the city. After a while his messengers returned to the ship and reported that Senor Floriano commanded the navy to strike its colors and to come ashore peaceably. Along about this time one of Floriano's batteries on shore sent a shot which took part of the superstructure of the flagship away. It looked like a big battle for a moment. But some of De Mello's smaller boats decided they had had enough and then started sailing out of range.

* * *

Then De Mello ran up a flag of truce and they did the same on shore. A lot of launches were running around the harbor. We didn't know what they meant at the time, but later we learned that they were message boats of American, French and Italian warships which were stationed in the harbor and the messages were to the effect that the commanders of the foreign boats would prevent any shelling of the city by force, if necessary. This action stopped the insurrection for the time being, although it later broke out again with considerable fighting, but this was after we had gone.

After a couple of hours De Mello signaled that he would not shell the city. What happened to the flagship's officers I don't know, but we of the crew were taken ashore and herded into a sort of compound. In a couple of days our trials began and they were sure and swift. The authorities would pick out ten men every morning, march them away, and, after what passed as a court-martial, line the men up in front of a wall and shoot them until they were quite dead.

* * *

Some of the rest of us were detailed every morning to dig the graves and bury the bodies. I was on this detail two different mornings, and I wondered who would be doing the same job for me. I was getting pretty sick of insurrections by this time.

I had noticed a sergeant in the guard who came every day for another batch to shoot who looked to me like an American. Along about the time I was due to go on trial I showed this sergeant my discharge from the T. F. Oakes, the American ship I was shanghaied on out of Astoria. He looked at it, but said nothing.

Later that day a squad of soldiers came and took me to the courtroom. The court consisted of five Brazilian army officers dressed in the grandest uniforms I have ever seen anywhere. There were some clerks in the room, but, most important to me, I saw Mike Russel and O. F. Williams there. Mr. Williams was American consul at Rio, and he was the same Williams who had signed my discharge from the T. F. Oakes in Le Havre, France, months before, and had later been transferred to Rio.

* * *

I was placed on the witness stand and an attorney appointed for my defense. An interpreter read the charge against me, which was high treason or something like that. Then one of the court asked through the interpreter if there was any reason I should not be shot for insurrection. I had very good reasons for not being shot. I told the interpreter and he, I suppose, translated it, that I had been walking along the waterfront when someone sneaked up behind me and hit me over the head, and that I knew nothing more until I had regained consciousness on De Mello's flagship.

Mike Russel was then called to the stand. He gave me a good character and offered to produce an eyewitness to my being kidnaped. Mr. Williams then made a plea in my favor. The court officials did a lot of talking back and forth, none of which I understood, and then the interpreter announced that I was paroled into the custody of Mr. Williams. That was the end of my trial. I stayed at Mr. Williams' house until the Lancaster Lass—the ship I went into Rio on—was ready to sail. You'll remember that the rats had refused to go aboard this ship.

* * *

About a week after we left Rio smallpox broke out on board. When the first case broke out, the captain got up a barrel of rum from the hold, rolled it into the fo'castle and lashed it fast. The head was broken and a tin dipper hung on its edge. We all kept as full of rum as we could and still do our work. In spite of the rum I began to get sick, and then went out of my head. They tied me in my bunk for about 12 hours, and within a day or so I was completely covered with eruptions. Many of the crew were in about the same shape, although none of us died. However, one man jumped overboard when he was delirious.

I think we were out about six weeks when we ran into a storm which took away the main topmast and the fore topgallant. We managed to get into Buenos Aires and started to refit. We were there several days, lying at anchor in the stream. When we got ready to leave, the captain, to save towage, decided to sail down the river. There was a buoy about 1200 feet upstream and we took a "spring" line to it, heaving taut to the capstain on the poop. In this way we pulled the Lass around so she was headed downstream.

* * *

Everything was ready by noon, and right after dinner Ben Farnsworth and myself took a yawl to go to the buoy and cast off the line. A stiff breeze came up. Along with the breeze the tide turned and we had a hard time making the buoy. We were so long at this job that the Lass went off and left us. But we really were playing in luck. The Lancaster Lass was never in a port again. She was posted as lost with all hands, and from wreckage discovered it was thought she foundered about 200 miles west of Cape Horn.

When the tide turned Ben and I decided to go with the tide. In the yawl we made our way to Colona, Uruguay, where we sold the boat for $200 American money. We did not want to return to Buenos Aires. We had heard about Montevideo and thought that might be a good place to get a ship. We hung around the waterfront until a little river steamer named Montevideo pulled in. We asked if she was going to Montevideo and the captain said yes. We got aboard and later learned that the captain had thought we said, "Did you come from Montevideo?" So we wound up in Rosario, Argentina.

* * *

Here we wandered around wondering what to try next. We saw a sign which said "American Bar." We went in and found it to be operated by a negro from Galveston, Tex. I have been in some tough joints in my time, but I never saw anything to equal this one. It was all I had heard about South American dives. While we were buying a drink we were hailed by another American, who said he was Matt Kimberlin from Montana. He was working on a big cattle ranch and had come into town to bring in hides and dried beef and to get some supplies. The ranch was some 200 miles out of Rosario. After a few drinks we decided to accept Matt's invitation to ride along with him. He had a train of three wagons. We went with him about 75 miles to the railroad, where we beat our way to Mercedes.

This was the first time either one of us had seen the pampas. Many writers translate "pampas" into "plain" or "prairie," but those words do not convey the right idea. There is no English word which will do so. The broad and perfectly flat expanse is criss-crossed with streams of silt-laden water moving sluggishly; hundreds of miles without sight of a tree or even bush.

* * *

At Mercedes we found some Americans working in the railroad office, but they gave us no encouragement in getting a job locally. We went on to a place called Mendoza and

Concluded on Page 7.



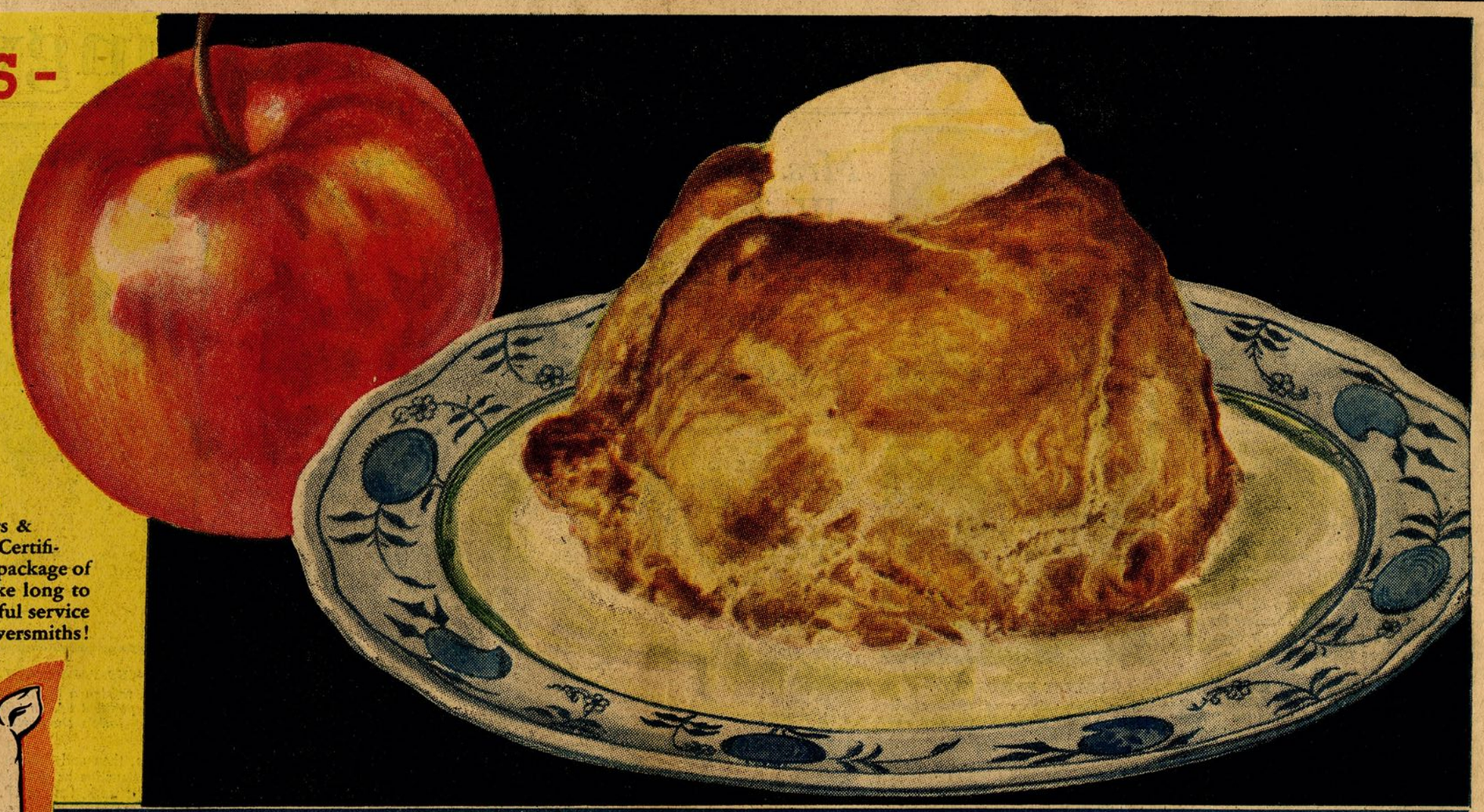
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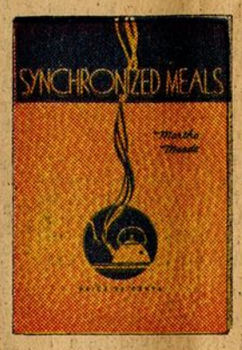
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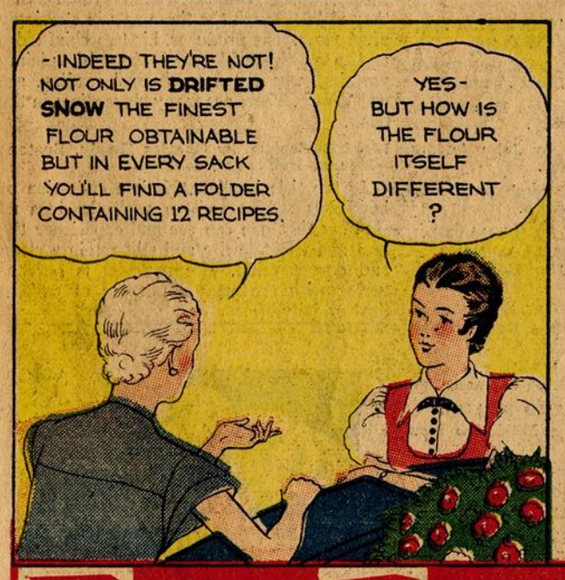
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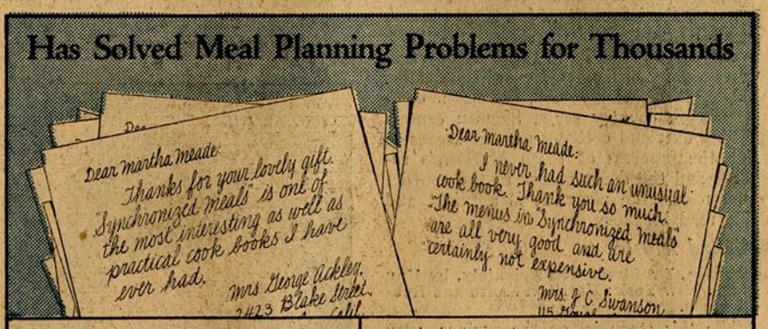








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Beauty, Cynicism Found in Group of Short Stories

Winner Take Nothing, by Ernest Hemingway. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"LIFE in the raw" was a phrase coined in the sentimental early decades of this century to describe the work of writers only a little less saccharine than their fellows. These practitioners in words, whose novels and stories are unreadable today, somehow or other romanticized their "life in the raw" to fit the genteel tastes of that day. Many a good writer at heart was probably browbeaten into writing drivel by editors of magazines who had their ears tuned to just what the readers would stand for—and that wasn't very much. Their works were diluted and lacking in vitality—about as satisfactory and stimulating as a cup of circus pink lemonade made in a washtub.

So it remained for a group of American writers of recent years, with Theodore Dreiser pioneering the way, to really show what that now platitudinous phrase "life in the raw" really meant. He shocked the nation by his "Sister Carrie," which now is considered so very mild that not even lending libraries dealing in hot stuff have any demand for it. And when they don't ask for it in the lending libraries it must be pretty tame. Sherwood Anderson and James Branch Cabell likewise startled the multitude in whose minds had been firmly planted and nurtured the worst phases of Puritanism and a religious ideology.

In our own decade the man who makes the phrase mean more than ever before is Ernest Hemingway. His life in the raw is bitterly raw and realistic. Beside him Dreiser and Cabell and Anderson are tinhorns and pikers. Hemingway is concerned with life as it is and not as it should be. He believes that it is a strange mixture of conflicting and contrasting elements. And he shows his conception of life in prose that is rough and vigorous or smooth and dreamy, according to what color his story takes, but always effective. Because the short story form was suitable for his needs, the right length for him to sketch his brutal pictures, he has won his fame principally through his shorter works, although "A Farewell to Arms" is probably the most popular of his books. "In Our Time" and "Men Without Women," two volumes of short stories, were his first published writings. He deserves the title generally given him of being "the modern American master of the short story."

"Winner Take Nothing," a collection of 14 short stories, is his first new volume of fiction in four years. It follows "A Farewell to Arms" in the fiction group, and chronologically "Death in the Afternoon," his study of bullfighting pride, published last year.

Stories in "Winner Take Nothing" are typical of Hemingway. They show the range of his art. They contain the harsh, savage features, the probing into the minds of men, the flashes of beauty, the cynicism, the skillful selection of elements, the telling understatement which have established his place in American letters. A new book by Hemingway is an exciting adventure in reading. For those who admire his conceptions this will be more than that.

Hemingway is versatile in this collection. Beside the fragile story of a boy who thought he was going to die and prepared for it is the ghastly story of a plain strewn with dead soldiers and how they died and about the odor of decaying flesh. There is a wistful story of a Swiss doctor who treasured as an overpowering honor his election to the National Geographic society beside a ribald story of prostitutes and hobos waiting in a station. He pours his stories into no mold. Following his own caprice as to subject and form and tone, it is impossible to predict what comes next, and that's also a reason why a collection like "Winner Take Nothing" is absorbing.

Incidentally nine of the 14 stories are published here for the first time.

Exciting Background.

Senator Marlowe's Daughter, by Frances Parkinson Keyes. New York: Julian Messner, Inc.

Frances Parkinson Keyes has had a rich and varied life. As a journalist she had visited many out-of-the-way places in the world. As wife of the senior senator from New Hampshire she has seen the inside of political life at Washington. And in addition she is leader among women novelists. Much of the full background of her experience has been used in "Senator Marlowe's Daughter," her most recent novel. It concerns the adventures of a beautiful American girl, Faith Marlowe, in the exciting social and political life of this country and of foreign courts. Mrs. Keyes knows well the background of the story, so that the description of the whirl in which Faith Marlowe found herself is realistic and convincing. Washington drawing rooms, European capitals, Danish country seats, Spanish centers and New England cottages are the scenes in which the progress of Faith Marlowe's romances and the development of the conflict in her mind take place. It is a bright and highly readable story.

Polished Mystery.

Gentlemen, I Address You Privately, by Kay Boyle. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas.

While this story is, on the surface, very polished, there is a sense of mystery and repulsion underneath. Kay Boyle has done an excellent piece of writing, particularly in establishing her characters. It is the story of two men, one lonely, independent and with a capacity for suffering. He is Munday, a tall man with a shock of black hair. A musician who had intended to become a priest, Munday finds himself involved in a homosexual attachment with the second man, Ayton. The latter, an Irish sailor in danger of arrest for desertion and theft, is effeminate, charming, cruel and shifty. Taking refuge in a squatter's bleak farm, where Leonie, a splendid woman, hides them for the winter, Ayton seduces Leonie and flees with three girls from the town brothel. Kay Boyle displays a distinctive style in handling a difficult subject.

Wise Foolishness.

Whispering Whirligig, by Kay Harshberger. Portland: The Pacific Book association.

Nonsense verse is difficult to write. It requires much more than merely sitting down with a pen and feeling silly. Proof of the fact that it is difficult is the rarity of nonsense verse as such and the few persons who have used the form with any skill. It is more profound than the name indicates, because it is more than a willy-nilly flightiness; nonsense poems of a few lines may contain a more bitter and telling criticism or picture of life than pages of stolid lines of serious tone and form. Some day nonsense verse will be dignified, since under certain circumstances it is the confused reflection of the mysterious subconscious, which, we are told, is the source of great untapped energy.

Kay Harshberger's nonsense verse in "Whispering Whirligig" is well above the ordinary. It contains some bright flashes of wise foolishness that are worth the price of the slim book. She is an easy and accomplished writer. Many of them are as good or better than the popular effusions of Ogden Nash. There's something about this one that is indescribably funny:

A wheezle was eeling
Its queel down the zunk
Where a shnitzel was coofing
A skull as a swunk—

But, Oh shig! 'twas a cumfil
To see such a zimp
And the boonba slock hellig
Because of the wimp.

One of the best in the lot is "If Wishes Were Pups":

On days when I must stay indoors
Because it's rainy weather
I wish and wish that I were pups
So I could play together.

Kay Harshberger is well known in the Pacific northwest, having spent most of her life in Seattle and Tacoma, with a short time in Portland in 1922. She has had three books published: "Travelogue Tales," "Circus Days" and "Zoological Soliloquies." She studied for six years in New York with Alexandre Archipenko, the Russian sculptor, and spent two years in Europe. Her pet aversions are pseudo sophisticates and intellectuals, lady fingers and people who write verse.

This edition of "Whispering Whirligig" is limited to 500 copies, published by the Pacific Book association of Portland, Tacoma and New York. Mac Harshberger, New York artist, known for his modern decorative portraiture and design, has drawn the full-page illustrations.

Struggle in Russia.

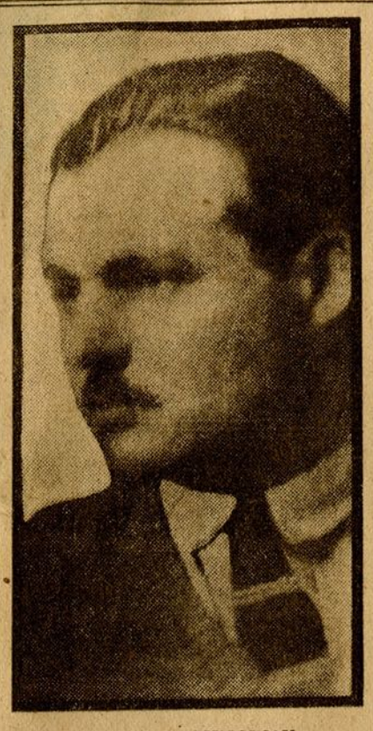
Human Chips, by Boris V. Monomack. Los Angeles: Overland-Outwest Publications.

Here is a dramatic story of the struggle between the white Russians and the bolsheviki in Siberia, following the overthrow of the czar in the red revolution. The author, a member of the old Russian nobility, has become a citizen of the United States and resides in California.

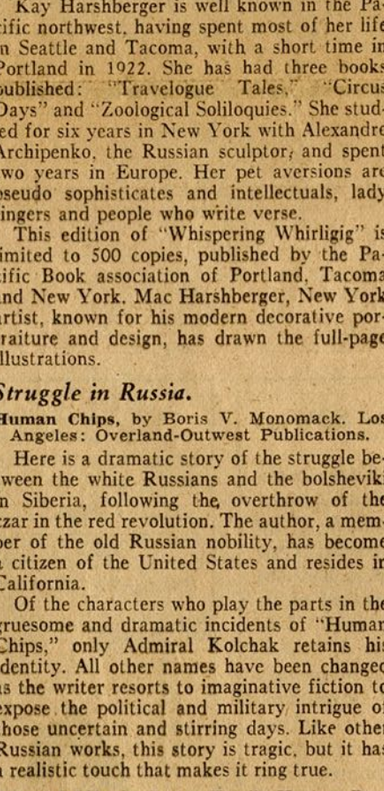
Of the characters who play the parts in the gruesome and dramatic incidents of "Human Chips," only Admiral Kolchak retains his identity. All other names have been changed as the writer resorts to imaginative fiction to expose the political and military intrigue of those uncertain and stirring days. Like other Russian works, this story is tragic, but it has a realistic touch that makes it ring true.

Tides of Life, by Laura Estelle Hartge. Boston: Meador Publishing company.

Verse-dealing with the everyday incidents, thoughts and sensations have been compiled into this small volume which the author dedicates to a passerby in her life. There is imagination as well as food for thought throughout the lines of rhythm. Restfulness and inspiration can be found in many of these poems.



ERNEST HEMINGWAY.
Whose new volume of short stories, "Winner Take Nothing," contains some of his best work.



KAY BOYLE.
Who writes a polished novel of strange characters in "Gentlemen, I Address You Privately."

Mrs. Roosevelt Writes Helpful Inspiring Book

It's Up to the Women, by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. New York: Frederick A. Stokes company.

THIS is the first book ever written by the wife of a president while in the White House. It is another evidence of the amazing energy of the Roosevelts. It will probably make many persons wonder how Mrs. Roosevelt can do all the things she does, attend all the meetings she attends and write all the books and articles she writes without being on the jump 24 hours of the day. Actually she works much harder than her husband with a hearty interest in many things. She has the courage to write and think and speak as she wishes and to ignore absurd conventions and stilted precedent which might hamper her usefulness.

"It's Up to the Women" is a woman's book. Every word is by Mrs. Roosevelt herself and none of it has appeared in any magazine or newspaper. It is a complete and thorough explanation of what the women can do to help bring on recovery.

What everyone admires about Mrs. Roosevelt, men and women—her common sense—is evident throughout this volume. She does not pose as an oracle, she does not write "down" to the multitudes, she does not pretend that this is a literary masterpiece—all of which shows her stability and genuineness.

Believing that "in this present crisis it is going to be the women who will tip the scales and bring us safely out of it," Mrs. Roosevelt is concerned with showing just how the women can accomplish this. She gets down to bedrock and discusses the problems of the young married and how they can live on reduced incomes, the need for budgeting both time and money in this era, the safeguards of health, a plan for recreation and the place of women in phases of our life, to which the last 140 pages are devoted.

It contains a lot of meat and many original and helpful suggestions. Mrs. Roosevelt writes directly and simply. In this book she appears to be talking to the reader—a sincere review of her ideas about many things gained from wide and varied experience.

"It's Up to the Women" would certainly have been a useful and stimulating book for women, even if it did not have the added glamour of her name.

I Was Shanghaied

Continued From Page 5.

took a pack train to the railroad being built up from the other side of the Andes mountains from Chile. On this trip I happened to meet a man named West who was in the same class with me at the Portland Presbyterian academy.

We got to Valparaiso, where we put up at Big George Grandy's boarding house. Ben shipped on a British boat a few days later. I couldn't land anything just then, so Big George got me aboard a tugboat which took me across the bay to Coleta Abarka, where Lever & Murphy had their big iron and steel manufacturing plant. They were working on a big contract for locomotives and railroad and bridge steel. I worked three months for them.

* * *

Big George sent word to me there was a chance to ship out. I went back across the bay and signed on the Penobscot of Bucksport, Me. She was an old square-rigger. She had discharged most of her cargo and taken on sand ballast. We went on to Mollendo, Peru, and loaded a cargo of saltpeter for Philadelphia. The captain was ill when we sailed. He got worse and we put him ashore at Rio and the mate, L. E. Remby, took charge. In the general shakeup I was promoted to acting bo'sn.

When we got near the Delaware river we began taking water so much that we had to man the pumps day and night. Even then the bilge water reached the cargo and the saltpeter began to dissolve. As soon as we got inside the breakwater we were able to lower the bilge below the danger point, and while being towed up the river we managed to pump her dry. Not much of the cargo was hurt.

* * *

I was discharged from the Penobscot on August 29, 1893, and from Philadelphia I went directly to the world's fair in Chicago. After the fair I shipped out of New York city on a cattle boat for Lisbon, Portugal. I continued to follow the sea for several years, making three trips around the Horn and one around the world. Some of the ships were good, some bad; none was so good a ship to work on as the Penobscot and none so tough as the T. F. Oakes.

In 1897 I nearly died of fever in Colon, Panama. As soon as I got out of the hospital I worked my way on a tanker to Galveston, Tex., and then beat my way to Pueblo, Colo., where I went to work for the Colorado Fuel & Iron company. I left the company's employ in April, 1898, to enlist in the 1st Colorado, United States volunteers. I spent a year in the Philippines, returning to San Francisco, where I was discharged in September, 1899. In December of that year I returned to Portland and have since made my home not far from the Columbia river.

* * *

I realize that my memory isn't as clear as it once was and I may have been mistaken now and then in this story about small details, but I have told it just as it comes to me after 35 years.

When I got back to Portland I found that there were still sailors' boarding houses here and that there were rumors that men were still shanghaied. But I kept away from the waterfront; it wasn't that I did not enjoy my years at sea. I simply had had enough of it. I expect the Columbia will be the biggest body of water I'll ever be on again.

THE END.

Next week: "The Fate of the T. F. Oakes."

A northwest woman, born on the T. F. Oakes (the ship on which A. E. Clark was shanghaied) reveals the spectacular career of this old steel-hulled and ill-starred vessel. This woman, daughter of the T. F. Oakes' first skipper, tells how the ship met its doom.

Story of Aurora Neglected Phase of State History

Bethel and Aurora, by Robert J. Hendricks, New York: The Press of the Pioneers.

PERSONS with an eye for historical romance of the Pacific northwest will do well to acquaint themselves with "Bethel and Aurora" by Robert J. Hendricks, Salem newspaper man. Perhaps all readers will not go hand in hand with Mr. Hendricks' thoroughly sympathetic estimate of the Aurora experiment, but certainly they will find a wealth of intriguing material in this volume dealing with a neglected phase of Oregon history.

The volume consists of an historical study of the pioneer communistic colonies sponsored by Dr. William (King) Keil at Bethel, Mo., and Aurora, Or. Here was communism in its truest sense—two groups of German folk banding together their efforts and properties for the common good.

Mr. Hendricks, with commendable judgment of reader interest, has selected various narratives for leading chapters in his book: The story of Helena Giesy, the German lass, who preferred to follow Dr. Keil to the wilds of Oregon rather than to wed John A. Roebling, the young man who later was to design the Brooklyn bridge; the story of Dr. Keil, a veritable king, whose inspired leadership took his followers across the plains and kept them together in communism until his death; the story of Henry T. Finck, born at Bethel, raised at Aurora, first Oregon student at Harvard, and musical editor of the New York Evening Post for 43 years. Also the stories of the famous Aurora bands, the remarkable church, the fine German food at the Aurora hotel and the colony restaurant at the state fair.

Dr. Keil died December 30, 1877. The colonies were amicably dissolved, the property distributed and the German folk set out on the path of private ownership. Mr. Hendricks through the volume paints a rather glowing picture of the two colonies and concludes the book with brief discussions on various experiments in the realm of communism. The volume is attractively printed and carries an appreciative introduction by Charles H. Carey, president, Oregon Historical society.

World of the Future.

The Shape of Things to Come, by H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan company.

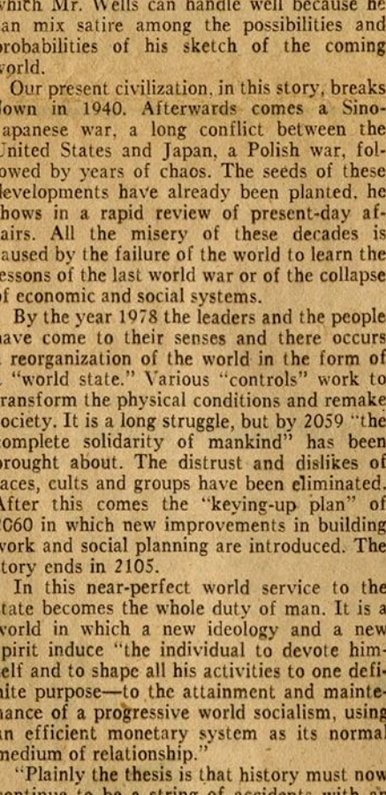
H. G. Wells at his worst is readable; at his best he is brisk, brilliant and highly entertaining. He is at his best in "The Shape of Things to Come," in which he describes what will happen on the earth after 1940. It is a theme which Mr. Wells can handle well because he can mix satire among the possibilities and probabilities of his sketch of the coming world.

Our present civilization, in this story, breaks down in 1940. Afterwards comes a Sino-Japanese war, a long conflict between the United States and Japan, a Polish war, followed by years of chaos. The seeds of these developments have already been planted, he shows in a rapid review of present-day affairs. All the misery of these decades is caused by the failure of the world to learn the lessons of the last world war or of the collapse of economic and social systems.

By the year 1978 the leaders and the people have come to their senses and there occurs a reorganization of the world in the form of a "world state." Various "controls" work to transform the physical conditions and remake society. It is a long struggle, but by 2059 "the complete solidarity of mankind" has been brought about. The distrust and dislikes of races, cults and groups have been eliminated. After this comes the "keying-up plan" of 2060 in which new improvements in building work and social planning are introduced. The story ends in 2105.

In this near-perfect world service to the state becomes the whole duty of man. It is a world in which a new ideology and a new spirit induce "the individual to devote himself and to shape all his activities to one definite purpose—to the attainment and maintenance of a progressive world socialism, using an efficient monetary system as its normal medium of relationship."

"Plainly the thesis is that history must now continue to be a string of accidents with an increasingly disastrous trend until a comprehensive faith in the modernized world state, socialistic, cosmopolitan and creative, takes hold of the human imagination," Mr. Wells writes: "When the existing governments and ruling theories of life, the decaying religions and the decaying political forms of today have sufficiently lost prestige through failure and catastrophe, then and then only will world-wide reconstruction be possible. And it must needs be the work, first of all, of an aggressive order of religiously devoted men and women who will try out and establish and impose a new pattern of living upon our race."



—Henri Jacobs studio.
KAY HARSHBERGER.
Whose book of nonsense verse, "Whispering Whirligig," has been published by Portland and Tacoma firm.



FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES
who has written a bright and readable story of political life in "Senator Marlowe's Daughter."

Fundamental Principles.

The Foundations of Political Science, by John W. Burgess. New York: Columbia University Press.

Fundamental principles of political science are described with clear and vigorous prose by Professor John W. Burgess in this convenient and helpful book published by the Columbia University press. It is a valuable study of the underlying political principles upon which our civilization rests. Professor Burgess has been described by Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia university, who had written a preface to this volume, as "one of the very few outstanding intellectuals of large and permanent influence."

"For half a century he shaped the thinking of whole armies of college and university students, members of the bar, judges and public men," Dr. Butler has written. "His place in the history of political science and in the history of university developments here in the United States is unique and supreme."

Best of the Year.

England, Their England, by A. G. MacDonell. New York: Macmillan company.

Commissioned to write a book about England, A. G. MacDonell set out to do the work with as much fun for himself as possible. He had two choices in general—to write a serious book praising the green countrysides, the London bobbies and adding a few snippy remarks to give spice to the dish, or to write a burlesque of England. This latter appeared to be the most pleasant, so he took it. "England, Their England," is the result—a hilarious story with no let-downs and many high spots. It is as much fun for the reader as it undoubtedly was for the writer. It is a hearty burlesque of the snobbery and sham of England of today. Dr. William Lyon Phelps recently described the book as "one of the best books of the year." That is praise well merited.

New Books Received

Books are listed as received. Some of them will be reviewed later. Many of the volumes are not yet procurable by the public, on account of delayed publication and distribution.

FICTION.

Women May Learn, by Florence Ward. Philadelphia: Macrae-Smith company.

The Flame in the Forest, by Harold Titus. Philadelphia: Macrae-Smith company.

The Cowboy From Alamos, by Charles H. Snow. Philadelphia: Macrae-Smith company.

Old Home Town, by Agnes Sligh Turnbull. New York: Fleming H. Revell company.

The Girl From Glengarry, by Ralph Connor. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Unknown Brahms, by Robert Haven Schauffler. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Within This Present, by Margaret Ayer Barnes. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin company.

Dr. Thorndyke Intervenes, by R. Austin Freeman. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Siamese Twin Mystery, by Ellery Queen. New York: Frederick A. Stokes company.

His Glorious Shame, by James Black. New York: F. H. Revell company.

Prescription for Marriage, by John Anders. New York: Julian Messner.

Ah, King, by W. Somerset Maugham. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran & Co.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

George Washington Himself, by John C. Fitzpatrick. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill company.

Beethoven as He Lived, by Richard Specht. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas, Inc.

African Intrigue, by Alfred Batson. Garden City: Garden City Publishing company.

RELIGION, POETRY AND DRAMA.

Hiss! Boom! Blah! by George Middleton. New York: Samuel French.

Peppy Monologues, by Mary Moncure Parker. New York: Samuel French.

JUVENILE.

Coyote Stories, by Mourning Dove. Caldwell: Caxton Printers, Ltd.

Go! Champions of Light, by Frances Jenkins Olcott. New York: Fleming H. Revell company.

OTHER NON-FICTION.

Toward Liquor Control, by Raymond B. Fosdick and Albert L. Scott. New York: Harpers & Bros.

The People's Forests, by Robert Marshall. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas, Inc.

America Swings to the Left, by Alva Lee. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Imitation, by Charles Hall Grandgent. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

Dangerous Thoughts on the Orient, by F. R. Eldridge. New York: D. Appleton-Century company.

America Self-Contained, by Samuel Crowther. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Spanish Sailors to North Pacific Receive Credit

Spanish Explorations in the Strait of Juan de Fuca, by Henry R. Wagner. Santa Ana, Cal.: Fine Arts Press.

FIRST of the features which make this book valuable and impressive is the splendid job of typography and printing. It is a beautiful and tasteful book, with luxurious margins and a type face—Granjon—which is unusually readable and attractive. To Thomas E. Williams we are indebted for the typography. Principally through his work it has been made a distinctive book.

Completeness and accuracy of the text, including most of the important writings of the early Spanish explorers—a welcome and helpful addition to the material available in English on the early history of the North Pacific coast. It serves a real need, because it gives a true picture of what the Spanish sailors did in the area. The appearance of the book is matched or excelled by the worth of the contents and the careful work by Henry R. Wagner, well-known authority on the history of the Pacific coast. His introduction and running narrative have tied together the scattered accounts of explorers, making the story properly chronological. He has added a wealth of explanatory detail gathered from his research which makes the history comprehensive. He has helped to remedy the slight given Spanish sailors in early exploration of the North Pacific coast.

"The great reputations attained by Captain James Cook and Captain George Vancouver for their work of exploration on the northwest coast of America have completely dwarfed in the mind of the public the achievements of the Spaniards during the same period," Mr. Wagner writes. "The two isolated English voyages to the northwest coast appeared in England in large, impressive folio volumes, and each work was accompanied by a series of maps prepared with great care. The Spanish officers who did far more work were not so fortunate. . . . I have no intention of belittling the important work which Captain Vancouver did in this quarter, but it seems time to present the other side of the picture. Vancouver was not the first to explore these channels (the Strait of Juan de Fuca), to anchor in these ports and to view the majestic mountains, even though many of these still bear the names he gave them. My aim is to do justice to the Spaniards who preceded him and who have left us accounts of their experiences just as vivid and entertaining as his."

The period covered in this book is from 1769 to 1793. In "Spanish Voyages to the Northwest Coast" Mr. Wagner has covered the early explorations.

In four chapters Mr. Wagner reviews the principal work of the period—the Quimper expedition of 1790, the Eliza expedition of 1791, the Galiano-Valdes expedition of 1792 and the events incidental to the Spanish establishment at Neah bay. Following this review are included the important material left by these explorers—an illuminating diary of the voyage by Quimper, important letters by Quimper, an extract of the voyage by Eliza, an extract of the voyage by Juan Carrasco, the diary of Galiano and Valdes and a significant story of the voyage of the Sutil and Mexicana.

The maps are excellent reproductions of early originals, the index is complete and well handled and the bibliography will be of interest to all students of western history.

Decidedly Unusual.

Great Fortune, by Gilbert W. Gabriel. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co.

The manner in which the author presents his story sets it out as decidedly unusual. Primarily, it concerns the reading of a three-act play by an author in the office of a Broadway producer. The book itself is divided into three parts, each representing the reading of one act. Junius, assuming the narrative role, also develops into one of the chief characters in the play he is reading. As a result he repeatedly interrupts himself to explain, aside from the script, the background of the problem involved, both as to situations and characters. The plot contained in the play is entertaining and well planned. It concerns Tom and Gwen Hume, newly married, and Junius, who knew Gwen long before she met Tom. Woven into their lives are the affairs of rich relatives—rich before the stock market crash occurs. So ably has Gilbert Gabriel built up his characters and pried into their souls, through the lips of the dummy Junius, that they walk through the three acts in strikingly vivid form. The producer, his two chief aides and a platinum-bleached showgirl, plainly yawning, who listen to Junius' reading, are well drawn. There are many clever lines in the book.

Light Burlesque, by Charles Moody. Boston: Meador Publishing company.

As the title implies, this is a collection of humorous stories written with the idea of showing that one can see and experience the best and worst in life and still retain a clean and decent mind. The material is put together with the express purpose of making light of daily life.

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Marrying "Man of Dreams" May Be Risky

Girl of 18 Cautioned Against Becoming "Guiding Star" for Man of 45 Who Might Be Merely Jollying Her

BY MARIAN MILLER.

A YOUNG girl wrote to tell me she had seen "the man of her dreams," and she was sure she could win him if she had a good opportunity. He is 45 and so far has been a failure. She is 18 and knows that all he needs is inspiration. In fact, he told her: "You would make a man overcome any difficulties. You could make me overpower the big bad bear." Her mother discourages her plan to meet the man often and be his little, brilliant "guilding star." This girl will inherit some money some day, she believes, and at present she has some cash on hand. She asks: "Shall I coax this man to marry me? Shall I be his guardian angel? I could live for him and bring him success. Think, if I don't he may lose heart and sink into oblivion."

* * *

This dear child should join a gymnasium class, take up athletic dancing, study housecleaning and play golf. She should be very busy for a while and not feel herself responsible for the success or failure of this man. He wants a young girl to jolly him along and he wants one with money. The girl has not finished high school and says she refuses to study. All she wants is to live for some man and be his inspiration. I think she is vain and overestimates her power and the purpose of her being. If a man at 45 hasn't found sense enough to achieve some place in a vocation or profession I think he is either unfortunate or lazy or lacking in ability and judgment. It may be all right for him to annex a young wife, share her money, have her urge him along to success and be his little darling star of radiant beauty, but there's the possibility that he may grow tired of her as soon as he has become familiar with her little bag of tricks or when she has grown to know him for what he is, and then he will want another young sweetheart.

In any event, I hope this girl will let her parents or her uncle look into the record of this man's life and find out about his antecedents. It is possible that they will find that he has had a procession of young inspirations. Maybe he is a real man and has merely been financially unfortunate lately. He may have been jollying her about that inspiration stuff. Men often joke in this manner and mean nothing serious. I suggest that she wait for a while. If he can't wait for her and if she can't have the patience to investigate his reputation—well, you know the old saying about marrying in haste. She should pause, consult her parents and consider carefully before she dreams any more romantic dreams.

Her father is about the age of this man and her mother is younger. But they have loved and cared for her for these long 18 years, and now she would discard them and their advice and guidance and rush off to capture a man because she thinks he needs her. She needs to consider her own welfare and the love of her father and mother. I beg of her to wait.

* * *

Marietta is a widow, aged 52, who says she is attracted to a man of good family who is down in his luck. He has one fault. Whenever anyone offers him a drink he accepts and then is eager for more. Consequently he becomes "potted," she says. But she knows that if she marries him he will reform. She has such an ennobling influence on men. Well, maybe he would, but I wouldn't chance it. Marietta has an income. The man has none except what his younger brother sends him.

The desire of Marietta to be a reformer would not surprise me if she had been 17 instead of 52. She asks my advice. I suggest that she look about her for some good, steady fellow and let the man with the taste for liquor reform himself. I believe Marietta is lonely and imagines that this is her mission in life. If she is willing to marry a remittance man with a weakness for drink let her marry him. That may be putting it rather brutally. In any event, I wish them both happiness and courage.

* * *

Sometimes girls and middle-aged women have a strong maternal instinct and they think they are in love with some man who needs mothering, helping, protecting and pampering. Usually these girls, old and young, should use caution.

Sometimes men yearn to marry little, sweet girls who cling to them and look up at them adoringly, and then, when the money's all gone and the men are tired of baby talk, they expect their little, dressy dolls to show brain power and sense.

Sometimes men fall in love with women of rare business ability and capability. The women after a while prove that they are smart and fine, but the men become jealous of hearing their brilliant wives praised, and there's a smash-up, a divorce or considerable unhappiness. And whom do these persons blame? Not themselves.

Think it over, Marietta, Sally, Bob and Pete.

* * *

The young girl might cause the down-and-outer to overpower the big bad bear, but could she inspire him to chase away the great snarling wolf who is huffing and puffing to break the door down? Some men will boast of their strength and masterful ways merely to get a girl, but can they make good when the grocer wants his pay and the milkman demands his check for the cream in the daily coffee?

Think it over, little sisters.

* * *

Someone asked me if I will have a namesake club again this year. Just for a few. Mothers may send in the names of their children who otherwise will have no Christmas. There are so many organizations that I simply cannot take names that will cause any duplication of effort or providing. Only rural families will be considered, those where there are no relief agencies. Names and addresses must be sent. For instance: Let's say Mrs. Smith has three children, father out of work or ill, and Mrs. Smith will write me the facts, briefly told, and I will try to find someone who will send one pair of stockings and a tiny doll or a bar of candy or a harmonica, not more to such child. List names, ages, sizes and parents' names with address. Then I will try to find someone who will take a little namesake as a Christmas protege. If you have a neighbor who deserves holiday cheer, hurry up and send me the name and details. Address Marian Miller's Namesake club, care of The Oregonian. Remember, I can only take a few.

* * *

A widow came weeping. She said her husband had complained of hard times and shortage of cash and she always had thought, "Father is cranky. He grumbles because he is afraid we will want new clothes." She even criticised him in the presence of the children. Then he died. Since then she has found out all about the decline of the income, the big expenses, the cost of shoes for the boys and even the plainest coats and frocks for the girls. Now she weeps, saying: "What a cruel injustice I did my husband! What can I do about it?"

Tell the older children that you didn't realize, and that is why you formerly were impatient and complained. Tell them to help cooperate and make out a budget and all be cheerful and make the remainder of your life an intelligent, appreciative tribute to your good husband's unselfishness and lifelong plodding. And be happy, all of you, in your daily living.

* * *

Often we criticise and we cry and make a fuss because we don't understand. We are selfish because we won't see and won't listen. Marie says for years she had the best of everything and all of a sudden she found herself penniless. What could she do? She had had a good education and was able to play the piano and violin and she speaks French. I told her to hunt for a place as a nursery governess. She did, and she is happy. Never before had she earned her living. Now she appreciates her parents and blames them only for not teaching her to be less selfish. Her vanity and pride took many a bump before she found the joy of work. We never are happy until we take a pride in our work and put the best we have to offer into the daily task.

One day a housemaid told me she was radiantly happy. She wasn't going to a dance and she hadn't met a marvelous man, but she had decided she would clean the house thoroughly, cook as well as she could and get up a little earlier every morning. Thereby she received many compliments on her neatness and her ability to do everything well, and the boss said: "Hilda makes that pudding just like my mother did, and I think now we could give her a couple of dollars a month more." And Hilda said she was gladder about the praise than the two dollars.

* * *

We women do love to be told some of the nice things. A word of praise is more precious than anything when we are a bit discouraged.

Amy said John had high blood pressure and was cross. She felt it her duty as a wife to wait on him, and she slaved and saved and tried to be happy, but she was obliged to give up her club, bridge and her art lessons. And day after day John grew crankier. Amy realized that he was not feeling well and she was patient, although long hours of work and no play, lack of money and lack of kind words made her nervous. Then one day John's nephew called and heard him grumbling at his wife and the young fellow with all the frankness of youth remarked:

"Uncle, you'd feel a lot better if you'd talk nicely to Aunt Amy. She has done nothing but wait on you for months and you haven't appreciated her. Let me stay with you this week and let her go to the beach for a rest, and when she comes back I wager you'll appreciate her."

John was inclined to resent the freshness of the 19-year-old nephew, but ended by sending his wife away for a holiday. The nephew got instructions from the doctor and gave old John his diet, but the service was crude and John was told to "cut the crabbing and eat what's handed you."

Every day now John praises Amy and thanks the nephew for holding the looking glass up to John.



". . . but could she inspire him to chase away the great snarling wolf who is huffing and puffing to break the door down—?"

FUNLAND

PUZZLES, TRICKS, GAMES & MAGIC — EVERYBODY'S PLAYMATE — BY A.W. NUGENT THE WORLD'S LEADING PUZZLEMAKER

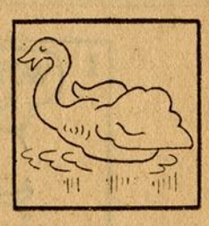


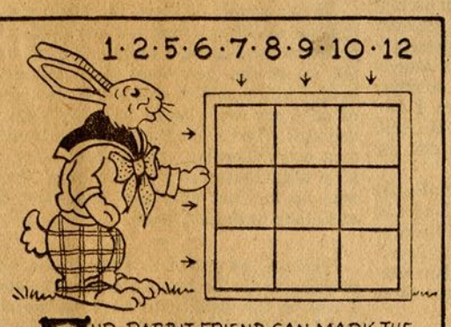
HOW TO MAKE A SHADOWGRAPH HEAD.

HOLD YOUR HANDS IN FRONT OF A LIGHT, AS SHOWN, AND THEY WILL CAST AN ENLARGED SHADOW PICTURE UPON THE WALL.

TURN THE SWAN UPSIDE DOWN TO SEE WHAT FRIGHTENED IT AWAY.

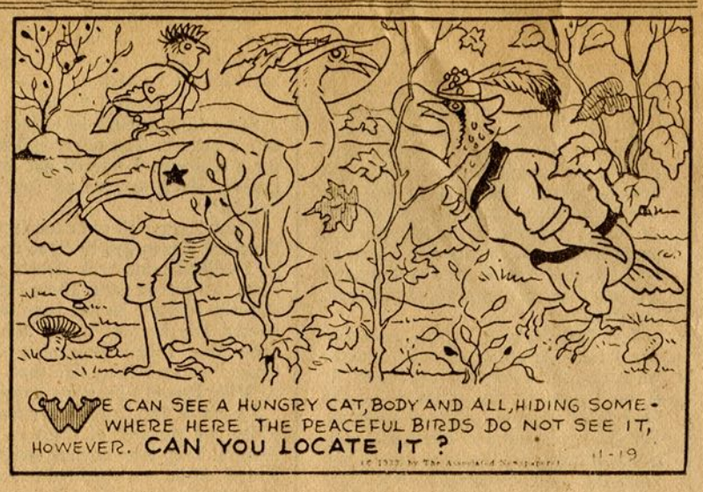
WATCH THIS SWAN SUDDENLY DISAPPEAR.





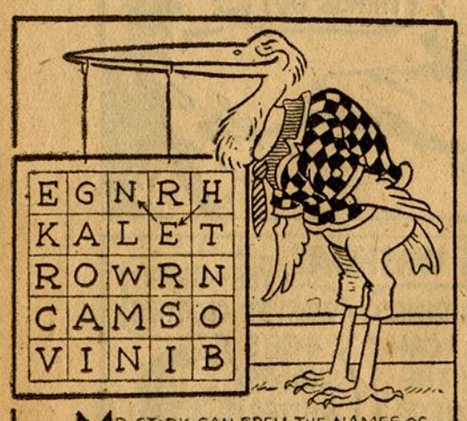
OUR RABBIT FRIEND CAN MARK THE ABOVE NINE NUMBERS, ONE IN EACH SQUARE, AND ARRANGE THEM SO THAT ALL THE ROWS ACROSS AND DOWN WILL ADD TO EXACTLY TWENTY. CAN YOU DO IT?

A.W. NUGENT

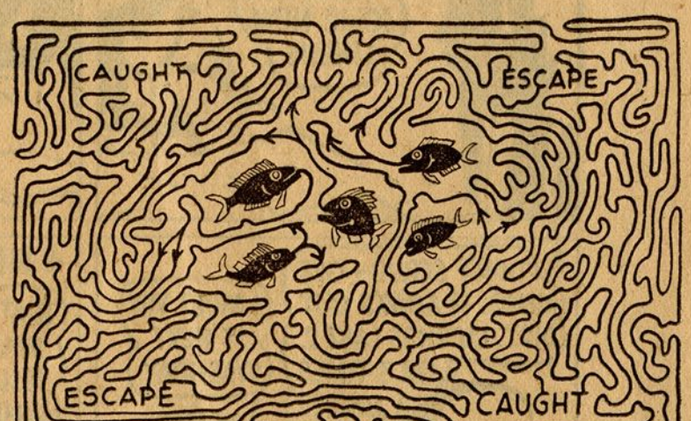


WE CAN SEE A HUNGRY CAT, BODY AND ALL, HIDING SOMEWHERE HERE THE PEACEFUL BIRDS DO NOT SEE IT, HOWEVER. CAN YOU LOCATE IT?

11-19



MR. STORK CAN SPELL THE NAMES OF FOURTEEN BIRDS BY STARTING FROM ANY LETTER, IN THE ABOVE SQUARES, AND MOVING TO THE NEXT SQUARE IN ANY DIRECTION. HE SPELLED "HEN" FOR EXAMPLE, NOTE THE ARROWS. HOW MANY CAN YOU SPELL?



IF YOU CAN CATCH THREE OF THESE FIVE FISH YOU WILL WIN THIS MAZE GAME. START ONCE FROM EACH FISH AND TRACE ALONG THE LINES. GO EITHER WAY WHERE THE LINES FORK, IN THE DIRECTION OF ARROWS.



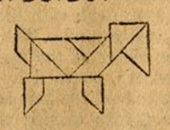
CAN YOU REARRANGE ALL THE LETTERS ON EACH OF THE ABOVE LINES TO SPELL THE NAMES OF SEVEN LARGE SEAPORTS THAT THIS SHIP IS ABOUT TO VISIT?

A.W. NUGENT

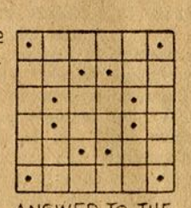
SOLUTIONS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

ONE HIDDEN ESKIMO IS JUST BELOW THE TWO BEARS. ANOTHER ESKIMO'S HEAD IS IN BACK OF THE WALRUS AND THE SEAL, FACING THE SUN. THE THIRD ESKIMO IS UPSIDE DOWN JUST ABOVE THE SMALL PENGUIN.

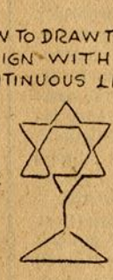
CRYPTOGRAM SOLUTION— THE GRAY RABBIT IS A TYPICAL REPRESENTATIVE OF THE RABBIT FAMILY, WHICH CONTAINS TWELVE SPECIES.



HOW TO DRAW THE STAR DESIGN WITH ONE CONTINUOUS LINE.

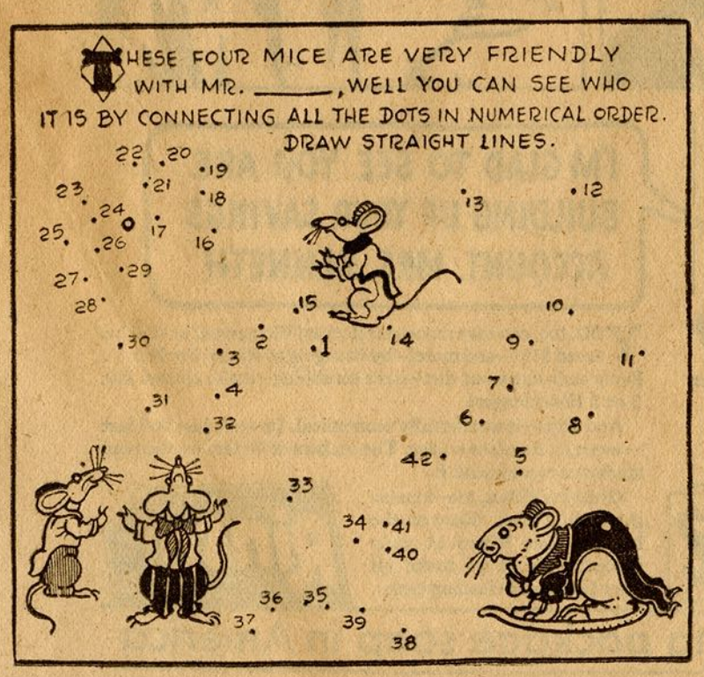


HOW TO MAKE THE SILHOUETTE DOG BY USING ALL THE NINE MAGIC PIECES.

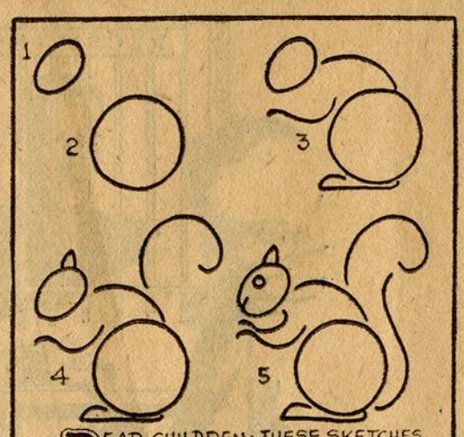


ANSWER TO THE TWELVE DOTS PUZZLE.

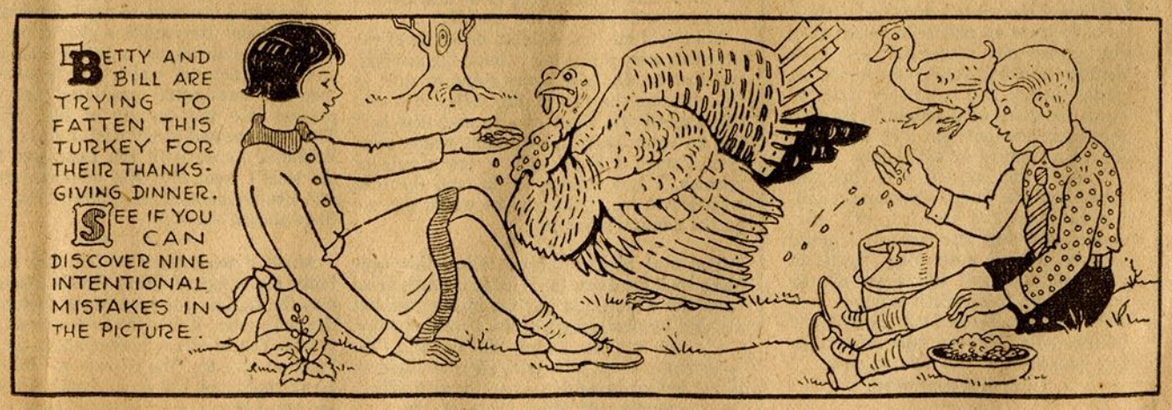
11-19



THESE FOUR MICE ARE VERY FRIENDLY WITH MR. _____, WELL YOU CAN SEE WHO IT IS BY CONNECTING ALL THE DOTS IN NUMERICAL ORDER. DRAW STRAIGHT LINES.



DEAR CHILDREN: THESE SKETCHES SHOW HOW EASY IT REALLY IS TO DRAW. TO MAKE THE SQUIRREL, JUST SIMPLY COPY THE PICTURES IN THEIR ORDER. PRACTISE THIS SEVERAL TIMES.



BETTY AND BILL ARE TRYING TO FATTEN THIS TURKEY FOR THEIR THANKSGIVING DINNER. SEE IF YOU CAN DISCOVER NINE INTENTIONAL MISTAKES IN THE PICTURE.

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'Farewell to Arms' Farragut Theme

Taps Due to Sound for Navy Training Center in Rugged Idaho Cragland, Where 293,383 "Boots" Have Become Sailors



The Northwest's Own Magazine
The Sunday Oregonian
PORTLAND, OREGON, JANUARY 28, 1945

Before they go out to ship or shore stations, final Farragut recruits, like the group shown above, will parade in regimental review and thus ring down the curtain on the huge center as a naval training unit. The leggings will come off with graduation. (U. S. navy photo)

BY AL STUMP
Apprentice Seaman
Ex-Staff Writer, The Oregonian
FARRAGUT, IDAHO.

HIGH UP HERE in the Kootenai cragland of northern Idaho's panhandle, where the Kamloup trout still run to 25 pounds and it's colder than a penguin's back porch, they're battening down hatches on one of America's great and costly war projects.

Farragut originally dealt the national treasury a $57,000,000 belt, and mate, that was just the initial bite for building. Expense of shoving nearly 300,000 bluejacket recruits through training the 28 months this center has operated is a pretty fair hunk of war debt itself.

Maintenance of the largest naval encampment the west ever saw has topped $4,000,000 a year. Cost of constructing a 2700-patient hospital in conjunction with the center was nearly $11,000,000.

Farragut village, housing area for a couple thousand civilian employes, ran up another $2,000,000 bill.

And the payroll, in a single fiscal year, has hit $19,700,000 for officers and enlisted personnel and $3,600,000 for civilian labor.

These figures, exceeding $100,000,000, are not yet complete for the building and operation of Farragut—for the only mountain marshaling point for seamen in the world won't be decommissioned until the spring of 1945. But the end is near, and already, as snow lies thickly banked on the slopes of the Sabinet and Bitterroot ranges backgrounding the center, and oars dipped into choppy Lake Pend Oreille come out coated with ice, plans are being completed for almost total shutdown.

The final recruit — 17-year-old Randall W. Cline of Kuna, Idaho, and the 293,383d recruit received—arrived early in December. He represented the closing stages of a job that has made military history in the Pacific northwest and in the nation, for twice as many men have been trained at Farragut as composed the entire U. S. navy of September 1, 1940, and nearly as many as the navy boasted at war's outbreak, December 7, 1941. Only Great Lakes training center, drawing from the midwest and teeming east, has outranked Farragut in size.

Pearl Harbor was still a freshly horrible, teeth-gritting memory when President Roosevelt ordered expansion of naval facilities in March, 1942—and Farragut was conceived. A drive then was starting to create a giant two-ocean navy that would require about 2000 men a month to man the battleships and cruisers alone, to be launched by the bureau of ships. By September 1, 1944, the navy was to comprise more than five times the tonnage it could boast when Germany invaded Poland in 1939, and for every man serving in the navy, marines and coast guard in 1939 there would be 24 in less than five years.

The world's highest (2400 feet) school for seamen went up just as fast as the need indicated. One hundred thirty-three years elapsed between the time David Thompson of the Northwest Fur company pioneered the region in 1809 and the moment ground was broken for construction—but it took just nine months to create sprawling Farragut.

More than 20,000 men—including loggers, trappers, Indians, foresters, hunters and other natives of Idaho's alpine country—threw up facilities for 40,000 trainees and met every bureau of personnel deadline. It was a homespun job, in which timber hauled from the surrounding solitudes was used in the main, and men toiled on 10-hour shifts, seven days a week.

When it was finished, jubilant Idaho had a new largest city. The site embraced 4050 acres between Squaw and Idlewild bays, on which had mushroomed more than 700 buildings laced by 50 miles of roads and macadam streets. Population at its peak was approximately 50,000 and a giant freight terminus handling close to 30,000 pounds of freight a month was needed. The heating bill was half a million dollars a year and outgoing personnel alone filled 31 special trains and 10 planes each month. Ship's service sales averaged $600,000 a month — 750,000 packages of cigarettes and 60,000 bars of soap heading the list—and it took 520 tons of food to feed all hands each 30 days.

FARRAGUT:

Named After Famous American Navy Hero

Somebody figured that if all the loaves of bread baked at Farragut in a year were laid end to end, they would stretch almost from Portland to Detroit, Mich., and in a single record-cracking day 1328 recruits passed through the issue room for their bare-skin-to-peacoat equipment. Incidentally, virtually all Oregon navy recruits between December 1, 1942, and December 1, 1944, were trained here.

An illustrious navy name—that of David Glasgow Farragut, first full admiral of the navy—was affixed to the center by President Roosevelt. The man who damned enemy torpedoes would be in for a shock if he could return and inspect his namesake.

Farragut has represented a remarkable departure from navy department policy. Customarily hugging the seacoasts or Great Lakes with its bases and shore establishments, the navy now struck into the very wilderness. No official comment is available even today as to why this unique plan was carried through—although two obvious factors can be seen: (1) Farragut was out of potential bombing range, something the ocean-fringing Aleutians were not, and (2) it is isolated enough so that the job that had to be done was accomplished with a minimum of diversions.

Lake Pend Oreille, a big shimmering question-mark-shaped inland sea, provided plenty of water for training purposes. Pronounced Pon-do ray, it is nearly 50 miles long, from two to 12 miles wide and has nearly 500 miles of shoreline. The mightest dreadnought ever commissioned could steam up the lake, which has been plumbed to a depth of 2270 feet and ranks as one of the biggest bodies of fresh water entirely within the boundaries of the United States.

At Farragut — as at Great Lakes, Sampson, Bainbridge, San Diego and the other major training centers—the navy that today is pushing inevitably toward Tokyo bay was shaped.

What happens to a "boot" (and, brother, we know) could take up 50,000 words, but briefly, here's what the navy accomplished in a minimum of time with the maximum of men:

Set up companies immediately after arrival of recruits of 100 to 125 men, making for facile handling under command of chief petty officers.

Provided each future fighting man with inoculations against typhoid, yellow fever, tetanus and smallpox.

Saw that each trainee's teeth were in top condition, from providing single fillings to complete dentures when needed.

Got each man in the best physical condition of his life under an intensive fitness program.

CREWS:

Battled Against Time To Construct Center

Made competent swimmers out of mediocre water-thrashers and taught virtually every recruit non-swimmer how to navigate at least 50 yards. This, to many who went to sea and "hit the drink," was the single most valuable phase of training.

Instilled rudiments of navy skills — marlinespike, lookout, ship and plane recognition, firing of antiaircraft guns and small arms, lashing and rolling of gear, first aid, semaphore, etc.

And, above all, hammered home the meaning of discipline. When you get out of Farragut you know how to obey orders—or you don't get out.

This had to be compressed into a training period that varied, during the center's more than two years of operation, from five to 12 weeks. When the need for men by the fleet was most acute—in September of 1942 and in February of 1944, for example—classes were hustled through in a five-week period. Such speed-up was also forced by jammed conditions at Farragut that saw the huge quarter-mile-long drill halls and even one swimming pool—drained and lined with bunks—converted into sleeping quarters.

Construction crews battled against time as thousands of trainees flocked here. In one month, March of 1944, Farragut graduated an all-time high of 20,891 men and there were four other months in which 15,000 or more finished "boots" and 10 more months in which a 10,000-total was topped.

The all-time peak of personnel aboard was reached in March of the past year when 47,000 sailors and officers packed the place, exclusive of hospital staff and patients.

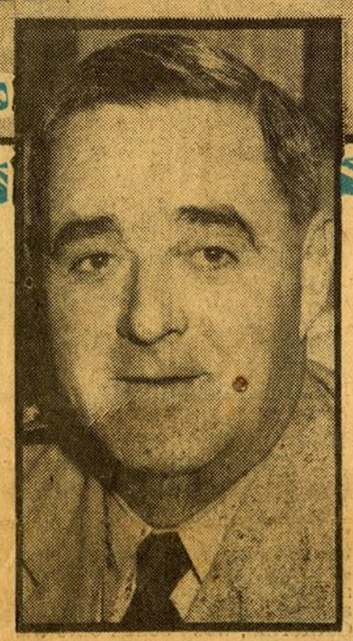
It wasn't headline work for the officers operating Farragut, and, for many who had served at sea and knew what conflict meant, it was drudgery. They had a tough cashew to crack. In the early months, building up a sufficient ship's company (operating staff) to keep the training program moving smoothly was a No. 1 problem. Handling the vast number of men arriving with each train and bus was another.

A neat organization job, coordinating all departments, was accomplished and Farragut became the first training center within the navy to adopt a consolidated "department of personnel." This type of organization has since been recommended by the navy's bureau of personnel to other training centers as a model of efficiency.

Commanding officer of Farragut the last 19 months has been Commodore Frank H. Kelley, U. S. N., a husky 200-pounder who is a veteran of two wars and 39 years' naval service. He was skipper of the USS West Point, the former luxury liner America which had been converted into a troop transport at the time of Pearl Harbor, and relieved Capt. J. G. Atkins, U. S. N., here. Capt. Atkins was commanding officer at Farragut less than two months, having filled the gap between the original commander, Capt. I. S. Sowell, U. S. N. (now rear admiral), who was assigned to an Atlantic base as commandant.

During Kelley's regime the center has had to buck a prime problem: disease control. Soon after commissioning, it was found that a high incidence of respiratory ailments — streptococcic in origin and notably scarlet fever, septic sore throat and tonsillitis — was occurring. Old-timers of the region and the Idaho health department corroborated that this area has long been a source of such sickness. One per cent of incoming recruits was found to have the streptococcus organism in their throat flora upon arrival, but 25 to 30 per cent picked it up within six weeks, during one particular period.

The rate of disease was sharply reduced after the camps were thoroughly cleaned and fumigated last fall, and the intake of recruits was entirely halted for three weeks while a new segregation system was adopted.



COMMODORE FRANK H. KELLEY
Camp's commanding officer.

On the whole, however, Farragut's health record has been good, according to its medical officers. The use of a sulfa drug helped keep the "strep" diseases in check, and the incidence of other more serious diseases has been lower at Farragut than at a majority of the other training centers.

During the past year Waves arrived at Farragut — better than 300 strong—and were assigned to duties in administrative, training and service school divisions.

As a highly valuable sideline, Farragut has maintained up to 10 service schools at various times for men specially selected. More than 20,000 have been graduated as cooks, bakers, radiomen, quartermasters, signalmen, storekeepers, gunners' mates, electricians' mates, shore patrolmen, classification interviewers and instructors.

These schools are now closing under the decommissioning order, and by late April probably only the huge naval hospital—with its nine miles of corridors—will remain open.

Future of Farragut at this writing remains in the field of pure speculation. What operations will be carried on have yet to be announced and are now under consideration at Washington, D. C.

Authorized strength of the United States navy midway through 1944 was 3,006,000 officers and men, of which Farragut's contribution—in round figures—was 10 per cent. The job has been done—well done.

Soon the elk and deer that wander down out of the surrounding timber into the campus at night will have Farragut's rolling acreage to themselves. No more will "hip — right! hip—right!" ring across the drill grounds, and the venerable owl who hoots out of the Ponderosa pine tree will have only the echoes for company.

Farragut will have been "secured," and the nation will be more secure because of Farragut.



These men, all from Oregon, comprise part of one of last three companies training at Farragut, practice manual of arms, directed by Chief Specialist Harry Easter (far right). Front row from left, George Posey, Shevlin; Raymond Settles, Eugene; Francis Hauth, Mount Angel; Hans Petersen, Florence; second row, left to right, Bill McGarry, Portland; Wayne Lovre, Silverton; Robert Mitchell, Portland; Francis Daniel, Sweet Home; third row, left to right, Louis Fontana, Cecil Bridge, Portland; R. A. Leslie, Hood River; R. L. Marsh, Portland; fourth row, Robert Lierman, Stayton; Melvin Kosher, Portland.



First recruit to enter training at Farragut was Jack E. Zimmer (left), Denver, Colo., in September, 1942. The last "boot" to enter in Idaho receiving unit was Randall W. Cline of Kuna, Idaho, pictured at the right, lashing his seabag to his bunk. He was boot No. 293,383.

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Homer Davenport: Went South With Banner of West

Noted Cartoonist Started His Drawing Career Viewing Prize Fight in New Orleans and the Assignment and Trip Added Up to a Series of Memorable Experiences

BY STEWART HOLBROOK
Noted Portland Author

VIRTUALLY all Oregonians, whether or not literate, have at least heard of the late Homer Davenport, the Silverton farm-boy who became one of the nation's great cartoonists of all time, but not every Oregonian knows the fantastic story of Davenport's first real drawing assignment. It was perhaps as weird an experience as a rustic lad ever had.

The story had its beginnings in a news item in The Oregonian early in January of 1891. Young Davenport was plowing that day in his father's field near Silverton, and at noonday dinner he paused in his rural labors, which he thoroughly detested, to read in the paper that on the next Wednesday a special car of Portland men, adequately described as sports, would leave for some place named New Orleans, where, on January 14, Jack (Nonpareil) Dempsey and one Robert Fitzsimmons would battle for the middleweight championship of the world.

The tall young farm boy was fascinated. Here was a special car that would go all the way from Portland to New Orleans, carrying a load of glittering sports to see an event of earth-shaking importance. Davenport didn't know where New Orleans was, but he was certain it was one hell of a long way off, and the whole thing sounded romantic and wonderful. He read the news item over again. As the afternoon wore on he directed the plow with less enthusiasm than ever. A Big Idea had taken hold of him. It had struck his mind like a sudden light in the dark, and he fairly shook with excitement to consider it: He would, so help him, somehow go in that special car to that far-off place of New Orleans.

Davenport put the team in the barn that night, remarked to his father that it was too dry to do any plowing just then, and took the next train to Portland. He went directly to the Sunday Mercury of hallowed memory, a lively sporting sheet then edited by Ben Walton, a very enterprising man. The youth told Editor Walton that he would like to go to New Orleans for the paper and make sketches of the big fight, exclusively for the Mercury. Surprisingly enough, Walton didn't ask to see any art work; he didn't know whether or not Davenport could draw. All Walton wanted to know was how much the artist would charge.

"All I want is my transportation," Davenport said, and he was engaged then and there. He immediately wrote all of his relatives and friends in Silverton that he was about to embark on a sensational excursion that would require days. And on the next day, express prepaid, he received from his grandmother in Silverton a light lunch to eat while on the steam cars. This lunch was composed of a whole basket of roast chickens, half a dozen assorted pies, three dozen hard-boiled eggs, together with salt and pepper done up in little rolls of paper, and a gallon or so of pickles. In those days, rural folk hadn't heard of calories and vitamins but they knew how to assemble the ingredients.

As the time for departure drew near, only one thing troubled young Homer. He didn't have any money, nor had the kindly Editor Walton mentioned the matter. Walton was wholly absorbed in a huge banner, a gaudy thing 15 feet long inscribed with Dempsey's name and "Champion of the World, from Portland, Oregon." (Dempsey had done a good deal of fighting in Portland and was considered for all practical purposes a local boy.) This banner was to be carried to the ringside by Davenport and presented to the Nonpareil the moment he emerged victorious from what most Portlanders thought would be his pushover of Fitzsimmons.

But Davenport felt that he should at least, and in spite of the gargantuan lunch, have a little eating money and he continued to bring up the matter to Walton. There was also the matter of the transportation itself. Finally, not long before traintime, Walton bestirred himself. He gave the lad the sum of $10, and also arranged for a return-ticket to Fort Worth, Tex. Davenport didn't know where Fort Worth was, nor its geographical relation to his destination, New Orleans; but Walton did, and he told the young man that at Fort Worth he would be given a ticket to the scene of the fight.

Well, to begin with, the "special car" of Portland sports did not materialize. In fact, no sports whatever appeared to make the trip. So Davenport, weighted with the big banner and with what I like to think of as the Marion County Snack in big basket and several shoe boxes, got aboard the Union Pacific and rolled eastward. It was something of a come-down, this riding alone in the smoker—no special car, no sports, but at Denver an actual carload of alleged sporting men, all from California, was hooked onto the train. Homer barged right in and took a seat. Said he was the artist representing the celebrated Sunday Mercury of Portland, Or.



This is a drawing by Homer Davenport of the late Harvey W. Scott, when the latter was editor of The Oregonian.

The train went on—for a time. In New Mexico it ran into a fierce blizzard, and for three days it went nowhere but remained right in one place. The dining car's supply petered out on the second day, and young Homer discovered that so-called real sports can develop very bad tempers. The griping was terrible. This condition was of course brought out by slow starvation, something that did not affect the lad with the Marion County Snack. Homer was still eating. And now he carefully looked over the occupants of the sports car and decided on one who wore the largest diamonds. "Have a bite with me?" the rustic asked, and the stout man with the glittering shirt stud and the big watch chain sat up in his seat. Homer dove into the depths of the basket and came up with a complete roast chicken. The sport's fading eyes gleamed, and the feast was on. He said his name was Mister Frank Maskey of San Francisco.

At last a plow came and dug the stalled train from the drifts, and so to Fort Worth, where Davenport found that no one had ever heard either of him or the Sunday Mercury of Portland, Or., and there was no ticket for him to New Orleans. Meanwhile, the carload of sports from California learned that they would be late for the fight if they went by regular train. This was unthinkable. They pooled resources and hired a special train. This was where the good samaritanism of Davenport paid dividends. All he had with him was $10. A ride on the special cost $22. Things looked bad until the eminent Mister Maskey, he of the big diamond, came forward and paid for his snack on the stalled train.

So. Davenport arrived in New Orleans with $10, but by now the light lunch had played out. Homer thought nothing of it. He went along with the sports and registered at the St. Charles hotel, the best in town, without troubling to ask the rates. Then all hands went to the fight, Davenport with the vast banner in a bundle.

According to official ring records the Dempsey-Fitzsimmons fight on January 14, 1891, lasted 13 rounds. Davenport himself was never certain about it; it was too great a surprise, too dreadful a disappointment. The ungainly Fitzsimmons pounded the pride of Portland all over the place for 12 rounds, then laid him low with a knockout. Davenport remarked that he had never seen such roughness and general coarse bringing-up as Fitzsimmons displayed that night. The pretty banner for Dempsey was never unfurled.

Being in New Orleans, Davenport thought he might as well see something of its strange scenes and customs. He first thought to rid himself of the now revolting banner, and this he did by trading it to a colored boy for a small—but not too small—alligator, worth possibly 30 cents on the local market. He took the reptile to his room in the St. Charles.

Next morning one of the San Francisco sports named Billy Vice came up to Davenport in the hotel lobby and presented him with $22. "Here's your money," Vice said. "I got the railroad to refund our money. We paid them for a special and it was their fault the blizzard struck us." Davenport didn't have any investment in the special train or in any other, but he took the cash. He not only took the cash but presently had spent it for two game roosters, purchased from a colored man who claimed to be the greatest game chicken fancier on earth. Oddly enough, the two roosters came to exactly $22. Homer took the chickens to his St. Charles room, managing to get in without discovery.

It was now very late at night. He knew the habits of game fowl. He simply couldn't turn them loose in a lighted room; they would go to fighting. He entered his quarters without lighting up, then roosted one of the birds on the back of a chair, and the other on the towel rack. He undressed and went to bed, and just as he was dropping off to sleep his rustic bringing-up told him that daylight would be along presently and that male fowl commonly crowed at daybreak. But the powers of sleep were too great to permit further reflection. Homer slumbered. . . .

What seemed merely five minutes later, Davenport was wakened by a flapping of wings followed by one of the most strident cock-crows he had ever heard. It fairly blasted the boy from his sleep. It shook the wash basin, it echoed down the hall, through transoms, against walls. This peal had come from the rooster on the towel rack. It was followed by a maddened crow from the bird on the back of the chair, who instantly took off in full wing and struck the other bird with great force. By the time Davenport got to his feet, the birds were mixing it on the wash stand. The big pitcher was knocked off the stand and crashed on the floor. The cries and questionings of guests down the hall could be heard.

Davenport grabbed and held one of the birds. The other strutted around the room, crowing every little while. Still holding his bird, Davenport managed to dress and then, after running down the other rooster, he took them both under his coat and out into the morning. He lurked with them in a nearby stable until hunger drove him back to the St. Charles, the birds still with him. He prevailed on a kindly chambermaid to get him a small tub and a large pail. Under each of these he put a rooster. The relief was wonderful, and the lad went to breakfast. He found that buying game cocks had been expensive; he had but 20 cents. This he invested in oyster stew, a breakfast he never forgot.

Well, he had seen the great city of New Orleans. He had also made some sketches of the slaughter of Dempsey. It was time to return to Oregon. At this very moment it suddenly dawned on Davenport that he was five hundred miles from the place where his return transportation was available, namely Fort Worth, Tex. He also had a hotel bill coming up. While reflecting on these unpleasant facts, he recalled that Editor Walton of the Sunday Mercury had told him: "If you go broke down there, draw on me."

Now, "drawing on" anybody for money was a thing that had never entered the ken of Davenport. He decided to go to a bank and find out how it was done. "I want," he told the man back of the grilled window, "I want to draw on Ben Walton of Portland, Or., for $50."

"Where is your identification?"

"Who?" asked Homer.

"Where are your letters of credit?" the cashier said. "Who identifies you?"

"Oh, nobody I guess. I don't know anyone in New Orleans except Jack Dempsey, and he is confined to his room." (By now all of the San Francisco sports had left for home.)

"Well," said the cashier, "Why don't you draw on Walton for $500. It would be just as easy as drawing on him for $50—if you don't know anybody here and have no letters of credit. Or, draw on him for $5000. Young man, you'd better step out of line and go outside and take a long breath."

The cold sweat was breaking out on the boy's forehead. "What can I do?" he asked. "I am broke for sure."

"Who are you?" the bank man asked. "Why are you here? What do you do?" Davenport explained that he had been sent by a fine newspaper of Portland, Or., to make sketches of the fight. "I got to get home with them," he said. The cashier smiled. Perhaps the smile caused Davenport's worry to abate temporarily. In any case he suddenly remembered that in his pocket all the time had been a letter, one of those to-whom-it-may-concern affairs, from Sylvester Pennoyer, governor of Oregon, which stated that Homer's father was an honest man and a good and loyal citizen, and that he, the governor, hoped Mr. Davenport's son, Homer, would turn out as well. While this was hardly a gilt-edged recommendation for the boy, it served to take the cashier's interest. He took Homer next door where the editor of a New Orleans daily paper listened to the story, then endorsed Homer's draft for $50. Young Davenport was so grateful that he offered one of his expensive game chickens to the editor, who declined.

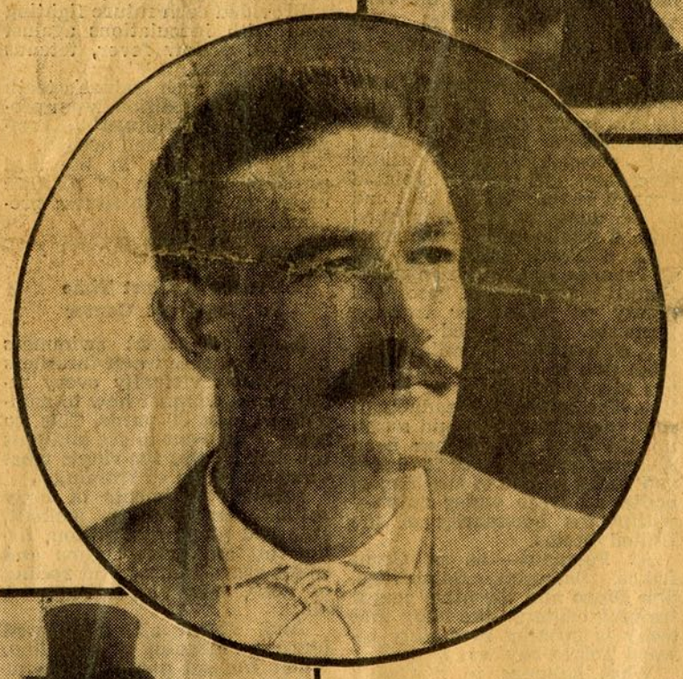
A bit later Davenport, complete with one alligator, two game cocks, and a batch of sketches, was aboard a train heading west and north. All survived the five-day trip except the alligator. At Denver, the weather was 20 degrees below zero, and Homer discovered that his reptile refused to move even a toe. Thinking him frozen, Homer tried to bend him and the animal broke into two pieces. He threw this investment out the car window, to regret the act ever after, when he learned that the reptile had been alive all the time and if put into water would have started swimming.

But Artist Davenport and roosters arrived safely in Portland. He turned the sketches over to the Sunday Mercury, then went home to Silverton. For the next several hours Homer related the great distance he had traveled, the wondrous things he had seen. His father, however, seemed disappointed. He regretted, he said, that his son had come home with only two roosters. Those roosters were the budding cartoonist's first income from newspaper art. A year later he was working successfully on the San Francisco Examiner, and before 1900 he was probably the highest-paid cartoonist in the United States.

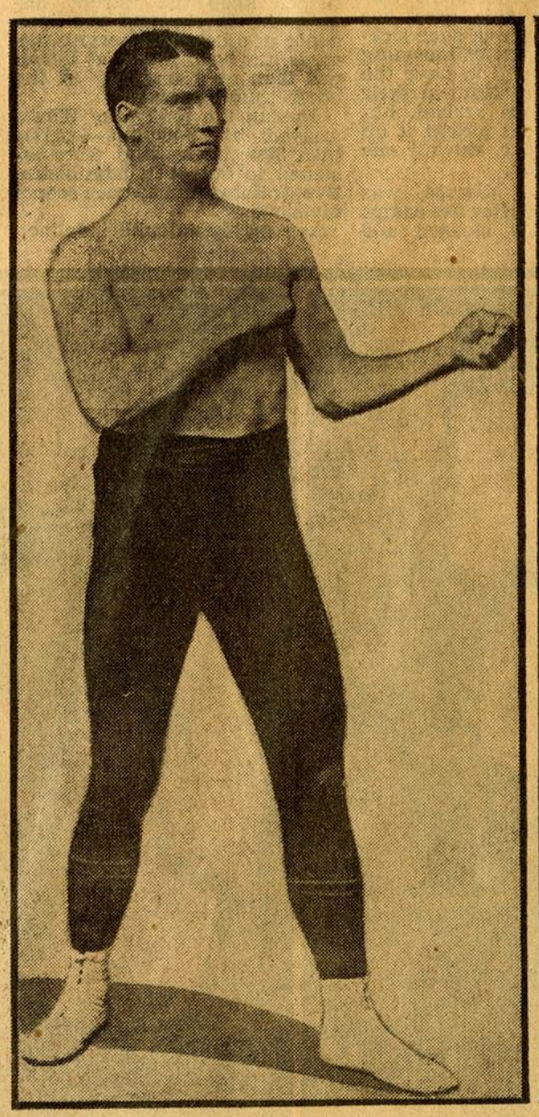


Photo by Gardner Bissell

The noted cartoonist (left) is pictured above chatting informally with Arthur A. Greene (center), then drama editor of The Oregonian, and Clark Leiter, city editor, for same paper.



HOMER DAVENPORT
Young man in 1890.





These two pugilists, Jack (Nonpareil) Dempsey on the left, and Bob Fitzsimmons at the right, really launched Davenport on his career as a newspaper cartoonist. He was assigned by the editor of the old Mercury to draw scenes of championship fight between the two in New Orleans and had many experiences on trip to city of French cooking and Mardi Gras.

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Chinook Jargon Now 'Hiyu' Popular

By Stewart Holbrook

THE Chinook jargon has penetrated the eastern United States and is taking the place of the old pig-Latin and other double-talk formerly used by children. Word from Chicago, and from New York city and other large centers on the Atlantic seaboard indicates that recent visitors to the Pacific northwest have taken a few words of Chinook back home with them and have started a mild rage to speak the lingo used by various Indian groups for inter-tribal communication.

Eastern newspapers have taken cognizance of Chinook by printing pieces about it. Isobel Patterson, columnist of the New York Herald Tribune's "Books," has raised old ned in print because somebody borrowed and did not return her Chinook dictionary. Miss Patterson formerly worked on newspapers in Spokane and in Vancouver, B. C., and knows her Chinook, although not all the words.

Locally, the J. K. Gill company, publishers of Gill's "Dictionary of the Chinook Jargon," report a steadily increasing demand for the small volume, now in its 17th edition. Warren Wright, manager of Gill's book department, is of the opinion that a recent novel by Archie Binns, "The Laurels Are Cut Down," has played a part in the new interest in Chinook. The scene of much of Mr. Binn's novel is laid on Puget sound, and the novel's characters indulge in considerable Chinook talk.

Called 'Siwash' In Northwest

The Chinook jargon is often called "Siwash" in the northwest, the "siwash" being a corruption of the "sauvage" (Indian) used by the French-Canadian traders and trappers and applied by them to all Indians. Philologists have long argued about the jargon. Some hold that there never was a language used by the many tribes —all of which spoke different languages—as an inter-tribal medium of speech.

But John Jewett, only survivor of the ill-fated ship Boston, whose captain and crew were murdered by Indians on Nootka sound, set down nearly 100 words which he said were in use both by the Nootkas of British Columbia and the tribes from far to the south who traded with them. Jewett was rescued from his captors in 1806, and the jargon he had heard must have been in common use long before any white man traded with the Indians.

With the coming of white explorers and trappers and traders, it was natural that some new words were added to the original Chinook to indicate new objects. Many of the early ships that came to the west coast were from Boston, hence an American, any American, was a Boston-man.

The Indian tongue had trouble pronouncing "carbine," and that piece of ordnance became a "calipeen." The French word for "hand" is "le main" and the Indian came to use a word sounding very much like the French. Thus were various English and French words and terms grafted onto the original lingo, and Chinook quickly became the language used in trading with the palefaces.

Just who were Chinook Indians and who weren't is now a matter of opinion, and any statement about the matter is one way to start an argument with professional and amateur philologists. The term has been applied to a tribe that lived along both sides of the Columbia river; it has been applied loosely to all tribes living west of the Cascade mountains in Oregon, Washington and British Columbia. And the term "Chinook wind" is as well known and established in Alberta and Saskatchewan as it is in Oregon.

Alien Words Taken In

There is quite good authority for believing that the Chinooks were a family of coast Indians who included several tribes. The Clatsops were Chinooks and were once numerous from Tillamook head, which separated them from the Killamux, to the Columbia. The Multnomahs were probably of the same family. The Claxtars of the Clatskanie valley of Oregon, and the Cowlitz and the Klickitats on the Washington shore of the Columbia are thought to have been intruders on the lower river.

The "last" Chinook Indian has been as numerous as the "last" Aztec. They pop up every once in a while, but the true breed has probably long been extinct. Dr. Franz Boas, the noted anthropologist, talked with two Chinook at Bay Center, on Willapa harbor, in 1891, who believed they were the last of their race.

In the presence of Chinook jargon experts it is dangerous to say what northwestern place-names are pure Chinook and what are not, but it is likely that "Skamokawa" is the real McCoy and so is "Nekanikum." The original name of the Willamette river also was probably Chinook. It sounded like "Wallamet" to some, like "Wahlmet" to others.

If the present revival of Chinook jargon in the east continues, it is likely that tillicum (friend), hiyu (much), skookum (strong) and muckamuck (eat, drink), will become a part of everyday speech there, much as they have been in the Pacific northwest ever since Lewis and Clark arrived.

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